$1000.00 FOR A TITLE TO THIS COVER

–SEE INSIDE

WEEK ENDING JULY 3, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

In this Issue

MOTHER'S SON OR WIFE'S MAN?

by

Cosmo Hamilton

1876 — GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY — 1926

Bunte
ESTABLISHED CHICAGO 1876

WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

Candy — The Universal Gift — Approiate and appreciated always
—BUNTE BOTHERS

CRISPY Diana "Stuft" Confections are as essential to the picnic as the sandwiches themselves. They are the perfect summer candy. The taste-tempting deliciousness of these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells "Stuft" . . . with pure . . . luscious fruit-jams . . . nuts and marmalades* . . . has never been equalled. The shells are paper-thin, to hold more of the tempting fruit-jams we make ourselves.

These tidbits are best for children—and go four times as far. Each pound contains 160 pieces—21 varieties—a taste for every tongue.

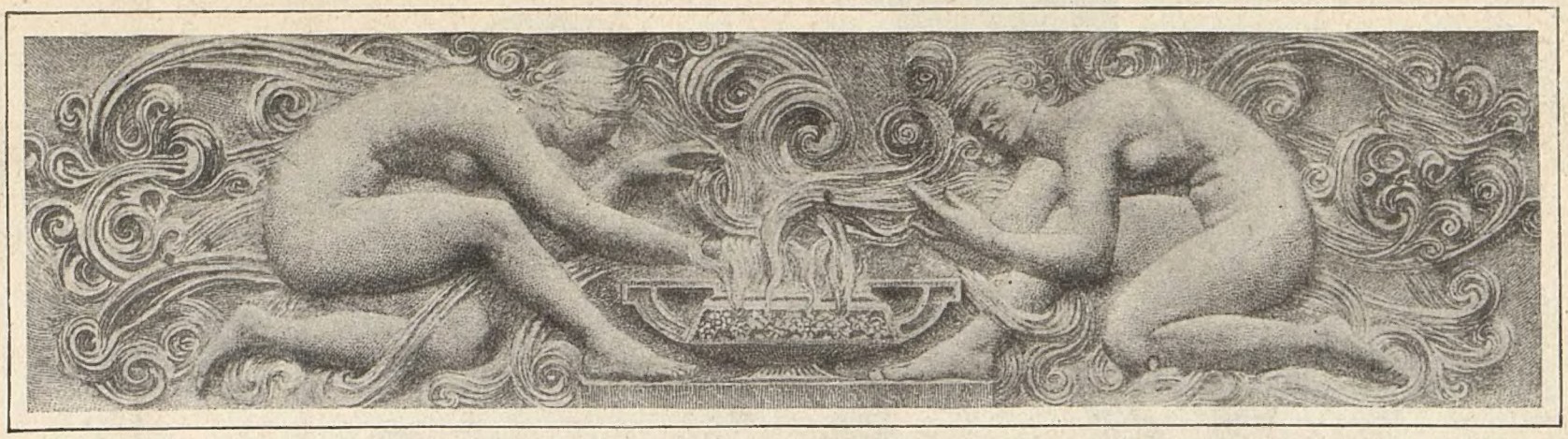
Have Diana "Stuft" Confections handy for every summer occasion. Keep a supply at home always. Sealed in air-tight glass jars, 2½ oz., 20c; 4 oz., 30c; 9 oz., 50c; 16 oz., 75c—or in 2, 3 and 5 lb. air-tight decorated tins. Pacific Coast prices are only slightly higher.

Look for the name "Bunte"—it means 50 years of quality candy-making. Demand the genuine. Choose from 1200 Bunte Candies.

BUNTE BROTHERS · CHICAGO

A Suggestion—Try Happy Home Mixture, too — the Bunte Candy with hard and "Stuft" centers

DIANA "Stuft"
Confections

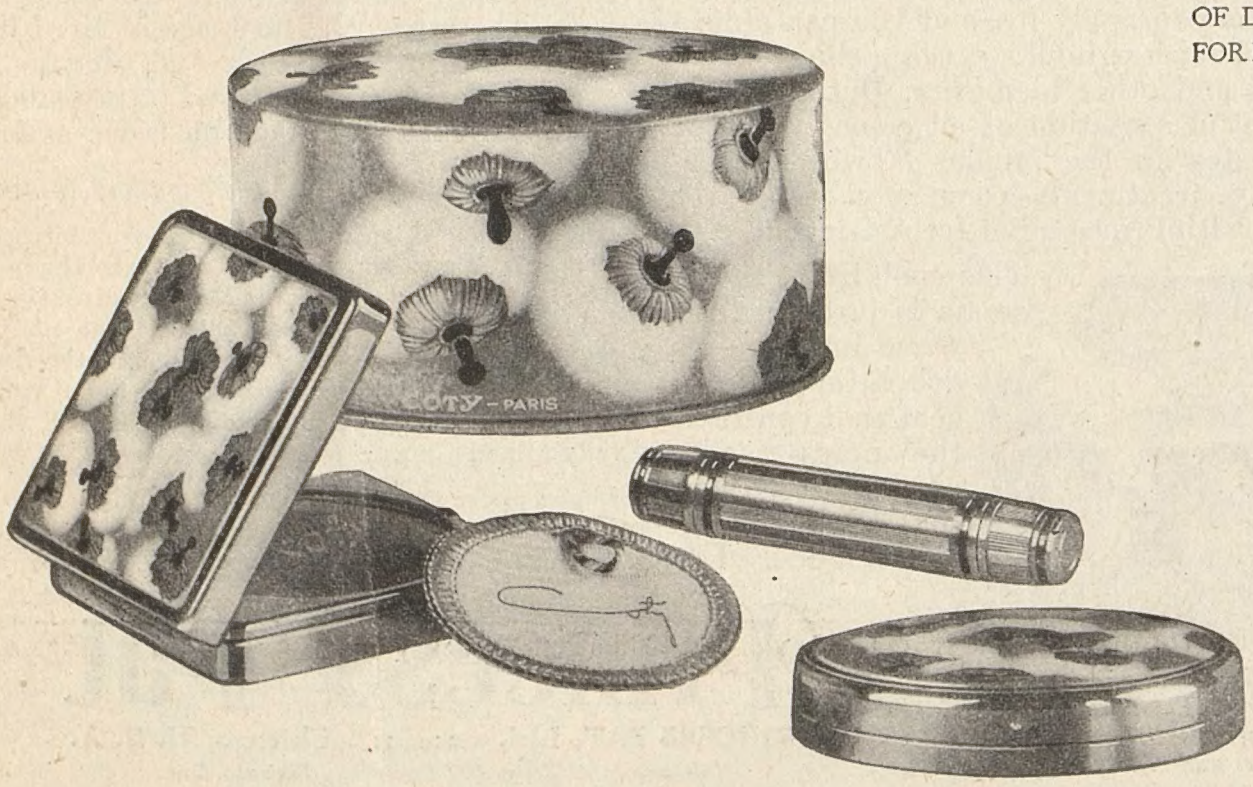


COTY

Glorifying!

On tennis courts and golf links, or under the lights of evening, the fresh, radiant quality of loveliness gleams unfading when served by the supreme COTY *creations designed for its glorification.*
COTY Face Powder, *the idealizing foundation — incomparably fine, individual in shade — and*
COTY Poudre Compacte,
COTY Lipstick *and the new*
COTY Rouges — *all three to fit into the handbag for the time-to-time touches.*

THESE COTY CREATIONS
ARE MADE IN A WIDE RANGE
OF DISTINCTIVE SHADES
FOR EVERY TYPE OF BEAUTY



"ROUGE"
A booklet illustrated by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
mailed upon request

COTY INC
714 *Fifth Avenue, New York*
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

Address "L. M. 7-3"

"ALL TRUE BEAUTY MUST BEGIN WITH THE TEXTURE OF YOUR SKIN.

"What folly to endure coarse pores"

WHEN IT'S SO EASY TO REFINE THEM

This delightful "Twin Cream" Treatment brings you the smooth, fine-textured skin that everyone loves

YOU hear a lot about coarse pores these days. Women everywhere are beginning to realize that there can be no true beauty without a satiny, fine-textured skin.

Yet how strange it is that so many women accept coarse pores as a condition "peculiar to their skin"—and do little or nothing to refine them!

And stranger still—that so many women, under the guise of "beauty methods," are constantly doing the very things that enlarge and distend their pores all the more!

The pity of it is that these women are often the ones who try to give their complexions the best attention. They cleanse and nourish their skins with splendid preparations—then undo all the good by failing to take that most important final step—the closing of the pores. It isn't hard to see what happens then. Milady powders over the open pores—and instead of benefiting her skin, she merely *clogs* it. Dust and germs, too, have a good chance to enter the tiny openings.

Cleanse and nourish your skin frequently—but always close the pores afterwards

Without a doubt your skin needs frequent cleansing and nourishing. Indeed, this is the keynote of the Princess Pat "Twin Cream" treatment. You'll realize this more fully when you take the first step—the application of the skin food cream. And what a stimulating and revitalizing touch it is!

It is almost incredible the way the complexion reacts to this cream. You can just *feel* the skin growing softer and more velvety as you apply it—and you can almost see it banish wrinkles, sagging chins, blackheads and other blemishes. But the most delightful sensation of all comes with the final step in the famous "Twin Cream" beauty treatment—when you close the pores with Princess Pat Ice Astringent.

You'll find youth and beauty in the Princess Pat Twin Creams—the treatment that nourishes the tissues and refines the pores.

This cool, fresh, snowy cream is just what the name implies — a delightful astringent that contracts the pores as ice would, but without the shock and inconvenience. Under its gentle action the pores close to normal invisibility and instantly your face is glowing with an invigorating tingle. In a few seconds you wipe the Twin Creams away and then apply your powder.

Now that you have used a *complete* treatment, what a difference there is! Instead of forcing the minute powder particles into the open pores and distending them all the more, you are merely applying the powder to the *surface* of your skin. Your powder clings better, appears more natural; cannot clog the pores.

And how much better your skin looks and *feels!* There need be no trace of tired lines and wrinkles; blackheads and pimples are gone, complexion is clear and satiny-smooth and your make-up stays on twice as long.

Start this "Twin Cream" method to-day

Don't let coarse pores keep you from your birthright of beauty. Begin today to win and keep the loveliness that only a fine-textured skin can give. Get the Princess Pat "Twin Cream" treatment at your favorite toilet goods counter and follow the simple directions. You'll be richly rewarded—and if you are not delighted with results, your dealer will cheerfully refund your money.

If you prefer to try this treatment before purchasing, just mail the coupon and we will gladly send you free generous samples of these marvelous "Twin Creams."

Free So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Twin Creams we take pleasure in sending you a free trial packet, enough for a week's treatment. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 1937
2701 South Wells Street, Chicago

Please send me free trial packet of Princess Pat Twin Cream treatment.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

(Print name and address plainly)

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd. :: :: Chicago, U. S. A.

In Canada Address 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.

JULY 3, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3 No. 9

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

READ THIS OVER—IT WON'T DO YOU ANY HARM

(Adopted by the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776)

. . . We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the consent of the governed,—That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. . . . The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations. . . . To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. . . .

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole Purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. . . .

He has endeavoured to prevent the Population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their substance. . . .

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:— . . . For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world.—For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:—For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury: . . .

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.—He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms. Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. . . . Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. . . . We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity. . . . They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. . . .

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do.—And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

The Machine-Gunning of McSwiggin. . . . By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 7
The story of America's greatest crime rings

Mother's Son or Wife's Man?. . . . . By COSMO HAMILTON 11
A touching story of the battle of two great loves

Mr. Dooley on the Farmer's Woes. . . . . By FINLEY PETER DUNNE 19

The Truth About George. . . . . By P. G. WODEHOUSE 23
A tale of a stuttering lover pitchforked into paradise

Let the Eagle Scream, not Squawk. . . . . By HUGH FULLERTON 35

The Corbin Necklace. . . . . By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER 41
Continuing a serial of stolen pearls and youth's revolt

Without Surrender. . . . . By SAX ROHMER 53
Ending a tale of a girl who played with fire

Quaint Uncertainties of Golf Championships. . By O. B. KEELER 59
Why golf kings are always tumbling from their thrones

Own Your Home. . . . . By CHARLES G. FRASER 71
Saving for a home while planning it

Bright Sayings of Children (p. 58); Food (63); Eileen Bourne's Question Box (64); News of the World (65); Movie Review (66); Patterns (67); Fashions (68); For the Love o' Lil—LIBERTY'S New Cover Contest, No. 3 (69); LIBERTY'S Cross-Word Puzzle No. 74 (70).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Wayne B. Wheeler on Prohibition

ONLY during the last few months have wets and drys clarified their arguments and marshaled their facts. To show you the cards now on the table for the first time, LIBERTY has asked the leader of each side to state his case. The result is a great two-part article: PROHIBITION—PRO AND CON. WAYNE B. WHEELER, General Counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, leads off next week for the drys. The wets will have their innings in a subsequent article.

Straight from mysterious Morocco comes ENEMIES, by ACHMED ABDULLAH. Desert winds blow through it, while hot-blooded men battle for a girl whose eyes hold the secret wisdom of the Bedouins.

VITAMIN X—THE KEY TO PARENTHOOD, by DR. JAMES J. WALSH, noted writer on medical subjects, is a startling article telling about the foods that lead to reproduction in animals and human beings.

DANA BURNET contributes MOONLIGHT AND HONEYSUCKLE, a short story of two gentlemen who prefer the same blonde. It's a beguiling mixture of life as it is and life as we wish it were.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York. Allow four weeks for change of address. Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Harvey Deuell, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1926, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

G-E Quality

Dependability of make and certainty of service stand behind the world known G-E monogram. On little switches and gigantic motors —it means *quality!* Look for it on your fan. It means a fan always ready to do its job.

9-inch Oscillator
(East of the Rockies)
$12.50
Built with either A. C. or D. C. motors

Be cool

WHEN air stirs—it's a cooling breath. When air moves—it's a breeze. The G-E oscillator searches the simmering corners for lazy air—stirs it up—moves it along—makes it a breeze!

Fans

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Machine-Gunning of McSWIGGIN

And What Led Up To It

The Story of America's Greatest Crime Rings

THE desperate battle that resulted in McSwiggin's death.

By Sidney Sutherland

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

FIVE young men emerged from an old, weather-beaten saloon in Cicero, a suburb of Chicago. The five stood a moment near the curb beside a closed auto. Hats tilted, laughing as they loitered, they waited for one of the company to fit his key in the car door.

In the soft blue of a cloudless sky the sun was writing a golden period to a perfect spring day in late April.

Few people were abroad in the quiet of the wide street.

Suddenly there was a reverberating roar as the throbbing engines of five big touring cars standing at the corner a half-block away responded to the gas. A second later the five machines, packed with men—swarthy faces shadowed in the twilight by caps—bore down on the Lincoln sedan at forty-five miles an hour.

One car was four lengths ahead. Two others had spread-eagled and were racing close behind it, between the street-car tracks and the curbs. A long, black automobile with curtains drawn was running down the middle of the street, and the fifth machine followed it sixty feet behind.

As the thundering motorcade drew abreast of the machine in front of the saloon, things happened swiftly.

Two of the men on the sidewalk lifted their heads, turned white, and threw themselves to the pavement, screaming a warning to their three companions. As they dropped, they reached for their hip pockets.

The three youths still standing glanced uncertainly at their prostrate friends, stared at the five machines whirling past, and looked at each other in confusion.

Just before the middle car passed them, a rear curtain was lifted a few inches, and the ugly muzzle of a weird weapon was thrust out a foot or two. There was a burst of machine-gun explosions, the three men at the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN AND WHAT LED UP TO IT
Continued from Page Seven]

curb pitched on their faces, a dozen bullets in each of their bodies. The rapid firer was withdrawn into the tonneau behind the curtain, and in another moment the five machines had disappeared down the street, followed by shots from the two youths who had ducked under the spray of lead.

In the dreadful silence that followed the machine-gun barrage and the roar of the vanishing machines, the two men on the sidewalk leaped to their feet and acted quickly.

ONE of the lads who had been hit had turned, whimpering, and tried to run. He took three steps and fell at the foot of a little elm beside the old saloon. His skull had been crushed. The other two had collapsed where they stood. Sixty bullets were embedded in the parked sedan, in the partition behind the shattered plate glass windows, and in the little tree.

Seeing that the man at the base of the elm was dead, the two survivors let him lie, picked up the motionless forms of the others and tossed them into the sedan. They slammed the door, jumped into the front seat, started the engine, and sped away into the dusk.

From the moment the five young men had stepped out of the saloon until the bullet-riddled machine disappeared, probably one minute had elapsed—yet those tragedy-packed sixty seconds sufficed to draw the whole nation's attention to the most extraordinary crime situation that ever existed in an American city.

For one of the men who had been torn apart by the machine-gun volley was William H. McSwiggin, brilliant ace of State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe's force of seventy prosecutors, a man twenty-six years old, who won nine hanging verdicts in 1925 and actually sent four murderers to the gallows.

And while the mob of assassins who raced past the saloon and ripped the lives out of three men quite probably did not know that McSwiggin was among their human targets, his murder suddenly turned the spotlight on the fantastic warfare which for three years has torn to pieces Chicago and Cook County, leaving in its wake more than 100 slain gangsters, hundreds of wounded men, women, and children, scores of dwellings and business buildings demolished by dynamite bombs, and a state of terror and political corruption unequalled in any civilized or frontier community since the Declaration of Independence.

To comprehend the bizarre and unbelievable state of affairs in the second largest city of the country, it is desirable to tell:

First, a more detailed story of the machine-gunning of Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin;

Second, the story of the beer barons, vice kings, gambling lords, and hard-liquor syndicates whose ruthless and sanguinary struggle for power and profits had introduced a reign of horror and lawlessness in Chicago; and

Third, the story of political turpitude that has followed the enactment of the national prohibition law and the tremendous prizes to be won by its violation, thus entangling crime and politics in Chicago in a dangerous and poisonous alliance.

CHIEF Deputy of Detectives John Stege demonstrating machine gun of the type used in the murder of McSwiggin.

The assassination of young McSwiggin was accidental. But the killing of James J. Doherty and Thomas Duffy, beer runners and gangsters, who fell dead beside him, was precisely a part of the program formulated by Alphonse Capone, Sicilian man-killer, who went to Chicago from New York City eight years ago, and who, with Johnny Torrio, his fellow torpedo, as these imported gunmen are called, rose to dizzy heights as overlord of Chicago's booze and vice ring.

In the course of time, Scarface Al Brown, as Capone is ominously known to the whole city, seized full control of Cicero, that notorious suburb whose disrepute is nation-wide. But presently there came swashbuckling into his domain those buccaneering beer runners, the O'Donnell gang, composed of Klondike, Miles, and Barney O'Donnell, brothers; Jim Doherty, Tom Duffy, Eddie Tancl, Dynamite Joe Brooks, Humdinger Corrigan, Ed Harmining, Bill (Rags) McCue, William (Fur) Sammons, and Staggers Hanley—to name a few of the better known hoodlums who carried out Klondike's orders.

IT was two years ago that the O'Donnells decided to dip their hands into Scarface's stream of gold. They began a no-quarter war on the Torrio-Capone mob, and more than fifteen men, including seven of the above-named gangsters, were killed before Capone, rueful and furious, was forced to share part of the profits with the invaders.

But he bided his time. Following a particularly heavy harvest of human lives in the battles between these two groups and between other bands of desperadoes, all of whom will be told about in this series of articles, the decent elements in Chicago suddenly began a terrific outcry for the deportation of the two or three hundred imported Sicilian gunmen who were said to be running wild in Cook County.

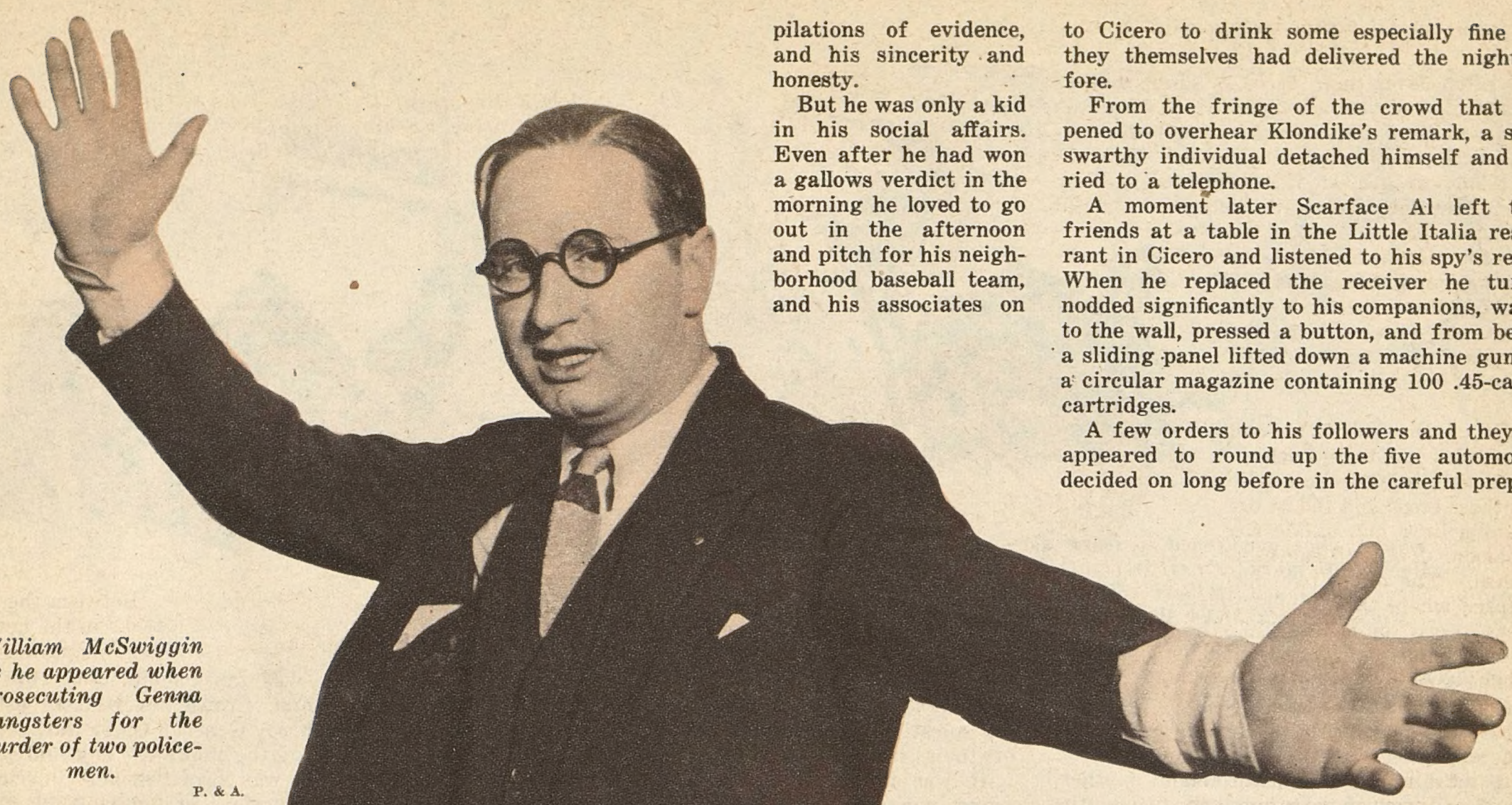
Between the attacks in the newspapers and the interference from the O'Donnell crowd, who were knocking in the heads of his beer barrels and compelling saloonkeepers to switch from his beer to the O'Donnell brew—Capone was going mad.

He resolved, then, to deal a stroke that would restore his prestige among his foes, a masterpiece of murder that would reanimate his torpedoes to full faith in his leadership—and would also persuade vacillating politicians that Scarface Al Capone was still the king of the underworld and not to be thrown over in favor of any upstart.

HE resolved to wipe out the entire O'Donnell tribe. How he got possession of his machine gun will be told in due chronological sequence as this tale unfolds. It suffices to recount that he whispered to his section of the marvelous underworld secret service in Chicago, and sat back to wait for the propitious moment for his experiment in wholesale homicide.

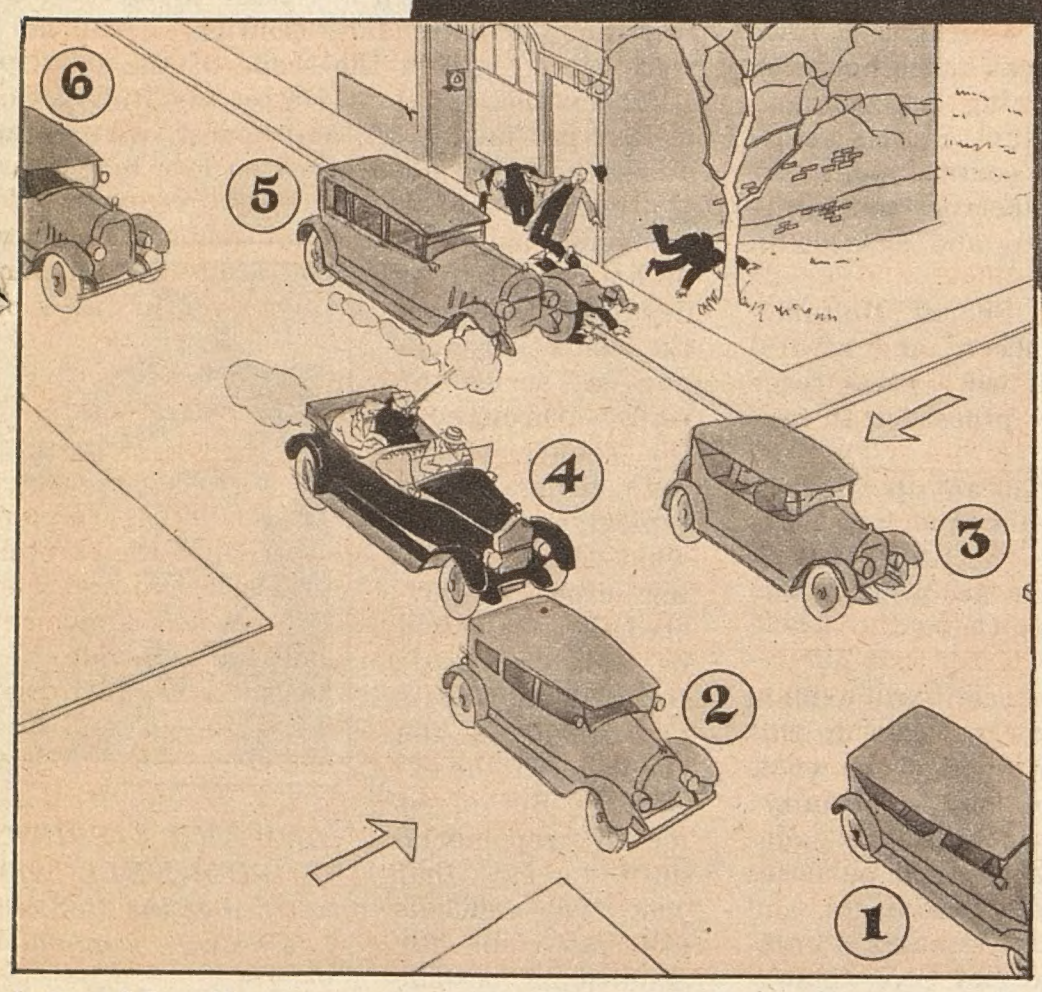
It came on April 27, exactly a fortnight after Klondike and Miles O'Donnell and Jim Doherty and Tom Duffy had exerted themselves with strenuous effectiveness in the April 13 primary election in behalf of State's Attorney Crowe. The fruit of death was ripe enough for Capone to pluck at last, because on the 27th these four had been downtown since early morning, helping in the recount of ballots demanded by United States Senator Charles S. Deneen, who had been overwhelmed by the Crowe-Barrett political machine.

Nor had McSwiggin been idle on primary day. Born and reared in the Thirtieth Ward, on Chicago's West Side, his activities had helped to carry his sector for Crowe by 3,728 votes. Like Doherty and Duffy, McSwiggin was the son of a policeman, and these three had been lifelong friends of the O'Donnells. That the others on reaching manhood had turned to the underworld, while McSwiggin had studied law and was rapidly winning laurels for himself in the prosecutor's office, in nowise interrupted the affection these West Side lads bore for each other. Anthony McSwiggin, Sr., a policeman for thirty-five years, bears a splendid reputation. There are four girls in the family—Mary, Emily, Nellie, and Margaret. Bill was a bright boy and his father sent him to De



William McSwiggin as he appeared when prosecuting Genna gangsters for the murder of two policemen.

P. & A.



Automobiles Nos. 1, 2, 3 were lead cars to forestall traffic. No. 4 was the murder car, No. 5 the car which the slain men were entering. No. 6 was designed to prevent pursuit.

Paul Academy and later to De Paul University, a Roman Catholic institution on the Northwest Side. The boy worked his way through as salesman in department stores, a theater usher, a trucker, and a special agent for the American Railway Express Company.

He was graduated from the law school with honors, and was retained by State's Attorney Crowe as an assistant prosecutor. The youth distinguished himself immediately. The legal profession of Chicago watched the boy's progress with interest. A match for the graybeards of the bar and the most astute and experienced defenders of the underworld, he swept jury after jury to his view by his extraordinary personality, his irrefutable compilations of evidence, and his sincerity and honesty.

But he was only a kid in his social affairs. Even after he had won a gallows verdict in the morning he loved to go out in the afternoon and pitch for his neighborhood baseball team, and his associates on both nines quite often were youthful beer runners, bootleggers, and gangsters with whom he had been reared, and whom he might be called on to prosecute a week later for murder.

Now let this fact be known: The underworld is smart, and it knows that the more relentless and capable a young prosecutor is in trying to send them to the penitentiary, the better lawyer will he become when he inevitably retires to open his own law office. A weakling or a venal assistant State's attorney will starve to death after he begins to practice for himself so far as the gangsters are concerned. But a fearsome prosecutor can get rich defending criminals if he has been a terror in their prosecution.

In July of this year McSwiggin intended to resign and join John F. Tyrell, celebrated local attorney; and he would have become famous as a lawyer.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of April 27, the four gangsters finished their labors in the election commissioners' office and departed in Klondike's big sedan, informing their friends that they were going to Cicero to drink some especially fine beer they themselves had delivered the night before.

From the fringe of the crowd that happened to overhear Klondike's remark, a small, swarthy individual detached himself and hurried to a telephone.

A moment later Scarface Al left three friends at a table in the Little Italia restaurant in Cicero and listened to his spy's report. When he replaced the receiver he turned, nodded significantly to his companions, walked to the wall, pressed a button, and from behind a sliding panel lifted down a machine gun and a circular magazine containing 100 .45-caliber cartridges.

A few orders to his followers and they disappeared to round up the five automobiles decided on long before in the careful preparation for the crime. But while the three Italians were getting the cars—one to lead the way so it might "accidentally" wreck any stray police flivver they chanced to meet after the killings; two to run a few yards behind the pilot car near the curbs, so they could stop at any street intersection and block the crosswise flow of traffic until the death car slipped through; the murder machine itself fifty feet behind the escorting trio; and one automobile to cover the rear and cause a collision with any pursuing motor—while these were being loaded with gas and human torpedoes, the O'Donnells in their own car going west from the center of the city had suddenly decided to do something that the Capone spy could not possibly have foreseen.

They decided to drop by 4944 West Washington Boulevard and pick up their old friend, Bill McSwiggin, who liked his beer in the company of his friends as well as any man. They paused at the McSwiggin home. Duffy went in, invited the youth in the presence of his four sisters to join them, and they went out together.

A FEW blocks farther, the brand-new engine began to show signs of trouble, so Klondike drove to the garage he patronized near his apartment at 122-124 South Parkside Avenue. Told by the repair man that he could not adjust the carburetor at once, the five young men left the machine and got into Klondike's sedan.

No scout, however astute, could have foreseen these things. So it was that for several hours the O'Donnells and their guests drove serenely from saloon to saloon in Cicero, enjoying their beer, before another Capone informer notified the five cars of cruising assassins that their quarry was in another make of car bearing a certain license plate.

A few minutes after 7 o'clock, the hunters saw the sedan parked in front of Harry Madigan's place at 5613 West Roosevelt Road. They quickly deployed into battle array and waited, their engines running softly and whining from time to time as the accel-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MEN whom police questioned to learn more of the McSwiggin murder. Left to right: Guy Eldridge, Steve O'Donnell, Albert Wilson, Harry Madigan, and Mike Wendell.

[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN AND WHAT LED UP TO IT Continued from Page Nine]

erators were tentatively touched to prove their eager responses.

A quarter of an hour passed—and another. Then the front door opened and the five youths stepped out, laughing and talking as they started toward the door of the sedan. The watching eyes a half-block away recognized four of their hated enemies, and supposed the fifth man to be some gangster who ought to die for being in such company.

WITH a crashing thunder of powerful engines the five death cars hurled themselves down the street—and a moment later the highway was again silent and filled with death and drifting, bitter, gunpowder smoke.

When the O'Donnells had emptied their pistols and convinced themselves that Duffy was dead at the blood-stained foot of the little elm, they threw McSwiggin and Doherty into their car and raced to Klondike's apartment.

Leaving Doherty—who had died on the way—in the machine, which they had stopped in a little alley, they carried McSwiggin up the dark stairs and placed him on the kitchen floor. As soon as they turned on the lights, they saw it was too late for a doctor. One of the brothers carried him back down to the sedan; the other washed up the crimson linoleum, then hastened to the garage, got another car, and followed the sedan with the two bodies down the street and far to the southwest.

P. & A.

AL CAPONE, alias Scarface Al Brown, whose gang was accused of the triple slaying.

About 10 o'clock that night, a passer-by stumbled over the bodies of two dead men in a prairie several miles away. Near by was a bullet-torn sedan of the same make as the O'Donnells had borrowed. Tire treads showed another car had been driven away.

The Cicero police carried the two bodies to the morgue, whither they had already removed the dead Duffy. So debauched is the gendarmerie of this suburb that Harry Madigan and Mike Wendell, his partner, were not even taken into custody for questioning about the shooting in front of their saloon.

It was midnight before a Chicago newspaper reporter identified one of the three bodies as that of Crowe's most brilliant assistant.

Then hell broke loose in Chicago. Crowe loaded several detective bureau machines with his own sergeants and placing in command Joseph P. Savage, an assistant State's attorney and now candidate for county judge, ordered them to Cicero with instructions to arrest every hoodlum, gambler, and suspect on sight.

Then Crowe routed out Sheriff Hoffman, had him swear in those officers and several hundred others, and himself led a great force into the suburb, where they proceeded to tear the town to pieces.

This tardy decision to "clean up Cicero," however, could not restore his favorite assistant to life; but it did give the State's attorney a wide-open chance to declare a finish war on the beer barons of Cook County.

LET us get this straight, since it will explain the incredible revelations to follow in this series and since it is the keystone of the whole crime situation in Chicago and the county: It will be a war to the hilt against the gangsters—only if it serves the political purposes of the State's attorney and his advisers, and the ballot-box ambitions of the other administrative officials of Chicago and Cook County and the State of Illinois!

Otherwise, the war to a finish will finish as so many similar clean-up campaigns have finished in Chicago during the last five years—that is, exactly nothing will come of the special grand jury investigations and the hullabaloo of the friendly press and the hellabaloo of the unfriendly editors and the frothing of the citizenry which, through its lack of unselfish leadership and its own dearth of initiative, has permitted conditions to develop in Chicago that would shame a convict settlement in Botany Bay.

Immediately following the assassination of McSwiggin there was a demand for the impaneling of a special grand jury and a suggestion that the State's attorney step aside in favor of a special prosecutor to conduct the investigation.

Convinced that his constantly mounting vote in the county was tantamount to a vote of confidence in him, Crowe nevertheless asked the Illinois Attorney General, Oscar Carlstrom, to take charge of the inquiry. A grand jury of business men was sworn in and, in obedience to the instructions of Judge William V. Brothers, an investigation of extended scope was commenced. All angles of the great beer war and its attendant political debauchery were placed within the scope of the inquiry.

Meanwhile, Chief of Detectives Bill Schoemaker, profane, gruff, and honest, was acting under the powers conferred on him by Sheriff Hoffman. Under his command and that of his capable first deputy, John Stege, the detectives began a series of raids throughout the county towns.

P. & A.

EDWARD (SPIKE) O'DONNELL, who testified at the McSwiggin death inquiry.

In citing later a typical example of what these wrecking crews discovered, the reader will be able to decide for himself who is to blame for the conditions to be exposed. But it is merely reportorial duty to say that just two officials are responsible for conditions outside the city limits but *inside* the Cook County lines. They are the sheriff and the State's attorney.

The war of the liquor kings, and the conditions that led to their extraordinary contempt for law and law enforcers, all can be traced back to the prohibition law, since more than 100 gangsters have been murdered because Chicago wants beer. And the tale of the transition from the hoodlumism of the old-line, pre-Volstead vice is indispensable in any explanation of the present outrageous situation in the metropolis of the West.

In the painting of this background lies the most astonishing story that has ever been told of the liaison between crime and politics in an American city.

Read the next installment of this startling revelation in next week's LIBERTY.

Mother's Son or Wife's Man?

Margery stood disclosed in the beam of an electric torch light—a white, pathetic figure.

A Short Story of the Battle of Two Great Loves

By COSMO HAMILTON

RIVERS glanced at his watch. He thanked his stars that in thirty minutes the ordeal would be over. There was something in the eyes of his mother and of the precious child who was his wife that was utterly contradicted by their counterfeit cheerfulness. He lazied across the undulating close-cropped lawn, whistling, knowing that from different windows he was being lovingly spied upon.

Passing the garage, he bristled irritably under the strangely piercing and direct gaze of the new chauffeur's left eye and was disconcerted by the obvious sympathy of his smile.

"I shall want the car pretty soon, Bakow," he said sharply.

The chauffeur straightened up. "Very good, sir," he answered, and added with a deferential familiarity: "Pretty tryin' job sayin' good-by before pushin' off to the front, ain't it, sir?"

"What do you know about it?" Rivers asked.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MOTHER'S SON OR WIFE'S MAN?
Continued from Page Eleven]

Bakow rubbed his oily hands on a clean rag and pulled up the trouser of his right leg.

"Cork," said he. "Look closer at this left eye, sir. Glass. A pretty good effort and don't get no gnats in it. Mons, the pair of 'em, and lucky to keep the rest of me. Bakow, late corporal, Second Battalion Worcesters, honorably discharged October, '14, an' nobody so bloomin' sorry as meself."

Lieutenant Rivers held out his hand and took the grimy fist in a grip of iron.

"I'm going to catch the three-thirty to town in order to be with the regiment tonight. Have the car round sharp at three and then jump off quick. Very glad you're here, Bakow. Make yourself at home. And, by the way, keep a special eye on my dog, like a good chap. He's a nice beast, but chuck wood for him. Stones play the devil with his teeth."

"Thank you, sir; I will."

Bakow flung his hand up to the salute. Dropping self-consciousness, Rivers replied in full as to a man who had the right. Then he went out and back across the lawn and into the house. The episode had pulled him together. He would face his women now.

As Mrs. Rivers the mother came immediately to meet him, tall and gray-haired and impressive, Mrs. Rivers the wife darted downstairs, her eyebrows drawn together, but the set smile of an actress round her pretty mouth.

TO these two the war was an indescribably terrible nightmare entirely personal to themselves. Each believed with an unshakable faith that this young lieutenant, this mere unit of a rapidly arming race, was hers utterly, unsharably, for all time. The sense of competition for everything that he had said, for every look that he had shared between them, during his brief, uncomfortable eight hours' leave, had rapidly got on the nerves of them both.

And now the dreaded moment was almost at hand.

Rivers, who loved and respected his mother and adored his little wife, sensed something of all this, and with a half irritable, half sympathetic desire to show no favoritism, in which a very human vanity was not altogether absent, took particular care to divide his attentions equally.

"That new man Bakow is a good chap," he said. "I'll just show you some books that you might lend him, mother."

With pathetic swiftness Mrs. Rivers the elder followed him into the library. The girl made an alluring and wistful picture in the doorway.

He pointed out several books and then sat down at the desk. "By the way, I'll just jot down the forwarding address for letters," he said, and took a surreptitious glance at the watch on his left wrist. The car would be at the door in six minutes. He could rely on Bakow. That man had been through all this.

"Write plainly, Tony dear," said Mrs. Rivers.

"Tony always writes plainly," said Margery. The air was charged with human electricity.

"And here," said Rivers, "is the name of the hospital where Bill Stonor is. You might drive over and look him up whenever you can. That's all, I think."

"This clock is fast," said Mrs. Rivers quickly.

The girl made a rapid movement to his side.

"Slow if anything," he said, put an arm round each woman and led them back into the hall. The car was waiting. He cleared something out of his throat, curse the thing!

"Well, so long, mother." He kissed her as he would have done if he had been running up to town for the night. "So long, darling," and he gave his wife one huge, bearlike hug. "See you both soon," and was out. Then a waving hand, and he was gone.

The two women did not meet again until dinner was served. Both had been trying to remove all traces of tears without any great success.

Rose, whose young man was in Flanders and whose remembrance of her good-by hour with him had been bitterly lived over again in the departure of her mistress' son, had laid three places at the table. Her mind was not on her work. Both women glanced at the empty chair at the foot of the table at exactly the same moment.

"Take it away!" cried Margery.

Meaker, the ancient butler, looked at his mistress and stood irresolute.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Rivers in a ringing voice. "My boy is not dead."

To the mother it was a symbol. The place was merely temporarily unoccupied. To the wife it was also symbolic, but its emptiness awoke a superstitious fear. The empty chair remained, however; it was in the mother's house.

"The vicar and Mrs. Littleton are coming to play bridge at half-past eight. You will like them; they are charming people," said Mrs. Rivers quietly. "In fact, I think you will like most of the people about here, especially the Romillys. The boys have gone, but there are four girls who play golf and tennis. You will be able to get as many games as you like. I want your stay here to be as happy as it can be."

"Thank you," said Margery. But the assumption of sole proprietorship that lay in "my boy" rankled. She wished passionately that she had not promised Tony to go "home" on his being ordered to the front, but had taken rooms in London in which, filled with his photographs, she could have waited with

"GET out!" she cried. "Get out now, at once, or I shall not be responsible for my actions!"

a secure feeling of owning him completely.

By instinct the desultory conversation during that difficult meal was especially neutral.

At the door Mrs. Rivers made way for her son's wife with a courtesy that was consciously marked.

It seemed to say, "My son has married you. For his sake, therefore, and wholly because of him, I do you honor."

And the girl, with her fair head held high and the nostrils of her thoroughbred little nose distended, passed through.

In the lingering English twilight that was still tinged with the red of the setting sun, the spacious, low-ceilinged drawing-room was full of shadows. A fire flickered on the hearth, for there was still the tang of spring in the air; but the sweet scent of lilacs and the faint odor of roses came in through a window that opened on the garden. More clearly than any other room in that old house, this one bore upon it the imprint of the gentle hands of many chatelaines.

Margery drew in a long breath. She felt soothed and proud and at home for the first time. After all, *she* was Mrs. Rivers. She was the wife of the son of the house. She turned to the elder woman.

"You have been very brave," she said gently. "And so have you, my dear."

Then Meaker came and lighted the lamps, which drove the shadows away. It was a pity. An understanding might have been reached.

To the ascetic vicar and his hard-bosomed spouse Mrs. Rivers presented, rather than merely introduced, the newcomer. "We are to keep each other company until my son returns," she added. And, as a postscript, "It is his wish."

When Margery sat down at the bridge-table she was obliged to exercise all her self-control to keep herself from crying. She didn't seem even to be related to Tony at that moment.

AT the end of a strained and artificial week Tony's first letters arrived—one addressed to Mrs. Rivers, the other to Mrs. Anthony Rivers. Both women, who had been waiting with strained eagerness for every post, disappeared immediately with their trophies.

The letters were obviously written with the knowledge that they were gone over by the military censor. It was difficult for a long time for their readers, hungry for expressions of love and endearment, to realize this, and at first they both had a deep sense of disappointment. They were afraid to exchange letters for fear that he might have written more fully and affectionately in the other letter.

When, at last, Margery left her bedroom with her letter tucked into the bosom of her dress, she saw Mrs. Rivers slip through a door at the end of the long passage. When she had explored the house, Margery had wondered why this door, which obviously led to the room in the turret, was locked. She had made no inquiries, concluding that it was a storeroom. But when she heard the key turn in the lock after Mrs. Rivers had shut the door, it became the Blue Room at once, the one room in the house that she desired above all to enter.

The quick glance that she had had of the elder woman's generally impassive face showed it twisted with emotion.

Going out into the garden, Margery sat down under an elderly mulberry tree to think. She gradually became obsessed with the idea that that room should belong only to her—otherwise why all this care to keep her out of it? She must have that key—she must, she must! Something was being kept from her, something that was very personal to Tony and was therefore hers.

Presently she saw the tall, dignified figure of Tony's mother come out. She was wearing gardening gloves and carrying a pair of rose-clippers. There was a little smile on her finely cut face and she waved her hand to Margery.

An indefinite suggestion of triumph in the elder woman's attitude doubled Margery's jealousy and desire to enter that room. With a duplicity that quite frightened her and a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MOTHER'S SON OR WIFE'S MAN? Continued from Page Thirteen]

most disarming smile of friendliness, she went over to the elder woman.

"It's such a lovely morning," she said, "that I shall go round to the Romillys' to see if anyone will play golf—that is, unless you'd like me to do anything for you?"

"No, dear child. Go by all means. We owe it to Tony to keep well and busy. We have moped enough under this new and dreadful strain. Let us turn over a new leaf and number ourselves among the women of England who are trying to be worthy of her men."

This was said quietly and sincerely; but to Margery it was only another indication of patronage and tolerance. Also it added to her rapidly forming suspicion that Mrs. Rivers had got the better of her in some way in which that room played a part, and so could afford to be kind.

On her way up to her room to change her shoes, Margery fell before an overwhelming temptation. With a quick look round, she slipped not into her own room but into that of Tony's mother. If the key was anywhere it was here. It was a large, airy room with windows at both ends—the wife room of that house, unostentatious in its character, old-fashioned in its solid furniture, a room that spoke of both life and death.

The girl, too young in body and mind for the great adventure of marriage, stood on the threshold for several minutes, awed. Then she went swiftly forward. Her object in that room was justified, she told herself. With unerring instinct she made straight for a leather box, on the dressing-table, on which she could see her husband's initials. As she had her hand upon it she wheeled round, her heart in her mouth.

MRS. RIVERS walked in quietly. She saw the intruder. Her face became dead white and her mouth tight and straight. In a kind of panic she made a rush to the dressing-table and pressed her hand protectingly upon the box.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, her usual dignity flung to the winds.

Margery was ready for her, with an ease that astonished herself.

"Your door was open," she said, smiling, "and I came in to see what sort of view you have from these windows. Wonderful, isn't it, especially over the gardens. I hope you don't mind?"

Mrs. Rivers narrowed her eyes. Deliberately she opened the box, took out a key, and put it safely into the pocket of her garden apron.

"Yes," she said; "I am lucky in my outlook. I ought to have brought you here before. Pray forgive me. Shall we go now?"

"Thank you," said Margery, and went out and along the passage to her own room.

But Mrs. Rivers didn't follow her.

After that the amnesty that had been tentatively suggested was withdrawn. It was mutually understood that the possession of that room was the object of their lives—the one to retain, the other to acquire.

JUNE passed, with its scented nights and slowly lengthening days. From the trenches Tony wrote as regularly as he was able. His letters carried no complaints. They were crisp, vivid, and finely cheerful.

One morning both women received letters from him with the London postmark without the "Examined by Censor" strip.

"What does this mean?" cried Mrs. Rivers, with a sudden break in her rigid impassiveness. "He can't be home on leave yet."

Margery tore her letter open. "No. He gave these letters to Captain Oakley, who has come back as a machine-gun instructor; that's all."

But this was wonderful enough. Knowing that what he wrote would for the first time be seen by no other eyes than those for whom it was intended, Tony had let himself go as a man does once or twice in a lifetime to those who are his nearest and dearest. Mrs. Rivers was renewed, revivified, reinspired. Her love and devotion had not gone for nothing. Her boy returned her love a hundredfold and was grateful. In her letter there was no mention of Margery.

What Margery read and reread by the window of her room thrilled and satisfied her. She had wanted these burning words as a parched man wants water. They eased and soothed her and filled her heart with song.

That evening, after dinner, both women instinctively put their books aside and played cribbage—laughed and talked with ease and kindliness until long past the ordinary bedtime.

July came and went. There was a British offensive on a grand scale, and the mail brought no letters from France. The daily casualty lists in the papers grew longer and longer. During these anxious and dreadful days Margery saw nothing of Mrs. Rivers except at the meals that had become almost silent again. After them all, even dinner, Mrs. Rivers disappeared, sleeplessness stamped upon her brow. Where did she go but to that room in the turret?

Many times the girl crept from her room at night to listen outside Mrs. Rivers' door. It was her settled intention to go in and take the key that should be hers. But, each time, she heard pacing steps, and stole away again.

One night, hearing nothing and seeing that the room was dark, she went in. Certain that the key was under the mother's pillow, she moved step by step toward the bed. With a suddenness that almost made her scream, she heard a cry—"You shan't have it! You shan't have it!"—and stood disclosed in the beam of an electric torch light—a white, pathetic figure.

Mrs. Rivers made a rush to the dressing-table and pressed her hand protectingly upon the box.

"GIVE it to me," she said angrily. "I won't be shut out—I won't! I have the right to everything that is Tony's."

"All but that," said Mrs. Rivers, breathing loudly. "And that I will keep."

"Lend me the key, then, and let me share the room with you."

"Never—never!"

The girl burst into tears and flung herself on her knees.

"I want just to peep in—once, only once. I can't bear being shut out like a stranger! I'm Tony's wife."

"And I'm his mother, and that room is all that remains to me. Leave me!"

And the weeping girl went back, to fling herself face down upon her bed.

Still no letters came. Every day the casualty lists occupied more space in the columns of the papers, and the British moved on inch by inch and death by death. For nearly a week Mrs. Rivers never came downstairs. Food was taken to the boudoir that adjoined her bedroom, and she kept her vigil there and in the secret room. The sun shone and the bees hummed, and the white fantail pigeons pirouetted in the air and made love on the roof of the dairy. Crops ripened and summer grew to full maturity.

And then, one golden, shimmering morning, as Margery was wandering aimlessly from place to place, her brain filled with wild schemes that should put her in possession of the coveted room, Mrs. Rivers came upon her. She looked pale and thin and frail and old.

"My dear," she said, "I am nearly at the end of my tether. He is my only child, my lamb, my big brave son. But this is not the way he would have us wait. I have prayed for courage and it has come to me. Other women like you and me are working. There are bandages to roll, the wounded and the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Tempting color! Delicious flavor! Glowing health!

Before you is the world's most popular food product—made with sun-ripened tomatoes.

When you lift this tonic and refreshing soup to your lips you taste the flavor that is famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Such a universal favorite that housewives know they can obtain it any time, anywhere food is sold in the United States.

Do you realize how splendid in quality and how delicious in flavor a soup must be, before it can win such a reputation?

Pure tomato juices. Luscious tomato "meat". Strained to a smooth puree and blended with rich country butter, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning. Start serving it today!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Cudahy's Puritan Ham

Finer Flavor because "Ripened Naturally"

You will be delighted with the finer flavor and delicious tenderness for which Cudahy's Puritan Ham is so distinguished.

These finer qualities are the result of the special Cudahy process of "ripening naturally." This method slowly and naturally diffuses the rich meat juices without forcing or hurrying. The result is like tree-ripened fruit compared to artificial ripening.

Cudahy's Puritan Ham has finer flavor, stands high in food value and necessary muscle and tissue building elements; and is easily digested.

—At your dealer's—

"The Taste Tells"

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of **Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

convalescent to attend. I am going to the town to see what I can do. Get your hat and let us go together."

But Margery shook her head.

"I undersand," Mrs. Rivers said gently. "But you will be helped too, sooner or later, never fear. I am older and have less time. I shall be back for tea."

The girl followed her quickly, holding out her hand. "Oh, lend me the key!" she begged. "I swear to give it back to you."

"No," said Mrs. Rivers. "I can't do that. You must leave me something."

Bakow brought the car, and she got in and was driven away.

Without an instant's hesitation, Margery went round to the stable, wheeled out her bicycle, mounted, and rode to the blacksmith's shop on the outskirts of the village.

She jumped off her machine and hurried into the shed.

"I want you to send a man at once to pick the lock of a door. At once! I have lost the key."

The sweating smith, with a dray horse's great hoof between his leather-covered knees, looked up.

"Garge," he called out to a lanky youth at the forge, "go with the young lady. You know more about locks nor any of us."

As soon as the lock was picked, Margery thanked the boy, gave him money, and dismissed him.

Trembling with triumph and excitement and a strange sense of apprehension and fright, she hesitated, even then, before she threw back the door. It was filled with memories, Mrs. Rivers had said. What would it hold for her?

Slowly she entered.

It was a boy's play-room, crowded with old toys and tin soldiers, tennis rackets, cricket bats, a football, fishing-rods, air guns, a model yacht crammed with canvas, trains and rails, school groups, a carpenter's bench covered with tools, stacks of boys' magazines, a deck chair with a rowing sweater flung over an arm.

"Oh," she whispered—"oh!" And a little smile broke upon her lips.

But the next instant she was on her knees in a passion of tears, with the sweater pressed against her breast.

WHEN Mrs. Rivers returned at 5 o'clock she walked briskly and a little color had come back into her cheeks.

Meaker met her in the hall. His spirits rose at the sight of her. It was something like the old days that seemed so far behind.

"I've had a busy time, Meaker," she said, with a thrill in her voice. "We are to house ten convalescent officers at a time for the remainder of the war, and the ballroom is to be turned immediately into a workroom for a new branch of the Red Cross. Also I have given the park to the Officers' Training Corps of Wickham College. The boys will be under canvas here on Saturday. The Major instructing will make his headquarters in the summerhouse on the lake. We must all work very hard to make the place ready for him at once."

"Yes, indeed, madam," gasped the old man, to whom all this clinched the hitherto unbelievable fact that the country was at war.

"And now I shall have tea. Where is Mrs. Anthony? She will be thankful at the prospect of having something to do."

"I don't know where Mrs. Anthony is, madam. She went out on her bicycle after you left, and brought a boy from the village back with her to do something upstairs. She was not in to lunch, so I presumed she had gone to Lady Romilly's.

Mrs. Rivers looked at him. "A boy from the village? Whose boy?"

"The blacksmith's, I think, madam."

A puzzled expression was succeeded by one of indignation, and then anger blazed in Mrs. Rivers' eyes and she ran upstairs. Not to her own room and not to Margery's, but straight to the room, *her* room, in the turret she went, with a strange trembling in all her limbs.

The door was ajar. She flung it wide.

MARGERY rose from the deck chair. She had cried herself to sleep like a child with the sweater in her arms, and afterward had fetched a workbasket from her bedroom and sat there, knitting and dreaming. She now hid something in the basket quickly.

Mrs. Rivers was inarticulate with rage.

"I was sure that you were very cruel to keep me out of this room, and from now onward I claim it. It is mine," Margery said with dignity.

Mrs. Rivers took a threatening step forward. All that was maternal in her nature revolted against this robbery of something that symbolized her only child. Breeding went by the board under the emotions that stormed in her soul.

"Get out!" she cried. "Get out now, at once, or I shall not be responsible for my actions!"

Margery faced her. "What I have I hold," she answered. "This room is Tony's, and Tony is my husband. You are trespassing."

Mrs. Rivers went toward the girl.

"If you don't remove yourself I shall strike you. You dare to stand here and face me up—you who have only just come into my son's life, you who count for nothing! This room belongs to me by every right of motherhood. You take my place in this house, but not here. Go, I tell you, before something is done that we shall never cease to regret!"

FROM the trenches Tony wrote as regularly as he was able.

But Margery held her ground.

"Do whatever you like," she said. "Say whatever you like. Tony is mine, past, present, and future. You are only his mother. I am his wife."

Enraged by the awful truth of this calm statement, Mrs. Rivers raised her hand to strike.

There was an insistent knock on the door. Following it immediately Meaker came into the room, a small yellow envelope in his hand.

"What is it?" asked Margery.

"A telegram for you, madam."

She held it by the tips of her fingers. Meaker went out with an anxious backward look.

"It's probably from your people," Mrs. Rivers tried to say steadily, the wish being father to the thought. "If they'd like to come down, I shall be very delighted to see them."

Margery seemed to have turned to stone.

For a moment or two Mrs. Rivers touched things meaninglessly, here and there.

"Why not open it?" she said, and added with sudden pathos: "I beg your pardon—I forgot that it is not addressed to me."

Margery opened the envelope, read the message, and, with a little cry that must have made the angels shudder, fell into a crumpled heap.

That night the two lonely women dined together, sisters in grief, and fell into discussing quietly the housing of the first batch of convalescent officers. After dinner they walked hand in hand across the park to the summerhouse.

"The Major will be here tomorrow by midday," said Mrs. Rivers. "I must see that it is livable by then."

"I'll help you," said Margery. "In the afternoon I shall begin to attend the first-aid classes at Doctor Ridgeway's house. I must know something now."

The lamps were lit in the hall when they returned. Rose was putting the evening paper on the old refectory table. Her eyes were very red.

"The telegram said that he died bravely, showing conspicuous gallantry."

"Of course," said Margery, and then a silence fell.

"What shall we do till bedtime?" asked Mrs. Rivers at last, helplessly.

"I have some work," said Margery. "I left it in your room. May I go and get it?"

"My bedroom?"

"No, the other room. Your very own room."

Mrs. Rivers gave a little strangled cry and held out her arms, and Margery ran into them and was held tight.

They wept together.

FINALLY Mrs. Rivers took up a candle and with her arm round Margery's shoulder led the way upstairs and along the passage to Tony's room. Instinctively they went in on tiptoe. It seemed to them both that the boy's hand had left the toys warm and that he was sleeping in the bedroom adjoining.

Margery opened her basket, took out a tiny woolen shoe and held it up. "Look," she whispered.

Mrs. Rivers' heart gave a bound. Winter is followed by spring, death by life, she thought, and gave great thanks to God.

"Ah, now I see why you understand," she said.

"Yes," said Margery, and stole away, leaving the mother with her memories.

THE END

Chrysler Quality *and* New Low Prices—

The "60," A New Lighter Six of Famous Chrysler Quality.

For you who would limit your motor car investment to any of the lower-priced sixes, Walter P. Chrysler presents another sensational quality product—the new lighter six-cylinder Chrysler "60".

In this new lighter Six are the same supreme Chrysler quality and value, the same sheer brilliance of Chrysler design and the same skill and precision of workmanship that have won such public acclaim in the Chrysler "70" and Imperial "80".

Sixty miles, and more, per hour; unprecedented acceleration; astonishing riding ease and roadability—a score of fine car features never before incorporated in any car near the new lighter Chrysler "60" in price.

We are eager to number you with the thousands who have already approved the quality and value of this new lighter Chrysler "60" by enthusiastic ownership, since its presentation. See it; drive it; experience its unusual performance—and you will, we feel sure, no longer be content with any but the Chrysler "60" in its field.

The New Lighter Chrysler "60"

Touring Car -	$1075
Roadster - - -	1145
Club Coupe - -	1165
Coach - - -	1195
Sedan - - -	1295

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Chrysler "60" Quality Features

1 6-Cylinder Chrysler Motor.
2 54 brake horse-power.
3 60 miles per hour and more.
4 5 to 25 miles in 7¾ seconds.
5 Easily 22 miles to the gallon.
6 7-bearing crankshaft.
7 Aluminum alloy pistons balanced to sixteen one-hundredths of an ounce.
8 Impulse Neutralizer—Not a balancer, but a device that absorbs the natural impulse reactions common to all internal combustion engines.
9 Purolator—filters all crankcase oil.
10 Centrifugal air-cleaner—protects cylinders and pistons from road dust and grit.
11 Full pressure oiling system—a film of oil for all bearings, insuring long life.
12 Semi-automatic plus manual spark control.
13 Manifold heat control.
14 Chrysler roadability—easy to steer, easy to handle at all speeds, always safe.
15 Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes.
16 Levelizers, which eliminate road shocks, at both front and rear.
17 Chrysler dynamic symmetry of body design.
18 Great roominess combined with Chrysler compactness for easy parking.
19 Duco finish in striking color combinations.
20 Full balloon 30 x 5.25 tires.

CHRYSLER "60"

Mr. Dooley *on the* FARMER'S WOES

"F'r Ivry Kernel He Plants Nature Makes a Crow"

By

Finley Peter Dunne

Pictures by
E. W. KEMBLE

"A gr-reat sob fr'm th' Capitol."

"I WISH I was out in th' counthry these hot days," said Mr. Hennessy. "I'd like to be a farmer f'r a change."

"I don't blame ye," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis th' fine thrade; but if I iver took it up I'd go out in th' winther. That's th' time to be a farmer, not in th' summer. Not whin th' bobolink is hootin' an' th' Hessian fly is flittin' on gaudy wings fr'm wheat to wheat, but in th' long nights iv winther, whin th' happy fellow has nawthin' to do but milk his cow, feed his pigs, an' grease his boots.

"He sets at home listenin' in on Keokuk, without a care on his heart, but a jug iv hard cider at his elbow an' a mail-ordher catalogue in his hand; an' so with music an' fiction he passes th' avenin' till it's time f'r him to take off his pants an' go to bed.

"In th' winther th' farmer does no more wurruk thin a bridge-tendher or a mimber iv th' Fire Departmint. Not that he is overwurruked at anny time iv th' year. Wan day at layin' brick or jugglin' girders wud break his back. But there was a time whin a bold peasanthry, their nation's pride, ra-ally labored as hard as a letther-carrier. They sowed th' seed be hand, they were hauled with their feet in th' air at th' tail iv a plow, they painted th' potato bug green, they cut th' grain with a scythe, tied it up in shocks with a wisp iv sthraw, an' threshed it with a flail.

"But now th' husbandman hops into th' seat iv his thractor, gives th' self-starter a twist, steps on th' gas, an' is away in a cloud iv smoke to rend th' soil or garner up th' ripened wheat. If th' Judge iver stopped to look over Hogan's frind Maud Muller, like as not her hayrake wud backfire an' frighten th' ol' magisthrate's horse.

"A farmer niver sees a horse nowadays excipt whin he goes to th' circus. He's th' same as a taxi-dhriver, an' no wan wants to do annything f'r a taxi-dhriver but shoot him. Yet ivrywan is thryin' to save th' farmer fr'm th' consekences iv his bringin' up.

"In th' days whin farmin' was done be hand ye heerd less about his woes thin ye do now whin he hasn't got so manny. He didn't have much time to talk about thim. Still, ye always heerd more about his woes thin annybody else's that's havin' a hard time makin' a livin'.

"I niver knew iv a statesman both'rin' about th' wrongs iv th' scavenger. An' yet he's as much th' backbone iv th' nation as annywan else. F'r, if it is thrue that man must ate, it's akelly thrue that there must be somewan to clane up afther him.

"But there must be something atthractive about th' farmer's woe, f'r ivry year th' fellows down in Wash'nton passes laws to relieve him iv his burden an' shove it on to th' shouldhers iv th' mechanic. An', sthrange to say, he still has it an' th' mechanic has it too. A wondherful govermint that can make two burdens grow where on'y wan grew befure.

"Yes, sir; Congress has no more thin opened whin there ar-re a hundherd bills put in to make life aisier an' richer f'r th' tiller iv th' soil. There's a bill to abolish th' Board iv Thrade an' wan to outlaw th' boll weevil. There's an act to increase th' hours iv sunshine in South Dakota an' another to rayjooce thim in Texas. There's a bill f'rbiddin' rainfall in harvest time an' a bill prohibitin' frosts iv more thin wan-half iv wan per cint befure th' fifteenth iv Novimber or afther th' first iv April. An' whin they've all been passed th' farmer goes on bein' th' same ol' onhappy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MR. DOOLEY ON THE FARMER'S WOES Continued from Page Nineteen]

martyr he's always been an' always will be.

"As I've often told ye, whiniver I see a new law comin' I duck me head, knowin' it's intinded to hurt me. But th' yeoman believes that Congress can fix it so he'll get thirty dollars f'r a bushel iv wheat out iv th' home-wreckin' libertine who's carryin' a hod in th' wicked city. Th' raison is that since time immemoryal he's been lookin' f'r a place to put down a losin' bet. Long ago he escaped fr'm th' ol'-fashioned bunko steerer, an' now there's nawthin' f'r him to fall f'r but patent medicine an' pollyticks. In ayther case he don't care much what's in th' bottle, so long as th' label is cheerful readin'.

"Ivry man has just so much hopeful foolishness in his system that he's got to spind somewhere or another. He may spread it out thin or put it all down in wan place. So be th' farmer. There was a time whin he saw prospicks iv gr-reat wealth in locatin' th' pea undher th' walnut shell or raymimberin' th' crimp in th' jack iv spades. He's wiser now. Th' daily pa-aper is put down on his durestep ivry mornin'.

"TH' chances ar-re that if a financeer with a plug hat an' a black mustache was to turn up an' thry to inthrest him in a game iv chance, the churl wud pull a deck iv marked cards out iv his pocket an' have th' spoortsman's dimon stud befure th' sun wint down.

"I said he was wiser, but he's on'y changed his hope an' faith fr'm wan game to another, an' Idaho Bill an' Montana Bert has took th' place iv Canada Dick an' Jersey Jake in his heart. If he doesn't fall f'r wan thing he does f'r another. So it is that whin ye hear a gr-reat sob fr'm th' Capitol iv th' nation ye know that one more attimpt is bein' made to brighten life on th' farm an' win th' rural vote.

"'Ah, gintlemen,' says th' Sinitor fr'm Westconsin, 'whin I think iv th' sturdy farmer an' his wrongs, whin I picture this here patient hero laborin' with his dibble to plant th' seed to grow th' wheat that makes th' flour that gives us th' cookies we had today f'r lunch, or winowing th' fragrant timothy, or restin', p'raps, on his hoe in his wooden shoes while th' Angelus whistle blows fr'm th' neighborin' hamlet—whin I think iv how little he gets out iv life an' how fruity is th' existence iv th' vagabone who charged me three dollars today f'r batin' a carpet, me heart sinks in me bosom an' I know we're on th' path iv Nineveh an' Tyre, both iv which, I undherstand, ar-re flat,' says he.

"'I move ye, sir,' says he, 'that on an' afther this day th' summer shall officyally set in on th' fifteenth iv March,' he says, an' wipes a tear fr'm his eye.

"No candydate goes befure th' people nowadays without a few sthraws in his hair an' a sprinklin' iv clover seed on his coat. An' a man wudden't think iv runnin' f'r Prisidint onless he cud prove he'd been raised on a farm.

"I doubt if Woodrow Wilson iver wud've been ilicted if th' rumor hadn't gone out that Princeton was an agaricoolchral colledge, which has always been th' belief iv th' pupils at New Haven an' Cambridge. As f'r Uncle Cal, he's th' rale farmer's boy.

"I'm with him, aven if all th' farmin' I iver done was to sprinkle a geeranyum in a pot. He's a gr-reat man, an', what's betther, a good man, an' as well liked as anny Prisidint that has been Prisidint as long as he has. I take off me hat to him, an' wud toss it in th' air too, if it wudden't look onseemly.

"SOME there ar-re who say he talks too much f'r what he has to say; but I don't. I love to listen to his homely proverbs, racy, as Hogan says, iv th' soil: 'A nickel in th' hand is worth two in th' slot'; 'Money makes th' Foord go'; etcethry.

"He was born on a New England farm, or abandoned gravel pit, an' up to th' age iv six was occypied daily in pickin' rocks out iv th' soil an' throwin' thim at th' hired man. Afther that he wint to school an' stayed there until he was twinty-two, whin he returned to farmin' as town clerk.

"Whin wanst his hand was put to th' plow he did not turn back, but was succissively mimber iv th' Ligislachure, Lootinant-Gov'nor, Gov'nor, Vice-Prisidint, an' Prisidint.

"He's niver been ashamed iv his callin'. On th' conthry, he's proud iv it. I've see a fine picture took iv him at th' ol' homestead in Pinnsylvanya Avnoo. He's wearin' a stovepipe hat an' overalls an' lanin' on a harrow. In th' distance is a haystack marked, 'Joshua Whitcomb Comp'ny, Number Three.' Whin he took th' oath iv office he wanted to swear 'By Heck'; but Willum Taft, bein' a city chap, foiled him.

"He niver goes to bed without thryin' to blow out th' ilicthric lights, an' befure he laves th' house in th' mornin' he has th' vallay empty th' cream pitcher on his patent-leather shoes. Whin he retires fr'm office—an' I hope that won't be f'r manny a year—he will return, like Columbus or Ashtabula or whoiver it was, to his plow; an' afther he's done th' chores an' washed up at th' pump, he'll spind his leasure composin' a farm manyul: 'Coolidge on Corporation Law.'

"An' yet, with all that's done f'r suffrin' Reuben, with all th' tendher care that Congress lavishes on him, with th' Agaricoolchral Departmint advisin' him how to pry open th' jaws iv th' cutworm an' squirt him full iv carbolic acid, an' th' Weather Bureau sindin' him (in th' cipher 'Fair an' Warmer') a warnin' iv cyclones an' blizzards, th' farmer remains th' same onhappy, disappinted man he was whin he cradled his grain an' sowed his corn out iv a bag.

"Nawthin iver breaks right f'r him. If it ain't too dhry f'r oats it's too wet f'r hay. He prays f'r rain till his pants ar-re wore out at th' knees, an' whin it comes it washes away his seed. He's about raised th' morgedge on his house whin th' tornado comes along an' raises th' roof. If he gets a good price f'r his corn he don't grow much. If he grows much he can't give it away, but has to burn it. An' f'r ivry kernel he plants Nature makes a crow.

"It looks to me as though th' farmer made a blundher whin he wint into pardnership with Nature. I'd as lave have a tiger or a timber wolf f'r a pardner as that tough ol' dame. Why, me boy, if Nature had her way, there ain't a man alive cud live with th' vicious throllop.

"IF ye left her alone f'r a week she'd turn Lincoln Park into an African jungle. She'd, anny day, rather grow a thistle thin a peach three. She blights th' barley an' pampers th' pizen ivy. She makes a spichilty iv weeds an' vermin. If she wasn't stopped th' arth wud be overrun with briars, ragweed, cactus, an' scrub oak, an' popylated, bedad, with chinch bugs, boll weevils, hornets, wasps, Gila monsthers, mosquitoes, scorpions, rattlesnakes, an' boa consthrictors. Annything or annybody that returns to Nature becomes disreppytable.

"An' this is th' malivolent ol' shrew that th' farmer has to help him raise his crops. He has to coax an' plead with her all th' time an' watch her day an' night. He's glad whin she smiles on him, an' thin, to show him how foolish he is, she goes on smilin' till she's scorched his fields to clinkers. Thin she pretinds to take pity on him an' dhrops a tear. Whin she's wept as much as he needs, she weeps some more. She weeps f'r days an' weeks, while he sits at home an' watches his silo float out to jine th' brimmin' river.

"Th' worst iv it is, he can't get along without her. He's hooked up f'r life. She wurruks with him all day long, an' at night, whin he's in bed dhreamin' he's won th' horseshoe-throwin' champeenship, she's out plantin' burdocks in th' north forty.

"I don't see what's goin' to be done f'r him. He'll niver be anny betther off till a way is found iv protictin' him again' kindly Nature. Mebbe some day Science will step in an' give him a hand. It's already freed him fr'm th' tyranny iv th' horse, an' p'raps th' time will come whin it'll spray his acres durin' a dhrought an' hold an umbrelly over thim in th' rainy saison, an' all he'll have to do to fertilize a lot will be to go out an' squirt it with a syringeful iv mickrobes that'll grow pineapples an' kill grasshoppers."

"A blundher whin he wint into pardnership with Nature."

Mr. Dooley is taking a vacation, but LIBERTY readers may look for further observations from the old philosopher in an early issue.

The Lady Diana Manners

at the Polo matches at Meadowbrook Country Club, Westbury, L. I., her delicate skin receiving the full force of the afternoon sunshine. "I know," she says, "that every woman can have a fresh, undimmed complexion if she'll keep it supple and protected by the Pond's method."

The Two Creams *which keep the most delicate skins exquisitely supple and fresh the summer through, protected from sun and wind for hours on end*

The Princesse Matchabelli

in sports costume on the beach at Southampton, Long Island. She says: "I have been much impressed by the way American women do not allow the effects of exposure to mar their complexions. Women everywhere can acquire the same perfection with the use of Pond's Two Creams."

What kind of Skin will you have at the end of summer?

Burned, coarsened, rough? Or fair, smooth and soft?

You wouldn't deliberately choose the first if you could have the second, would you? Yet, by neglect through the long hot summer, that's exactly what it comes to.

Sunburn has a certain charm—if kept within bounds. But blush-rose, before you know it, turns beet-red. A golden tan is a stunning accompaniment to the sports costume. But all too quickly it thickens your skin, makes it dry and leathery.

But there is a way—pursued by the smart women of society—to keep that vigorous look of a young healthy skin, just the becoming part of sunburn and tan, *without* the coarsening and deep burning.

Two delicate, fragrant, fluffy Creams will keep your skin safe and unharmed by sun and wind. Let their fine oils refresh and soothe and cool your skin, keep it supple, smooth, protected. They're all you need—these Creams made by Pond's—they'll give your skin exquisite freshness and complete protection, though you stay in the hottest sun the summer through.

Miss Elinor Patterson

of a distinguished Chicago family, relaxing in Virginia after a successful season as "The Nun," in "The Miracle," says, "For the skin doubly taxed by society and professional life, Pond's Two Creams are perfect."

After a morning on the beach, an afternoon of golf or in your car, and always at night, cover your face, neck and arms with Pond's Cold Cream. Let its pure oils soothe the irritated tissues and gently lift from them all dust, perspiration and powder. A soft cloth will remove both cream and dirt. Repeat, to get out every trace of dust. At night pat on more Cream and let it remain, to restore the suppleness of your sun-parched skin as you sleep. A dash of cold water or a rub with ice following each daytime cleansing will close the pores relaxed by heat and perspiration.

A protection of Pond's Vanishing Cream follows every Pond's cleansing, except the bedtime one. Before going out into the hot sun, fluff a little of this Cream over your face, neck, arms and hands. It gives you a lovely smooth finish, takes your powder evenly, and—of greatest importance to you now—protects your sensitive tissues from sun and parching wind.

Free Offer: *Mail this coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two famous Creams.*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. G,
155 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

—take pictures!

Get pleasures with pennies that dollars can't buy

IF you let a camera look every time you see something amusing or interesting, then you have made time stand still. For you can live over again every pleasing thing you've seen, every time you look at what you've taken.

And the cost is trivial

The Ready-Set camera costs only from seven-fifty to thirteen-fifty, according to size. In no other way can you make such a lifetime investment in happiness. And the up-keep—just pennies! A roll of good, reliable Ansco Film costs about the same as a gallon of gas—but the results live forever.

The Ready-Set camera has no thorns to its joys. It's made for easy, instant action without the bother of adjusting for light or distance. Just open—aim—shoot. As easy as that. And good pictures are yours.

The new Ansco Speedex Film —there's a size for every camera

What "Ready-Set" means in cameras, the red box with the yellow band means in film: good pictures without fuss or bother!

Only Ansco can and does make the Ready-Sets, and only the Ready-Sets have all the Ready-Set error-proof features.

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

Pioneer Camera Makers of America

Ansco—Binghamton, N. Y.

A Click Does the Trick

While Ansco Ready-Set Cameras are made to assure good pictures whether used by the experienced or inexperienced, Ansco also makes the finest advanced folding cameras that money can buy. Ask any professional photographer what *he* thinks of Ansco cameras.

The Truth about George

A Stuttering Lover Is Pitchforked into Paradise

A SHORT STORY *by* P. G. Wodehouse

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

" Tea for two and two for tea, and me for you and you for me——"

TWO men were sitting in the bar parlor of the little fishing inn as I entered it; and one of them, I gathered from his low, excited voice and wide gestures, was telling the other a story. I could hear nothing but an occasional " Biggest I ever saw in my life! " and " Fully as large as that! "—but in such a place it was not difficult to imagine the rest; and when the second man, catching my eye, winked at me with a sort of humorous misery, I smiled sympathetically back at him.

The action had the effect of establishing a bond between us; and when the story-teller finished his tale and left, the other came over to my table as if answering a formal invitation.

" Dreadful liars, some men are," he said.

" Fishermen," I suggested, " are traditionally careless of the truth."

" He wasn't a fisherman," said my companion. " That was our local doctor. He was telling me about his last case of mumps. Besides " — he tapped me earnestly on the knee — " you must not fall into the popular error about fishermen. Tradition has maligned them. I am a fisherman myself, and I have never told a lie in my life."

I could well believe it. He was a short, stout, comfortable man of middle age, and the thing that struck me first about him was the extraordinarily childlike candor of his eyes. They were large and round and honest. I would have bought oil stock from him without a tremor.

The door leading into the white, dusty road opened, and a small man with rimless pince-nez and an anxious expression shot in like a rabbit and had consumed a gin and ginger beer almost before we knew he was there. Having thus refreshed himself, he stood looking at us, seemingly ill at ease.

" N-n-n-n-n-n—" he said.

We looked at him inquiringly.

" N-n-n-n-n-n-ice d-d-d-d——"

His nerve appeared to fail him, and he vanished as abruptly as he had come.

" I think he was leading up to telling us that it was a nice day," hazarded my companion.

" It must be very embarrassing," I said, " for a man with such a painful impediment in his speech to open conversation with strangers."

" Probably trying to cure himself. Like my nephew George. Have I ever told you about my nephew George? "

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TRUTH ABOUT GEORGE
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

I reminded him that we had only just met and that this was the first time I had learned that he had a nephew George.

"Young George Mulliner. My name is Mulliner. I will tell you about George's case—in many ways a rather remarkable one."

MY nephew George (said Mr. Mulliner) was as nice a young fellow as you would ever wish to meet, but from childhood up he had been cursed with a terrible stammer. If he had had to earn his living he would undoubtedly have found this affliction a great handicap; but fortunately his father had left him a comfortable income, and George spent a not unhappy life, residing in the village where he had been born and passing his days in the usual country sports and his evenings in doing cross-word puzzles.

By the time he was thirty he knew more about Eli the prophet, Ra the sun god, and the bird emu than anybody else in the country except Susan Blake, the vicar's daughter, who had also taken up the solving of cross-word puzzles and was the first girl in Worcestershire to find out the meaning of stearine and crepuscular.

It was his association with Miss Blake that first turned George's thoughts to a serious endeavor to cure himself of his stammer. Naturally, with this hobby in common the young people saw a great deal of each other, for George was always looking in at the vicarage to ask her if she knew a word of seven letters meaning "appertaining to the profession of plumbing," and Susan was just as constant a caller at George's cozy little cottage—being frequently stumped, as girls will be, by words of eight letters signifying "largely used in the manufacture of poppet valves." The consequence was that one evening, just after she had helped him out of a tight place with the word disestablishmentarianism, the boy suddenly awoke to the truth and realized that she was all the world to him—or, as he put it to himself from force of habit—precious, beloved, darling, much loved, highly esteemed, or valued.

And yet, every time he tried to tell her so, he could get no further than a sibilant gurgle that was of no more practical use than a hiccough.

OBVIOUSLY something had to be done, and George went to London to see a specialist.

"Yes?" said the specialist.

"I-I-I-I-I-I-I—" said George.

"You were saying——?"

"Woo-woo-woo-woo-woo-woo——"

"Sing it," said the specialist.

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s—?" said George puzzled.

The specialist explained.

"Many people," he said, "who are unable to articulate clearly in ordinary speech find themselves lucid and bell-like when they burst into song."

It seemed a good idea to George. He thought for a moment—then threw back his head and let go in a musical barytone.

"I love a lassie, a bonny, bonny lassie," sang George. "She's as pure as the lily in the dell."

"No doubt," said the specialist, wincing.

"She's as sweet as the heather, the bonny purple heather—Susan, my Worcestershire bluebell."

"AH?" said the specialist. "Sounds a nice girl. Is this she?" he asked, adjusting his glasses and peering at the photograph that George had extracted from the interior of the left side of his undervest.

George nodded, drew in breath, and caroled:

"Yes, sir; that's my baby.
No, sir; don't mean maybe.
Yes, sir; that's my baby now.
And, by the way, by the way,
When I meet that preacher I shall say—
'Yes, sir; that's my——'"

"Quite," said the specialist hurriedly. He had a sensitive ear. "Quite—quite."

"If you knew Susie like I know Susie," George was beginning—but the other stopped him.

"Quite. Exactly. I shouldn't wonder. And now," said the specialist, "what precisely is the trouble? No," he added hastily, as George inflated his lungs; "don't sing it. Write the particulars on this piece of paper."

George did so.

"H'm," said the specialist, examining the screed. "You wish to propose to this girl, but you find yourself unable, incapable, incompetent, impotent, and powerless. Every time you attempt it, your vocal cords fail, fall short, are insufficient, wanting, deficient, and go blooey."

George nodded.

"A not unusual case. The effect of love on the vocal cords of even a normally eloquent subject is frequently deleterious. As regards the habitual stammerer, tests have shown that in ninety-seven point five six nine recurring of cases the divine passion reduces him to a condition where he sounds like a soda-water siphon trying to recite Gunga Din. There is only one cure."

"W-w-w-w-w—?" asked George.

"I will tell you. Stammering," proceeded the specialist, putting the tips of his fingers together and eying George benevolently, "is mainly mental and is caused by shyness, which is caused by the inferiority complex, which in its turn is caused by suppressed desires or introverted inhibitions or something.

"The advice I give to all young men who come in here behaving like soda-water siphons is to go out and make a point of engaging at least three perfect strangers every day. Before many weeks are out you will find that the little daily dose has had its effect. Shyness will wear off, and with it the stammer."

And, having requested the young man—in a voice free from all trace of impediment—to hand over a fee of five guineas, the

"Yes, sir," he caroled; "that's my baby. No, sir; don't mean maybe!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

When it comes to the care of Your Car

The MOST Important Man In The World

—is the Man Behind Veedol

Let him take complete charge of the lubrication of your car

TIMES CHANGE! In 1900, the most important man in the care of your car was a chap with a stout tow-rope and a team of well-fed horses that weren't too auto-shy.

In 1910, the most important man became that rare person who could take a motor apart and put it together again with few, if any, parts left over.

AND now, in 1926, when all cars are masterpieces of engineering skill, there is still another man, more important in the care of your car than all the others. Instead of *making* repairs he *prevents* them.

He knows every friction-spot in your car, the places where trouble starts. And he knows exactly how each one of these friction spots should be lubricated and just what lubricant is best.

He is the man behind Veedol. He specializes in Complete Veedol Lubrication Service.

Drive to the filling-station or garage in your neighborhood that gives complete Veedol Lubrication. The entire job takes but a few minutes. It consists of these three steps:

1. First; your crankcase is drained of the old, worn motor-oil and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your particular car.

2. Second; your transmission and differential are refilled with fresh Veedol transmission and differential lubricants.

3. Third; the chassis-points are newly lubricated with Veedol chassis lubricant.

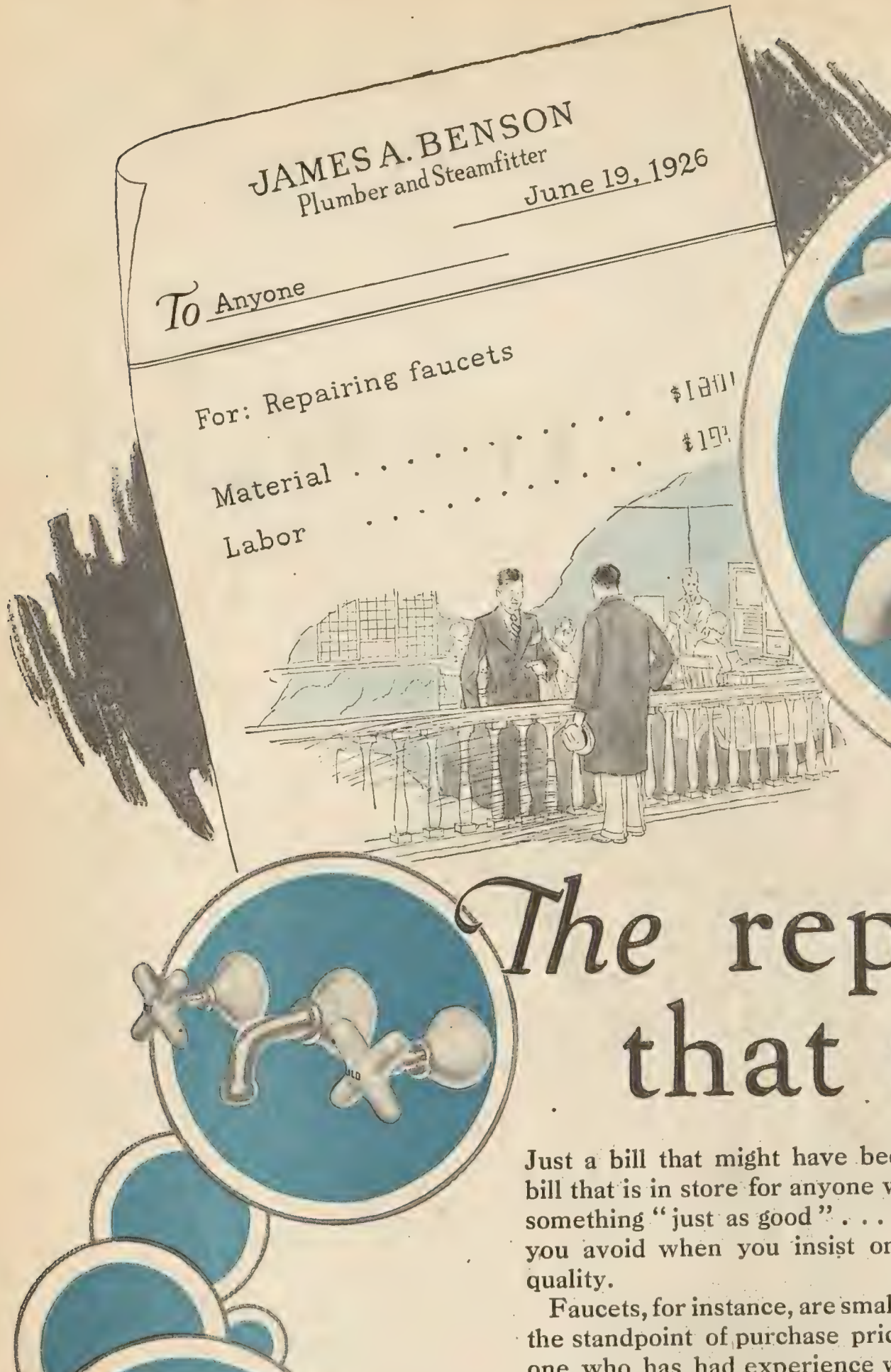
Each of these lubricants, being a *Veedol* lubricant, is uniformly high in quality. Each gives the famous "film of protection" which masters deadly heat and friction.

Let the "man behind Veedol" take complete charge of the lubrication of your car, lubricating all friction-spots at regular intervals as specified in your book of instructions.

The sooner you take advantage of Complete Veedol Lubrication Service the sooner you'll get the best performance from your car and the greatest freedom from repairs.

Watch for the orange and black Veedol lubrication sign today.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.



THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN HOT WATER HEATING

For the Vital Spots of the hot water heating plant, too, there is a Mueller heat control system that in one master stroke eliminates the trouble spots and brings greater comfort, greater convenience, reduced coal bills. See your merchant plumber about this inexpensive, dollar-saving system.

The repair bill that never came

Just a bill that might have been . . . the bill that is in store for anyone who accepts something "just as good" . . . the bill that you avoid when you insist on *established* quality.

Faucets, for instance, are small items from the standpoint of purchase price; yet anyone who has had experience with inferior faucets knows that their true cost—measured in repair bills—is often a staggering figure.

Think this over: There is only a few cents' difference between the price of a genuine Mueller Faucet and the price of the most inferior substitute. In other words, a very few dollars, spent at the time you are building or remodeling, will buy faucet satisfaction that could be had only at burdensome cost if paid for later in repairs!

There are 300 Mueller Jobbers in America—who have many thousands of dollars invested in equipment and stock so that your plumbing can be made a source of uninterrupted convenience and so that your local plumber may have quick and easy access to the best of modern equipment.

The merchant plumbers of America are urging you to consider faucets the *Vital Spots* of your plumbing system—and to select them accordingly. As good business men they would rather have the good will and ultimate profit that go with satisfactory plumbing than the immediate profit on repair jobs which good fixtures would have made unnecessary.

You will find that these established *merchant* plumbers consider the 69-year record of Mueller Faucets an absolute guaranty of satisfaction.

There is a Mueller Faucet for every *Vital Spot* in your plumbing system—for the bathroom, the kitchen, the laundry. If your *merchant* plumber does not carry them he can quickly get them from the nearest of the 300 Mueller Jobbers.

MUELLER CO. (*Established 1857*) *Factories:* Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan
Branches: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

© 1926, Mueller Co.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

specialist sent George out into the world.

The more George thought about the advice he had been given, the less he liked it. He shivered in the cab that took him to the station to catch the train back to East Wobsley. He was a shy young man, and the thought of accosting perfect strangers and forcing his conversation upon them sickened him.

But, like all Mulliners, he had the right stuff in him. As he reached the platform and strode along it to the train, his teeth were set, his eyes shone with an almost fanatical light of determination, and he intended before his journey was over to conduct three heart-to-heart chats, if he had to sing every bar of them.

The compartment into which he had made his way was empty at the moment, but just before the train started a very large, fierce-looking man got in. George would have preferred somebody less formidable for his first subject, but he braced himself and bent forward. And, as he did so, the man spoke.

"The Gug-gug-gug-gug-gug-government," he said, "are mer-mer-mer-mer-making a fuf-fuf-fuf-frightful mer-mer-mess of things, der-der-don't you think, sir?"

George sank back as if he had been hit between the eyes. The train had moved out of the dimness of the station by now, and the sun was shining on the speaker, illuminating his knobbly shoulders, his craggy jaw, and above all the shockingly choleric look in his eyes. To reply "Y-y-y-y-y-y-y-yes" to such a man would obviously be madness.

But to abstain from speech did not seem to be much better as a policy. George's silence appeared to arouse this man's worst passions. His face had turned purple and he glared painfully.

"I uk-uk-asked you a sus-sus-civil quk-quk-quk," he said irascibly. "Are you d-d-d-d-deaf?"

ALL we Mulliners have been noted for our presence of mind. To open his mouth, point to his tonsils, and utter a strangled gurgle was with George the work of a moment.

The tension was relaxed. The man's annoyance abated.

"D-d-d-dumb?" he said commiseratingly. "I beg your p-p-p-p-pup. I t-t-trust I have not caused you p-p-p-p-pain. It m-must be tut-tut-tut-tut-terrible not to be able to sus-sus-speak fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf-fluently."

He then buried himself in his paper, and George sank back in his corner, quivering in every limb.

TO get to East Wobsley, as you doubtless know, you have to change at Ippleton and take the branch line. By the time the train reached this junction, George's composure was somewhat restored. He deposited his belongings in a compartment of the East Wobsley train, and, finding that it would not start for some ten minutes, decided to pass the time by strolling up and down in the pleasant air.

It was a lovely afternoon. The sun was gilding the platform with its rays, and a gentle breeze blew from the west. A little brook ran tinkling at the side of the road; birds were singing in the hedgerows; and through the trees could be discerned dimly the noble facade of the County Lunatic Asylum. Soothed by his surroundings, George began to feel so refreshed he regretted that in this wayside station there was no one present whom he could engage in talk.

It was at this moment that the distinguished looking stranger entered the station.

The newcomer was a man of imposing physique, simply dressed in pajamas, brown boots, and a mackintosh. In his hand he carried a top hat, and into this he was dipping his fingers, taking them out and then waving them in a curious manner to right and left.

"HUMAN sacrifices have always been good enough for the Emperors of Abyssinia and they are good enough for me. Kindly step in here, please."

He nodded so affably to George that the latter, though a little surprised at the other's costume, decided to speak. Afer all, he reflected, clothes do not make the man, and, judging from the other's smile, a warm heart appeared to beat beneath that orange-and-mauve stripe pajama jacket.

"N-n-n-n-nice weather," he said.

"Glad you like it," said the stranger. "I ordered it specially."

George was a little puzzled by this remark, but he persevered:

"M-might I ask wur-wur-what you are dud-doing?"

"Doing?"

"With that her-her-her-her-hat?"

"Oh, with this hat? I see what you mean. Just scattering largesse to the multitude," replied the stranger, dipping his fingers once more and waving them with a generous gesture. "Devil of a bore, but it's expected of a man in my position. The fact is," he said, linking his arm in George's and speaking in a confidential undertone, "I'm the Emperor of Abyssinia. That's my palace over there," he said, pointing through the trees. "Don't let it go any further. I'm traveling incog, under the name of Elmer J. Higginbotham."

It was with a rather sickly smile that George endeavored to withdraw his arm from that of his companion. But the other would have none of this aloofness. He held George in a vise-like grip and drew him into a recess of the platform. He looked around him, and seemed satisfied.

"We are alone at last," he said.

This fact had already impressed itself with sickening clearness on the young man. There was not even a dog in sight.

"I've been wanting to talk to you for a long time," said the stranger genially.

"Huh-huh-have you?" responded George.

"Yes. I want your opinion on human sacrifices."

George said he didn't like them.

"Why not?" asked the other, surprised.

George said it was hard to explain. He just didn't.

"WELL, I think you're wrong," said the Emperor. "I know there's a school of thought growing up that holds your views, but I disapprove of it.

"I hate all this modern advanced thought. Human sacrifices have always been good enough for the Emperors of Abyssinia, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

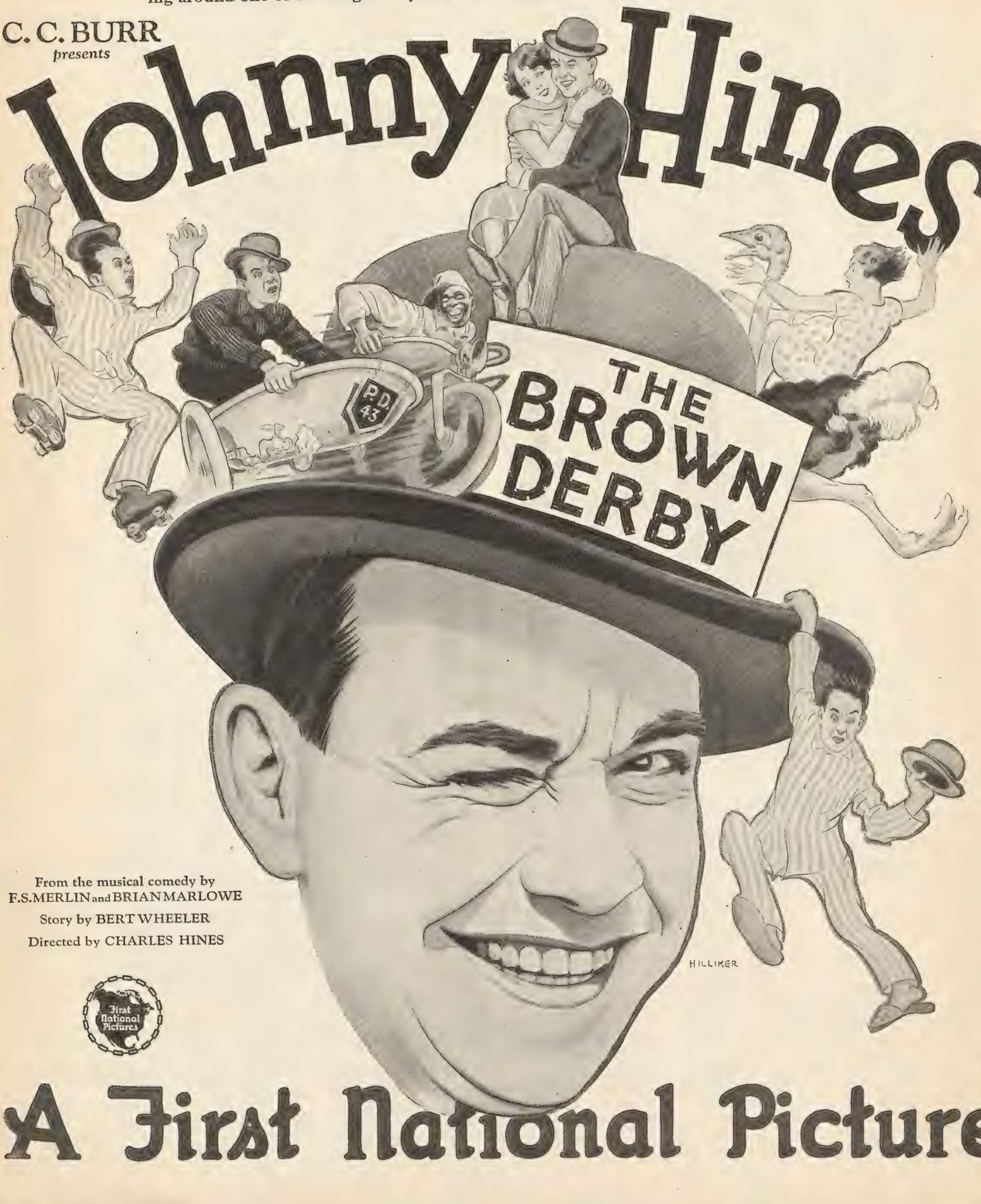
Hattaboy! Here's Johnny—with his lucky lid!

"THE BROWN DERBY'S" headgeared for smile speed, with Johnny as a master plumber who can stop even rumors from leaking! The young bathtub baron is hanging around one of the toughest "joints" in town when word comes that his favorite uncle has died and left him—a Brown Derby! Then the riot starts—for the heirloom turns out to be a super-hat—brimful of comedy and complications.

You'll fall heir to a legacy of laughs when you see this masterpiece of mirth—a faster, funnier Hines hit than even "The Live Wire" or "Rainbow Riley"!

C. C. BURR
presents

Johnny Hines



From the musical comedy by
F. S. MERLIN and BRIAN MARLOWE
Story by BERT WHEELER
Directed by CHARLES HINES

First National Pictures

A First National Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

they're good enough for me. Kindly step in here, if you please."

He indicated the lamp-and-mop room, at which they had now arrived. It was a dark and sinister apartment, smelling strongly of oil and porters, and was probably the last place on earth in which George would have wished to be closeted with a man of such peculiar views. He shrank back.

"You go in first," he said.

"No larks," said the other suspiciously.

"L-l-l-l-larks?"

"Yes. No pushing a fellow in and locking the door and squirting water at him through the window. I've had that happen to me before."

"Sus-certainly not."

"Right!" said the Emperor. "You're a gentleman and I'm a gentleman. Both gentlemen. You haven't a knife, have you?"

"No. No knife."

"Ah, well," said the Emperor, "then we'll have to look about for something else. No doubt we shall manage somehow."

And, with the debonair manner that so became him, he scattered another handful of largesse and walked into the lamp-room.

IT was not the fact that he had given his word as a gentleman that kept George from locking the door. Not being able to find the key, he had to be satisfied with banging it. This done, he leaped back and raced away down the platform.

A confused noise within seemed to indicate that the Emperor had become involved with some lamps.

George made the best of the respite. Covering the ground at a high rate of speed, he flung himself into the train and took refuge under the seat.

There he remained, quaking. At one time he thought that his uncongenial acquaintance had got upon his track, for the door of the compartment opened and a cool wind blew in upon him. Then, glancing along the floor, he perceived feminine ankles. The relief was enormous.

A voice spoke:

"Porter."

"Yes, ma'am?"

"What was all that disturbance as I came into the station?"

"Patient escaped from the asylum, ma'am."

"Good gracious!"

The voice would undoubtedly have spoken further, but at this moment the train began to move. There came the sound of a body descending upon a cushioned seat, and some little time later the rustling of a paper. The train gathered speed and jolted on.

George had never before traveled under the seat of a railway carriage and had no desire to do so now. He decided to emerge with the minimum of ostentation.

Little as he knew of women, he was aware that as a sex they are apt to be startled by the sight of men crawling out from under the seats of compartments. He began his maneuvers by poking out his head and surveying the terrain.

All was well. The woman, in her seat across the way, was engrossed in her paper. Moving in a series of noiseless wriggles, George extricated himself from his hiding-place and took possession of the corner seat. The woman continued reading her paper.

The events of the past quarter of an hour had tended rather to drive from George's mind the mission he had undertaken on leaving the specialist's office. But now, having leisure for reflection, he realized that, if he meant to complete his first day of the cure, he was allowing himself to run sadly behind schedule.

Speak to three strangers, the specialist had told him—and up to the present he had spoken to only one.

He nerved himself for action, and cleared his throat.

"Ah-h'rm!" said George.

And, having opened the ball, he dug up a winning smile and waited for his companion to make the next move.

The field through which he was running, a moment before a bare expanse of green, was now black with figures.

The move his companion made was in an upward direction and measured from six to eight inches. She dropped her paper and regarded George with a pale-eyed horror. She had been convinced that she was completely alone, and lo! out of space a voice had spoken. Her face worked, but she made no remark.

George, on his side, was also feeling a little ill at ease.

Then a happy thought struck him. He had just glanced at his watch and found the hour to be nearly four-thirty. Women, he knew, loved a drop of tea at about this time, and fortunately there was in his suitcase a vacuum bottle full of the right stuff.

"PARDON me, but I wonder if you would care for a cup of tea?" was what he wanted to say; but, as so often happened with him when in the presence of the opposite sex, he could get no further than a sort of sizzling sound like a cockroach calling to its young.

The woman continued to stare at him. Her eyes were now about the size of regulation standard golf balls, and her breathing suggested the last stages of asthma. It was at this point that George, struggling for speech, had one of those inspirations that frequently come to Mulliners. There flashed into his mind what the specialist had told him about singing. Say it with music—that was the thing to do.

He delayed no longer.

"Tea for two and two for tea,
And me for you and you for me——"

He was shocked to observe his companion turning Nile green. He decided to make his meaning clearer.

"I have a nice thermos—I have a full thermos.
Won't you share my thermos, too?
When skies are gray and you feel you are blue,
Tea sends the sun smiling through.
I have a nice thermos—I have a full thermos.
May I pour out some for you?"

You will agree with me, I think, that no invitation could have been more happily put. But his companion was not responsive. With one last agonized look at him, she closed her eyes and sank back in her seat. Her lips had now turned a curious gray-blue color, and they were moving feebly.

George sat back in his corner, brooding. Rack his brain as he might, he could think of no topic that could be guaranteed to interest, elevate, and amuse. He looked out of the window with a sigh.

The train was now approaching the dear old familiar East Wobsley country. A wave of sentiment poured over George as he thought of Susan, and he reached for the bag of buns that he had bought in the refreshment-room at Ippleton. Sentiment always made him hungry.

HE took his vacuum bottle out of the suitcase and, unscrewing the top, poured himself a cup of tea. Then, placing the bottle on the seat, he drank.

He looked at his companion. Her eyes were still closed, and she was uttering little sighing noises. George was half inclined to renew his offer of tea, but the only tune he could remember was Hard-Hearted Hannah, the Vamp from Savannah, and it was difficult to fit suitable words to it.

Now, as you approach East Wobsley, the train, I must mention, has to pass over some points; and so violent is the sudden jerking that strong men have been known to spill their beer. George, forgetting this in his preoccupation, had placed the vacuum bottle only a few inches from the edge of the seat. The result was that, as the train reached the points, the flask leaped like a live thing, dived to the floor, and exploded.

Even George was distinctly upset by the sudden sharpness of the report. He blinked thrice in rapid succession. But on the woman opposite the effect of the untoward occurrence was still more marked. With a single piercing shriek, she rose from her seat straight into the air like a rocketing pheasant, and, having clutched the communication cord, fell back again. Impressive as her previous leap had been, she excelled it by several inches.

It is a curious thing that, in spite of the railway companies' sporting willingness to let their patrons have a tug at the extremely moderate price of five pounds a go, very few people have ever either pulled a communication cord or seen one pulled. There is thus a widespread ignorance as to what precisely happens on such occasions.

The procedure, George tells me, is as follows: First there comes a grinding noise, as

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

PLAY SAFE WITH "BURDS"

Trifles are the seat of many car troubles. Trifles, such as bumps, jolts, vibration, sap the stamina of the finest automobiles. Trifles have ruined thousands of cars—will ruin many more this year.

And it's so unnecessary! Such trifles can be eliminated. To "Keep Your Seat" is more than a matter of comfort; it's a factor vital to safety and car protection.

Burd-Gilman Shock Absorbers will give you that protection—with comfort and safety added.

An unbreakable steel cable instead of a strap—no stretching; mud, water, grease can't harm it; and the housing is weather-sealed. Readjustments and "servicing" unnecessary. Burd-Gilmans can be easily installed, at small expense. Ask your dealer.

Burd High Compression Ring Company, Rockford, Ill.

BURD GILMAN SHOCK ABSORBERS

THE ORIGINAL SNUBBING DEVICE WITH THE STEEL CABLE

WHY BURD-GILMANS ARE BETTER:

1. Steel Cable will not break, stretch, kink, rust, or stick.
2. Steel Housing is weather-sealed. No water, ice, mud, dust nor grease can get into the working parts.
3. Adjustable tension for either balloon or high pressure tires.
4. Tension will not work loose, requiring frequent adjustments.
5. Recoils from all depressions, large or small, continuous or at intervals, are instantly checked. No set spots where shock absorber will function and others where it will not. Spring control is constant.
6. No greasing nor oiling—ever.
7. Simple, trouble-proof construction. Very few moving parts.
8. Maximum riding comfort.
9. Easy to install.
10. No servicing required.
11. The best insurance against car depreciation and repair bills because vibration is reduced to a minimum.
12. Guaranteed.

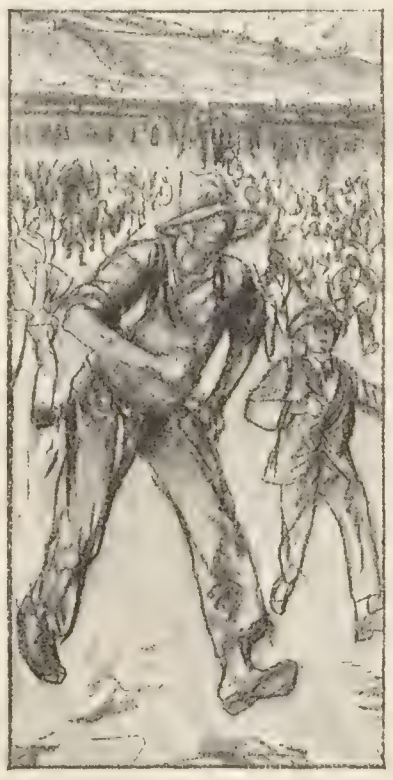
[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

the brakes are applied. Then the train stops. And finally, from every point of the compass, a seething mob of interested onlookers begins to appear.

It was about a mile and a half from East Wobsley that the affair had taken place, and as far as the eye could reach the countryside was totally devoid of humanity. A moment before nothing had been visible but smiling cornfields and broad pasture lands; but now from east, west, north, and south running figures began to appear.

The rails, which had been completely unoccupied, were now thronged with a dense crowd of navvies. Moreover, the train, which at Ippleton had seemed sparsely occupied, was disgorging passengers from every door. It was the sort of mob scene that would have made David W. Griffith scream with delight.

The behavior of his fellow traveler did nothing to allay the growing turmoil in George's soul. She had sprung from the train, and was now standing with her arms around the neck of one of the navvies. In the intervals of allowing her tears to trickle down the man's spine, she was proclaiming in a voice of extraordinary power and clearness that George was an escaped lunatic and had tried to murder her with a bomb.



It is difficult to say what precisely would have been the correct behavior of your polished man of the world in such a situation. I think myself that a great deal of sang-froid and address would be required even by the most self-possessed in order to pass off such a contretemps.

To George, I may say at once, the crisis revealed itself immediately as one that he was totally incapable of handling. The one clear thought that stood out from the welter of his emotions was the reflection that it was advisable to remove himself without delay. Drawing a deep breath, he shot swiftly off the mark.

ALL we Mulliners have been athletes; and George, when at the University, had been noted for his speed of foot. He ran now as he had never run before. His statement, however, that as he sprinted across the first field he distinctly saw a rabbit shoot an envious glance at him as he passed, and shrug its shoulders hopelessly, I am inclined to discount.

Nevertheless it is not to be questioned that he made good going. And he had need to; for, after the first instant of surprise that had enabled him to secure a lead, the whole mob was pouring across country after him, and dimly, as he ran, he could hear voices in the throng informally discussing the advisability of lynching him. Moreover, the field through which he was running, a moment before a bare expanse of green, was now black with figures, headed by a man with a beard, who carried a pitchfork.

IT is impossible for one who was not an eyewitness to say how much ground was covered by the interested parties. I know the East Wobsley country well, and I have checked George's statements, and if it is true that he traveled east as far as Little-Wigmarsh-in-the-Dell and as far west as Higgleford-cum-Wortlebury-beneath-the-Hill, he must undoubtedly have done a lot of running.

But a point that must not be forgotten is that, to a man not in a condition to observe closely, the village of Higgleford-cum-Wortlebury-beneath-the-Hill might easily not have been Higgleford-cum-Wortlebury-beneath-the-Hill at all, but another hamlet that in many respects closely resembles it. I need scarcely say that I allude to Lesser-Snodsbury-in-the-Vale.

Let us assume, therefore, that George, having touched Little-Wigmarsh-in-the-Dell, shot off at a tangent and reached Lesser-Snodsbury-in-the-Vale. This would be a considerable run. And, as he remembers flitting past Farmer Higgins' pigsty and the Dog and Duck at Pondlebury Parva, and through the brook Wipple at the point where it joins the river Wopple, we can safely assume that, wherever else he went, he got plenty of exercise.

But the pleasantest of functions must end. And, just as the setting sun was gilding the spire of the ivy-covered Church of St. Barnabas the Resilient, where George as a child had sat so often, enlivening the tedium of the sermon by making faces at the choir boys, a damp and bedraggled figure might have been observed crawling painfully along the High Street of East Wobsley in the direction of the cozy little cottage known to its builder as Chatsworth and to the village tradesmen as Mulliner's.

It was George, home from the hunting field.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and grease-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

Now—a new and totally different way to remove cold cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will combat oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below

MODERN beauty science has discovered a new way to remove cleansing cream — a way different from any you have ever known.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness you'll love.

Now a test is being offered. Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

It will prove that no matter how long you have removed cleansing cream with towels, paper substitutes, etc., you have never yet removed it *thoroughly* from your skin . . . have never removed it properly, or in gentle safety to your skin.

What it is

The name is Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, *solely* for the removal of cleansing cream.

It is the first absorbent made for this purpose. There is no other like it.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it.

White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins. Combats imperfections. Lightens the skin.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

It will combat skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often appear.

This new way combats those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge. Mail it today—you will be delighted with what you receive.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in 2 sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6x7 inches . . . 35c
Professional, sheets 9x10 inches . . 65c

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO. LIB.-7
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs —*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

THE *NEW* CLASS 1800 NATIONAL

Important facts about Class 1800 *National*

The cabinet is stream-lined, with rounded corners, hinged doors and the fewest possible projecting parts.

Choice of finish—oak, brown mahogany or red mahogany.

It is a low-priced, total-adding receipt-printer. Visible detail strip. All items appear in upright position and are printed in large clear figures.

All printing done from new, reversible ink ribbon instead of inking pad.

Bond receipt paper used. Clearer printing. More receipts per roll.

Single-line indication. Enlarged key captions. Improved detail-strip spacing key.

Thousands already in use in more than 58 kinds of business

THIS new National was announced only three months ago. Already thousands are in use. Merchants are enthusiastic about them.

Its beautiful appearance makes it a fixture any merchant can be proud to have in his store.

Its fine performance makes it fit the needs of merchants in a great many different lines of business.

And its low price, our easy terms and liberal allowances, place it within the reach of every merchant who wants it.

There's a National office near you. Write or phone for a demonstration. Or call at any time.

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

Offices in all the principal cities of the world

20 *of the lines of business that use Class* 1800's

- Drugs
- Grocery
- Meat
- Dry Goods
- Restaurants
- Confectionery
- Men's Furnishings
- Ladies' Furnishings
- General Stores
- Hardware
- Shoe Stores
- Soft Drinks
- Bakeries
- Delicatessens
- Florists
- Filling Stations
- Fruits
- Cigars and Tobacco
- Barber Shops
- Beauty Parlors

National Cash Registers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Slowly George Mulliner made his way to the familiar door, and, passing through it, flung himself into his favorite chair. But a moment later a more imperious need than the desire to rest forced itself upon his attention. Rising stiffly, he tottered to the kitchen and mixed himself a revivifying whisky-and-soda.

Then, refilling his glass, he returned to the sitting-room, to find that it was no longer empty. A slim, fair girl, tastefully attired in tailor-made tweeds, was leaning over the desk on which he kept his Dictionary of English Synonyms.

SHE looked up as he entered, startled.

"Why, Mr. Mulliner!" she exclaimed. "What has been happening? Your clothes are torn, rent, ragged, tattered, and your hair is all disheveled, untrimmed, hanging loose or negligently, at loose ends!"

George smiled a wan smile.

"You are right," he said. "And, what is more, I am suffering from extreme fatigue, weariness, lassitude, exhaustion, prostration, and languor."

The girl gazed at him, a divine pity in her soft eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured—"so very sorry, grieved, distressed, afflicted, pained, mortified, dejected, and upset!"

George took her hand. Her sweet sympathy had effected the cure for which he had been seeking so long. Coming on top of the violent emotions through which he had been passing all day, it seemed to work on him like some healing spell, charm, or incantation.

Suddenly, in a flash, he realized that he was no longer a stammerer.

"Miss Blake—Susan—Susie!"

He took her other hand in his. His voice rang out clear and unimpeded:

"It cannot have escaped your notice that I have long entertained toward you sentiments warmer and deeper than those of ordinary friendship. It is love, Susan, that has been animating my bosom. Love, first a tiny seed, has grown and grown in my heart till, blazing into flame, it has swept away on the crest of its wave my diffidence, my doubt, my fears, and my foreboding. And now, like the topmost topaz of some ancient tower, it cries to all the world in a voice of thunder: 'You are mine! My mate!'

"As the star guides the mariner when he hies him home to the haven of hope and happiness, so do you gleam upon me along life's rough road and seem to say, 'Have courage, George! I am here!'

"Susan, I am not an eloquent man—I cannot speak as fluently as I could wish. But these simple words that you have just heard come from the unspotted heart of an English gentleman.

"Susan, I love you. Will you be my wife, married woman, matron, spouse, helpmate, consort, partner, or better half?"

"Oh, George!" said Susan. "Yes, yes, aye, aye! Decidedly, unquestionably, indubitably, incontrovertibly, and past all dispute!"

He folded her in his arms. And, as he did so, there came from the street outside—faintly, as from a distance—the sound of feet and voices. George leaped to the window.

Rounding the corner, just by the Cow and Wheelbarrow public house, was the man with the pitchfork. And behind him a vast crowd.

"My darling," said George, "for purely personal and private reasons, into which I need not enter, I must now leave you. Will you join me later?"

"I will follow you to the ends of the earth," replied Susan passionately.

"It will not be necessary," said George. "I am only going down to the coal cellar. I shall spend the next half hour or so there. If anybody calls and asks for me, perhaps you would not mind telling them that I am out."

"I will, I will," said Susan. "And, George, by the way. What I really came here for was to ask you if you knew a word of nine letters ending in k and signifying an implement employed in the pursuit of agriculture."

"Pitchfork, sweetheart," said George. "But you may take it from me, as one who knows, that agriculture isn't the only thing it is used in pursuit of."

AND since that day (concluded Mr. Mulliner) George, believe me or believe me not, has not had the slightest trace of an impediment in his speech. He is now the chosen orator at all political rallies for miles around; and so offensively self-confident has his manner become that only last Friday he had his eyes blacked by a hay, corn, and feed merchant of the name of Stubbs. It just shows you, doesn't it?

THE END

Clearing Film from teeth whitens surprisingly

Restores cloudy teeth to clearness

Please accept full 10-day tube of this new dental achievement, urged by world's authorities. Note the difference in the color of your teeth and health of your gums as film is cleared off in this new way.

THOUSANDS go through life with clouded teeth, needlessly. Dental science proves this true.

Cloudy teeth now are restored to sparkling clearness. A way found that clears the dingy film coats from teeth that old-time dentifrices failed to combat successfully. One's whole appearance is often changed.

Please accept 10-day tube of the way leading dental authorities now are urging to accomplish that result.

That stubborn film . . . enemy of pretty teeth and firm gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," dingy and cloudy, why smiles are often dull and unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Old ways won't clear it off

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method.

Clears film off— Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget and mail at once.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Mail this for 10-Day Tube to

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 663, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family 2169

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada
London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1
The Pepsodent Co., Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

The Exclusive Gabriel Superiorities

A—4½ coils—the patented and exclusive Gabriel construction—give 180 square inches of friction surface and up to 450 pounds of braking action, *and* the free play needed with balloon tires.

B—The spring which keeps the multiple coils in friction.

C and D—Base casting and floating casting.

Gabriel's exclusive features stop the unpleasant bobbing, pitching and galloping of balloon tires. They save your clothes, they save your car, they are guaranteed to give any car greater riding comfort or money refunded

37 car manufacturers equip with Gabriels
25 drill their car frames for Gabriels

3100 Gabriel Stations sell Gabriel Snubbers on a 30-day money-back guarantee

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company
Cleveland, Ohio • Toronto, Canada

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

Gabriel—and Only Gabriel—Is a Snubber

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company
1400 East 40th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Send me the information checked

- ☐ Analysis of the Balloon Tire Problem.
- ☐ How to save upkeep expense on your car.
- ☐ What your Ford needs.

My car is _____ _____
Name and Year

Write name and address in margin, tear out and mail corner of page.

Let the EAGLE SCREAM not SQUAWK

1776 1926

Picture by C. B. FALLS

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

THIS is the Fourth!

Fifty-one weeks a year the sparrows chatter, the crows caw, the jays screech, the buzzards circle over the United States, seeking out the filth and the carrion and making such a fuss over it they give the impression that everything is filth and carrion.

But this is the Eagle's week to scream.

The Eagle's scream drowns the chatter of sparrows, the cawing of crows, the screech of jays, and the squawk of buzzards.

This week the Eagle's scream proclaims the fact that the United States, whatever faults it may have, still is the greatest, the best, the most nearly perfect of all the nations of the world, past or present, and probably future.

It has become more or less a custom for Americans to write, speak, and broadcast criticisms of their land, their government, their financiers, their public and semipublic conveyances, their rents, their laws. They criticize everything, carp and rave about evils and wrongs.

LIBERTY has, necessarily, joined in the *Mea culpa*. It has pointed out wrongs and evils, berated wrongdoers, and exposed abuses, and perhaps omitted much of the good.

This week let us talk of the United States as it is; the greatest and most glorious, the most stupendously successful experiment in the history of the world. Let the Eagle scream and tell the world!

Lax law enforcement, contempt of law, crime, flaming youth, prohibition, sex, a wild younger generation, speed mania, graft—they all exist. Americans have squawked so loudly about them that they have created the impression the nation is rushing headlong to the demnition bowwows, with all brakes released.

But with the unfurling of flags, the booming of cannon, the blare of bands ushering in the Fourth, the beams should be plucked out of their eyes and Americans permitted to see the glory of their own land.

The United States now is reported as having close to $425,000,000,000 of total wealth, which is estimated to be 45 per cent of the total wealth of the civilized world, nearly four times as much as Great Britain, and more than five times the estimated wealth of France, Belgium, and Spain combined.

We have been called "purse-proud money-grabbers," and accused of misusing our great wealth. Yet America poured into devastated Europe more than $2,000,000,000, which was more money than all the Allies could muster, besides marking off approximately $3,000,000,000 in debts.

It gives each year for charity more than all the rest of the world combined, and gives more to religion (regardless of creed), to education, and to the succor of those in need and distress, than any other nation of the world gives in five years.

During 1925 the General Education Board poured out more than $12,000,000 in work, and we gave more than $15,000,000 to the Red Cross. How much we gave for charity no one knows; but the total of big bequests recorded

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

"Tell me the truth"

SHE had been dismissed that very afternoon as a salesperson in one of the exclusive shops.

It was a terrific disappointment to her: she had wanted so much to make good.

As she received her final pay-check, she demanded of her employer: "Please tell me the truth—why am I let out?"

"I'd rather not discuss it," the other replied, leaving her even more mystified.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large szie for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis. U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]
shows that Americans gave away more than $700,000,000—and this huge sum is but a fraction of the total amount devoted to helping others in one year.

WE have the greatest amount invested in schools and colleges ever recorded in the world's history. We have $2,350,000,000 in public school properties, and nearly $300,000,000 in school furniture and equipment. We have $1,830,000,000 in colleges and professional schools, and $880,000,000 in equipment. We spend nearly $2,000,000,000 a year on the common schools and more than half that much on the colleges. All this is independent of the more than $300,000,000 endowments of colleges.

There are about 247,000 churches in the United States, and no value figures may be reached because values are based on taxes and church property is not taxed. But, stingy as we are in giving to churches, we gave last year more than $750,000,000.

Let out another scream! Fire a cannon!

The churches and the ministry have been charged with losing their grip on the people and failing in their duty. Yet in the last year *every* church in the United States, regardless of denomination, showed a big increase in active membership, estimated at 8 per cent—which would put the membership above 50,000,000 if based on the 1923 figures of 48,000,000.

Their associated organizations —especially those of young people: the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Men's Hebrew Association, and the Knights of Columbus—show remarkable gains in membership. The K. of C. rose above 800,000 members, the Y. M. C. A. passed the 1,000,000 mark.

Let the Eagle scream again!

Everyone is jumping on the young folks and charging them with everything—showing their improved anatomies, necking, joyriding, gin-drinking, general immodesty and laxness, failure to respect their parents, the laws, or anything else.

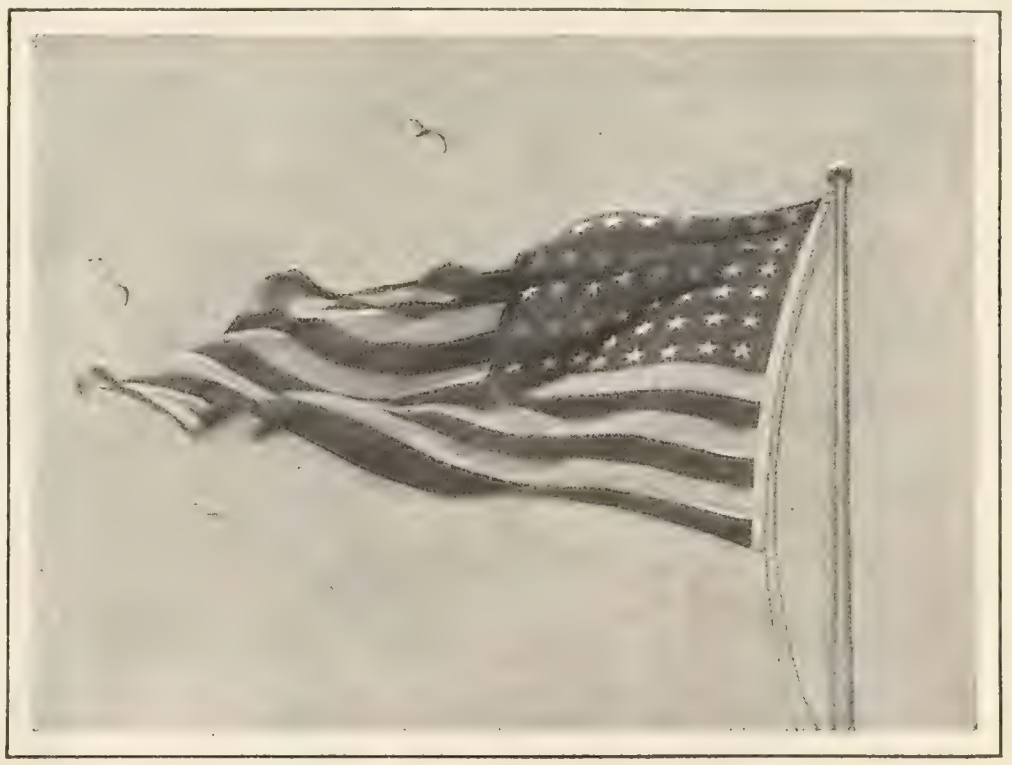
It is true that many of them are guilty—perhaps because neither their parents nor the laws have fully deserved respect. But, on the other hand, we have the testimony of virtually every church and college in the United States that never before in history were so many young people interested in social service and in spiritual matters.

Let the Eagle scream louder, the bands play, and the flags flap!

We have wailed over public and private graft. Probably we graft a greater sum than any other nation ever did, because the United States thinks and deals in billions where others handle millions.

In spite of the charges, political and otherwise, the testimony of experts is that our government, with all its admitted flaws, is the cleanest in the world, the most economically run, considering the vast sums and the volume of business transacted, and that the character of public officials, national, State, and city, is higher, on an average, than it ever was.

Let the Eagle scream again!



Old Glory—the flag of our country.

WE lead the world in divorces, with more than 180,000 a year, which has caused the cry to ascend that the old institution of marriage, upon which all society and all government is based, is going on the rocks. Yet the United States is proclaimed the most moral of all countries, with the greatest proportion of happy marriages and the fewest per capita of unfaithful wives and husbands. The number of divorces in the United States—one divorce to each seven marriages—is declared by sociologists to be due rather to more liberal divorce laws than to more flagrant violations of the moral code.

We have more laws than all the rest of the world combined, more than ten times as many laws as Great Britain finds necessary, and because of this we have a greater number of violations of those laws.

Let the Eagle scream about our industrial prosperity!

The United States may wail about the more than 20,000 persons killed by automobiles in a year, but it must be remembered that the United States has about 19,400,000 cars and more than 2,000,000 trucks operating, which is 85 per cent of all the automotive vehicles in the world. To which we are adding about 2,400,000 a year.

WE have 3,000,000 miles of improved roads—a greater mileage than any two other nations in the world—and have built more concrete roads in the last year than all the rest of the world has ever built, estimated at 35,000 miles.

We use more than 80 per cent of all the rubber employed in commerce (about $220,000,000 worth last year) and pay heavy tribute to England for the privilege.

We lead the world in copper, steel, coal, and oil, and we have stacked up in our treasuries the greater part of the gold in the world. At the high point the United States held about $5,000,000,000 of the world's gold.

Let the Eagle scream again when we talk of fine art!

The United States, youngest of the world powers, has in the aggregate a greater number of art treasures than any other country. We import about $40,000,000 worth each year.

Though unable, of course, to rival the great collections of Rome, Paris, London, Munich, and Dresden as yet, the United States has shown its appreciation of true art by purchase and importation of vast treasure in paintings and sculpture to an extent that has caused protest in Europe.

Despite its youth the United States has taken its stand among the leaders in the development of music and architecture, and in each line has given the world something new.

Beat the drums and explode giant crackers when we mention ARCHITECTURE!

Nothing in the world's history has approached the achievements of the United States in revolutionizing building. All of ancient Athens could be fitted into the lower end of Manhattan Island and lost among the skyscrapers.

Solomon's Temple, if it stood in the Times Square district or in the newer Park Avenue district of New York, would be dwarfed. The great pyramid of Gizeh, which is 451 feet high, would scarcely be noticed amid the towering piles of Manhattan, compared with the Woolworth and other buildings rising higher than 700 feet.

The beauty of the Parthenon is not greater than that of the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Blow upon blow and the "Double Life" Wilson Crest Golf Ball emerges from the gruelling day's play unscathed.

From sun-up to sundown you can punish with wood and iron and the "Double Life" Crest comes up for more—keen for future *getaways* with a promise of many rounds of perfect performance.

Follow a "Double Life" Crest on your very next round—it means clean straight drives, thrilling distance, sure approaches and decisive putting.

Get the Crest from your Pro or Dealer and double the pleasure of your game.

DOUBLE LIFE
CREST
GOLF BALLS

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
Makers of
Athletic THOS. E. WILSON & CO. Equipment
General Offices: 2037 Powell Avenue, CHICAGO
New York San Francisco

Two *incomes* are better than one

FORWARD-looking workers in every sphere—wage earners, salaried men, business men, professional men—make it a regular practice to invest part of present earnings in good bonds. In this way they build up a second income free from ordinary hazards and pave the way for financial independence.

May we help you plan a bond investment program which has independence as its goal? Investment counsellors in our offices in more than fifty leading cities throughout the country stand ready to analyze your needs and to suggest suitable offerings.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS·ACCEPTANCES SHORT TERM NOTES

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

superb Lincoln Memorial at the capital, and Athens itself would have seemed squalid and shabby compared with the glories of the new Washington.

The Coliseum of Rome wouldn't be nearly big enough to hold football crowds such as gather in the Ohio Stadium, the Yale Bowl, and half a dozen other places in the United States. The Coliseum claimed 87,000 seating capacity, but measurements show it would hold only 50,000.

Let the Eagle scream when our vastness is mentioned!

MORE goods are sold in one day on State Street in Chicago or on Fifth Avenue in New York than Rome in her palmiest days sold in a year. All the caravans and ships could not have hauled that much to Rome.

Undoubtedly a lot of us have allowed all this to go to our heads and we have done foolish and wicked things; but those folk who rail and give out the idea that America is getting soft, corrupt, and decadent are all wrong. They remind me of a friend who sat with me at a boxing match in Madison Square Garden. He was an ardent lover of boxing, and, looking around over the 11,000 persons assembled, he said:

"Look at all these people here. Why, *everyone* wants fighting!"

He got such a strong close-up of those 11,000 fight fans, he forgot that it was prayer-meeting night and that something like 7,000,000 persons were gathered in the churches of the United States at that same hour.

Drink, dope, vice, wild parties—the public prints are filled periodically with such stories about Hollywood.

Perhaps such things happen. But a few miles from Hollywood is a church that has the greatest attendance of any church in America, with more than 4,000 active members and 2,000 young men in Bible classes.

Let the Eagle scream while we talk of the United States as a patriotic unit!

Yes, *unit!* Let the Socialists, the pacifists, the Reds, and the parlor Pinks deny it—but the United States is a unit in any cause involving its national honor, its patriotism, or its defense.

Fewer than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the fellows drafted for the World War became "conscientious objectors." The number of men and women in this country rated as enemy aliens was too small to make up one regiment.

Many of us ridiculed William Jennings Bryan for his "springers"—but the fact remains we *did* spring to arms. Bryan said a million men would spring to arms. About a million did, and more than four millions were sprung, and were under arms so quickly that the world was stunned by the rapidity with which a nation of citizens was turned into a nation of fighters.

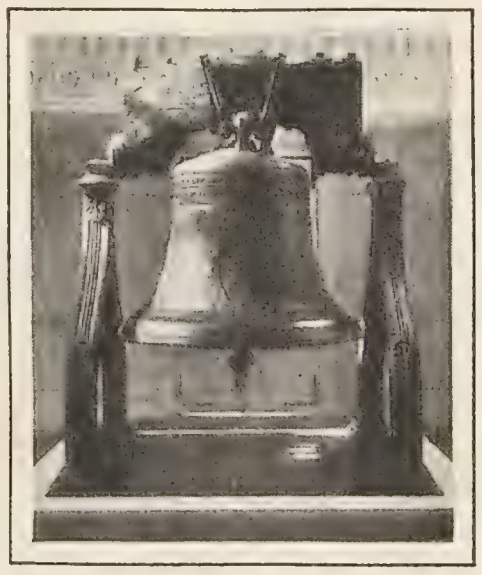
If it ever happens again—which every good American hopes and prays it will *not*—the United States will do a job of springing that will discourage war-makers.

The survey of America shows, for instance, 107 great industrial plants that could be transformed into military factories almost at once. We have nine factories, according to the survey, that could begin turning out airplanes and motors within a few days, and twelve plants that could be switched quickly to the making of tanks.

There are in New York City alone 1,500 young taxicab drivers who could be turned into skilled flyers capable of operating airplanes inside of two weeks.

THE Yellow Cab Company alone, from its Chicago field, could send into government service within a day or two more than 2,500 skilled operators and repairers of motors.

With 85 per cent of all the cars and trucks in the world, and more oil and gas than any other country can lay hands on, we have the basis of the greatest air and sea navies of them all.



The Liberty Bell, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

We have a skeleton structure of an army. But our colleges, our military schools, and our officers' training camps are turning out men from civilian life who could be transformed quickly into intelligent and trained leaders of men.

Let the Eagle scream this week, anyhow! Let every American get up and cheer when he realizes the greatness of his own land. The rest of the year we may knock and grouch and criticize; but this is the week of the Fourth of July, when we are entitled to tell the rest of the world how great we are.

And 1926 is the hundred and fiftieth year since the United States began life as an independent nation! A century and a half of stupendous growth and achievement!

Now! All together! All 113,493,720 of you! Rise and sing The Star-Spangled Banner—and *scream* with the Eagle!

THE END

"I am pleased to state that ever since 'Boncilla' was introduced in Denmark, I have used these specialties in my various departments to the satisfaction of my customers and to the advantage of my firm."

Hans Jorgensen

A new experience, a new satisfaction, a new beauty awaits you in this new and better method used by this famous beauty specialist.

HANS Jorgensen's is one of the most elaborate Beauty Salons to be found in all the gay capitals of Europe.

It comes as a pleasant surprise to most women to learn that they can use at home the same wonderful, efficient, new beautifying method used by Jorgensen and many other famous beauty specialists of Europe and America.

This "method" eliminates all guess work and uncertainty because it produces definite, pleasing results that you *see* and *feel* and *know* IMMEDIATELY.

That is why it is endorsed and used by so many pre-eminent beauty specialists in every land.

You will see definite improvement the first time you use this method. Use it often for it cannot injure the most delicate skin and every time you use it, its benefits are multiplied.

It rids the complexion of blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores and lines about the eyes, corrects coarse, oily or dry skin conditions and firms the facial muscles and tissues.

It cleanses the skin IMMACULATELY, invigorates, nourishes and protects it, refines the skin texture, making it clear, colorful, soft and smooth.

All that you require to accomplish these many definite benefits is Boncilla clasmic Beautifier, Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams and Boncilla Face Powder. There is nothing else like it—nothing else *equals* this "method" to beautify the complexion.

You can *prove* this easily. Get Boncilla's "Little Beauty Shop" at your Beauty Shop or Dealer's or we will mail it post paid for $1.00.

"The Little Beauty Shop" contains a Dollar Tube Boncilla clasmic Beautifier—with liberal trial sizes of Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams and Boncilla Face Powder and 48-page Beauty Book.

Special Test Packet-10c

BONCILLA LABORATORIES, Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Enclosed is 10 cents. Send me Test Packet, containing liberal tubes of Boncilla clasmic Beautifier, Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams, and a trial box of Boncilla Face Powder.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Lib 826

If you live in Canada, send coupon to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 590 King St., W., Toronto (2), Canada

PHOENIX

736 *The Book of Hosiery*

THE revealed knee must now be covered with lovely silk. And it is therefore almost imperative that women's stockings should be silk *clear to the top.*

To meet exactly the requirements of this day of the short skirt, Phoenix has created its notable number 736—ser-fon weight. Ser-fon! A new word in hosiery vocabulary. It means a thin stocking that will withstand long miles of hard wear. And it means pure Japanese silk clear to the top—with clever reinforcements in all wearable places. Find this remarkable stocking, at better stores, marked thus:

No. 736 for $1.95

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

LSB ©

The CORBIN Necklace

Vanished Pearls Return, But Lead to a Deeper Mystery

By

Henry Kitchell Webster

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

MISS DIGBY gasped. There the necklace was, gleaming, creamy and wonderful.

"GOOD God," I cried, "you aren't trying to tell me anyone suspects *you* of having taken the hundred-thousand-dollar necklace?"

"That's very polite of you," Alexander Corbin answered kindly; "but I don't see why they shouldn't."

Alec was old Mrs. Corbin's prodigal son, home at last from the Philippines. She had cut him out of her will, and he might easily be suspected of having taken the pearls to get his share of the estate—those gems which the old lady had planned to present to her granddaughter, Judy Corbin, on her approaching marriage to Bruce Applebury.

Mrs. Corbin herself felt sure that Victoria, her daughter-in-law and the mother of Judy, had taken them. I was the Corbins' neighbor, laid up at the time with a broken leg, and got the story piecemeal.

Judy disturbed me. I'd learned that she had run away from school the previous fall—had worked in a cheap restaurant and come home disillusioned with freedom. Most of this escapade remained dark, for her mother had never had the courage to ask her for details. And I'd got the impression that she wasn't in love with Bruce. Punch, her thirteen-year-old brother, agreed with me. He told me how, after the wedding party had arrived, she'd rushed to her room, her eyes like a frightened animal's. Punch followed her, and she made him promise to be on her side, no matter what she did. Then she invented a sprained ankle and sat about at a dance given that evening. In the dim light of the veranda Punch saw a man—he couldn't make out who it was—thrust a thick letter into her hand. After the dance Judy upset Punch further by going alone for a nocturnal bicycle ride.

Punch, all for playing detective, went to sleep on the hall davenport that night, after leaving Judy's door open so he could tell when she got back. Awakening, he saw a man in grayish pajamas, a triangular tear in one leg, cross the hall from his grandmother's room and vanish. Punch stole after him, failed to find him, and lay down again. But he wasn't yet at the end of his night's adventures.

PART FOUR

PUNCH sprang up once more, almost before he'd had time to lie down. His grandmother's door was opening. Somebody with an electric torch was coming out.

"Who's that?" he asked sharply.

The figure gave a violent start. It was Miss Digby, his grandmother's nurse, in her old plum-colored bathrobe.

"Punch!" she cried. "What are you doing here?"

"Trying to get a night's sleep," he said. "What's happened? Is anything wrong with grandmother?"

"No," Miss Digby said. "I was waked up a few minutes ago by hearing this door shut. I've been frightened pretty near out of my wits. I wish you wouldn't go poking around the house in the middle of the night."

He didn't tell her he hadn't shut a door. The only thing on his mind was Judy's door standing open. Old Digs mustn't go in there and find that she was gone. So he told her he wouldn't poke around any more, and, glad to be rid of her so easily, went back to the davenport.

He lay awake for ever so long, worrying because Judy didn't come back; wondering what could be in the letter she was willing to risk so much to get; speculating over the mysterious errand of the man in the gray pajamas. But all these thoughts got him nowhere. His mind, so he described it, was just playing leapfrog with itself. He saw the sky turn gray, and then pink.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

One LIBERTY road map costs less than a quart of gasoline, yet it can save many, many times its cost if it enables you to go the most direct way or helps you avoid a rough, car-straining detour.

Make it a Real Outing - *with* Liberty Road Maps - 10¢ *each*

THAT auto trip you plan so carefully—insure its success. Get road maps covering every mile of the way and *know* about the roads, the towns, the places to stop for meals or over night.

These special road maps, prepared by Rand McNally for LIBERTY, are offered to LIBERTY readers at this low price—10c each—as a service to the thousands of car owners in the big LIBERTY family.

Where are you going to drive next week-end? What is the best road? Is it in good condition all the way? How is it paved? What towns are most convenient for meals? Where will you spend the night?

If you don't *know*, get a LIBERTY road map and be sure.

Every one of these maps is right up to date, with data for 1926.

To get there and back safely, you need gas and oil and water and a LIBERTY Road Map. Use the convenient coupon.

LIBERTY Atlas

Eastern - 25¢
Western - 25¢

(by mail, add 5¢ for postage)

For a long tour over several states, there is nothing so convenient as one of these special LIBERTY Rand McNally Atlases. Each contains all the states in its section, east of the Mississippi or west of it. A great big value for the price of three state maps. As necessary for a long trip as a spare tire. Use the convenient coupon.

Order by Number

1. Alabama
2. Arizona & New Mexico
3. Arkansas
4. California & Nevada
5. Colorado
6. Florida
7. Georgia
8. Idaho
9. Illinois
10. Indiana
11. Iowa
12. Kansas
13. Kentucky & Tennessee
14. Louisiana
15. Maine
16. Maryland, Delaware, Virginia & West Virginia
17. Massachusetts, Connecticut & Rhode Island
18. Michigan
19. Minnesota
20. Mississippi
21. Missouri
22. Montana
23. Nebraska
24. New Hampshire & Vermont
25. New Jersey
26. New York
27. North Carolina & South Carolina
28. North Dakota
29. Ohio
30. Oklahoma
31. Oregon
32. Pennsylvania
33. South Dakota
34. Texas
35. Utah
36. Washington
37. Wisconsin
38. Wyoming
39. United States
40. New York & Vicinity
41. Chicago & Vicinity
42. New England
43. Maritime Provinces
44. Ontario
45. Montreal & Vicinity
46. EASTERN ATLAS
47. WESTERN ATLAS

AUTO DEPT., LIBERTY
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $.....

Please send me Maps Nos..... ....

.... @ 10c. each

Order Maps By Number

Also send.....copies of Atlas No..... @ 25c. each

[Enclose 5c Extra For Postage When Ordering Atlas]

Name.....

Address.....

.....

7-3-26

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Finally, when it was broad day, he fell asleep. And the next thing he knew, Miss Digby was shaking him by the shoulder, telling him it was half-past eight and he'd really better go up to his room and dress.

His first thought was of Judy's door, and his first glance showed him that it was shut. But this, he instantly perceived, didn't mean anything. The servants must have been up for at least an hour. The chambermaid, seeing Judy's room empty, would have assumed she'd gone for an early ride, made up her room, and closed the door after her. However, it was good as far as it went. Judy might be in there, sound asleep in bed—probably was.

MISS DIGBY gave his shoulder another shake. "Punch, you're still half asleep," she insisted. "Get up."

Then he sat up, blinking at her, and realized all in an instant, or thought he did, that he knew the whole thing. The puzzle had worked.

"Have you found them yet?" he asked.

"Found what?" she demanded impatiently.

"MOTHER, what's the matter?" Judy cried out sharply, and Victoria answered: "He's coming to the wedding. I got this letter in the early mail."

He must still have looked to her like a sleepy little boy, for she added, "Wake up!"

"I'm awake now, all right," he told her. "Have you found the pearls—the necklace—in grandmother's room?"

"If you aren't half asleep, you're out of your head!" she told him sharply. "How should I find them? They were stolen. Have you forgotten? Last night before dinner."

"Sure, they were stolen," he agreed. "They've been brought back. A man brought them back last night. That's what you heard. Him shutting the door just as he was going out."

She went rather white at that and stood staring at him. It must have been, of course, to that respectable spinster, a perfectly horrifying idea that any man had invaded the room where she was sleeping, let alone a thief.

"If you're joking," she went on, gathering herself together, "all I can say is that it's extremely bad taste."

"I'm not joking," he told her. "Listen. Don't you remember coming out last night and telling me you'd heard a door shut? I hadn't shut any door—but I'd seen the man."

"You'd seen a *man!*" she gasped. "Going into that room?"

"No, of course not. If I'd seen him going into that room, I'd have done something about it. I saw him going along the hall in pajamas. I thought he was going to the bathroom, there at the foot of the stairs.

"INSTEAD of doing that he went up the stairs, and I thought it was funny, because why should a man on this floor go upstairs in the middle of the night? So I followed him up to see who he was and where he went. I didn't see him at all, after he'd turned the corner at the landing. So I came down again. And then you came out and said you had heard a door shut.

"I didn't figure it out at the time, but it's plain enough now. He's the man who stole the necklace. But he'd made up his mind that he wasn't going to get away with it, so he brought it back. You'll find it's in there."

She was shaken all right, but still a long way from being convinced.

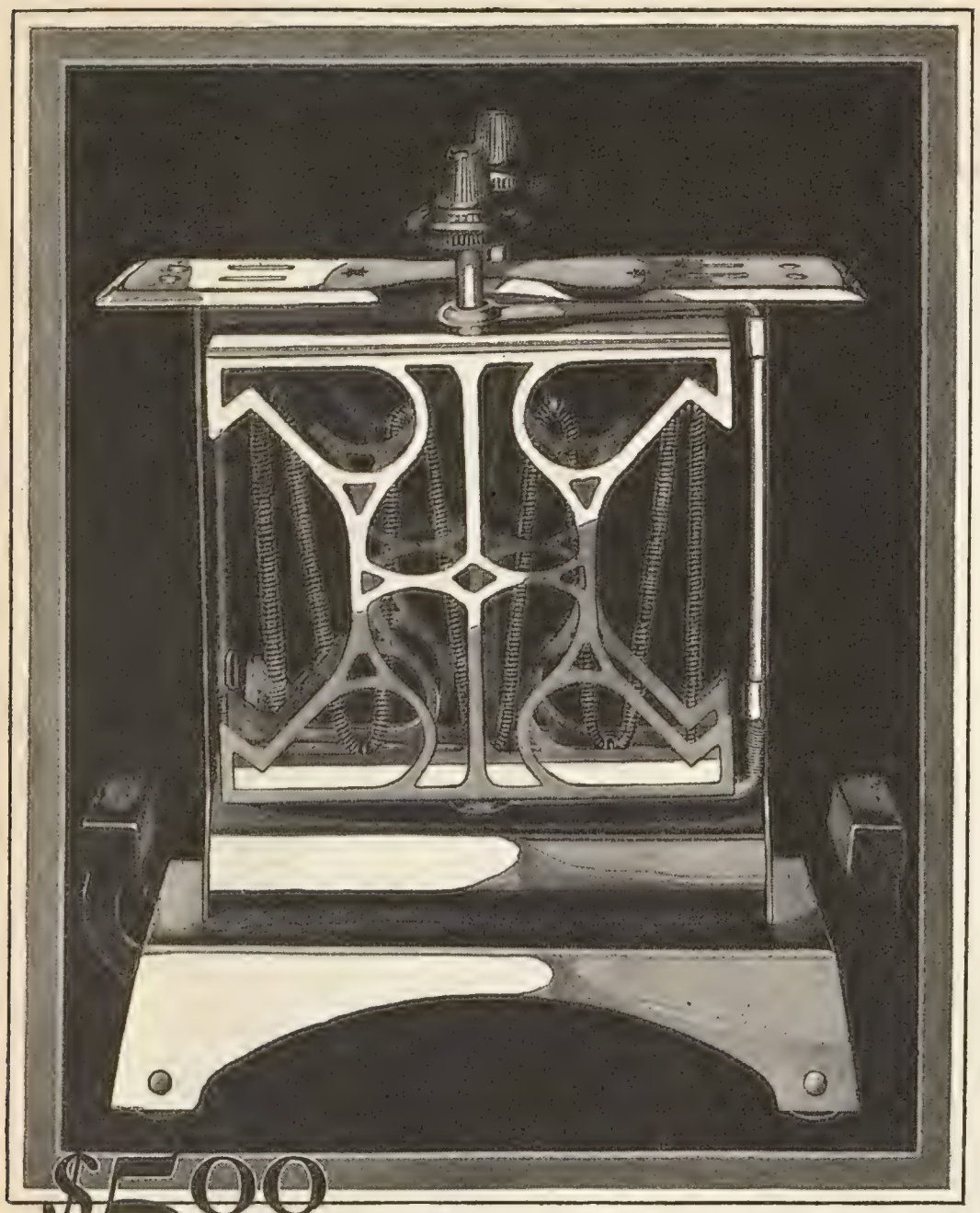
"I think you're talking perfectly crazy nonsense," she declared. "Punch, aren't you making it up—about the man in pajamas?"

"Do you think I'd joke about a thing like that?" he demanded hotly. "The necklace is there, I tell you. I'll bet anything it is. Is grandmother awake yet?"

"No, she's still sleeping, I think."

"That must have been some hypodermic you gave her last night," Punch commented. "Come along, then; let's look."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



$5.00 and a Star-rite!

Of course you want an electric toaster—you always have.

And this STAR-Rite Reversible Toaster at $5.00 is *exactly* the one you want. Hundreds of thousands of them in daily use for years have lasted and lasted.

The STAR-Rite reversible electric toaster was the first and still is the only reversible toaster at the price, $5.00.

It has non-heating handles so you can turn the toast without risking burned fingers, and the toast stays put.

Two generous slices of bread, browning at once, speed up the family breakfast.

For all the delicious lunch and supper dishes of which toast should be the foundation the STAR-Rite reversible toaster is indispensable. It's very attractive. Of graceful design and sparkling all-nickel finish, you will be glad to put it with your best silver and glass.

At any good hardware, electric, or department store. With cord and plug, ready to make toast in a minute, for it is an exceptionally fast toaster, price $5.00, in Canada $6.75.

The toaster is only one of the famous STAR-Rite family of electrical home helpers. See the list of the others just at the right.

Other members of the famous STAR-Rite Family	
Waffle Iron	$9.00
Grill	5.95
Hair Dryer	9.00
Heating Pads	$5.00 to 10.00
Fans	6.50 to 13.50
Curling Irons	$2.50 to 3.50
Marcel Waver	$2.00 to 4.00
Household Motor	15.00
Heaters	$5.00 to 7.50

STAR-Rite
ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn.
Canadian Fitzgerald Manufacturing Co., 95 King Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn.
Please send me STAR-Rite Folder.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Forty-three]

Still with a strong air of protest, she followed him to the old woman's sitting-room. Punch darted across to the safe.

"That's locked," Miss Digby commented. "Mr. Alexander Corbin locked it last night before dinner."

Punch tried the handle and found she was right.

"He'd have put it in there if he could," he said reflectively. "But it wouldn't have been worth the risk of stopping to unlock it, with you right here. So he's left it somewhere around the room. It's like hie spy," he commented, with a little laugh.

He stood still, looking around. Presently his eye fell on the long morocco-covered box lying disregarded and unvalued on the big table in the middle of the room.

"That's where it is, of course," he said. "Look and see."

Where she stood it was almost under her hand. With trembling fingers she pressed the spring and the lid flew open. There the necklace was, gleaming, creamy and wonderful, under the shadow of the box lid.

MISS DIGBY gasped and stood for a moment clinging to the edge of the table for support. Then, to Punch's utter consternation, she turned upon him.

"Punch," she cried, "how could you! How *could* you! Do you hate me as much as that?"

"How could I what?" he asked, from the depths of a profound bewilderment.

She dropped into his grandmother's big chair, and broke into a passionate fit of weeping.

"I knew they'd think I'd taken it. I'm the one who could. Your grandmother leaves the safe open half the time, and sometimes, when she can't remember the combination, I have to unlock it for her. And then you take it—for a joke, I suppose—and bring it back, after I've been in torture for hours and hours, and make me find it."

"Nobody suspected you, Digs," he told her. "Nobody could have. But I didn't take it, and I didn't bring it back."

He stood there for a few miserable minutes, helplessly at a loss. Then he said, "Well, I guess I'd better go and tell mother they're back." With that he left the room.

He didn't, however, go straight to his mother with the news. He sat down for a while, first, feeling rather weak in the legs, on the davenport.

Old Digs' accusation disturbed him, but not profoundly. Uncle Alec would probably think as Miss Digby did, that he'd taken the necklace for a joke, and it would be pretty hard to convince him to the contrary. Really, no one could be blamed for regarding his story

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The James Stropper

Why the James Stropper succeeds where others fail

This remarkable invention is built upon an entirely new principle that both *polishes* and *frictions* the original bevel of your blade. It "whips" the bevel with a sliding diagonal stroke that makes your used blade smooth and keen as a new one.

No more dull blades. The James Stropper always keeps a supply of fresh blades for delightful shaves.

Models for Gillette, Gem, Ever-ready, Enders, Auto-strop and Durham Duplex blades. Price $2.00 at your dealer. or write to—

Every Stropper Guaranteed

DUDLEY FREEMAN CO.
207 South Street Boston, Mass.

Say It—
With Your Eyes!

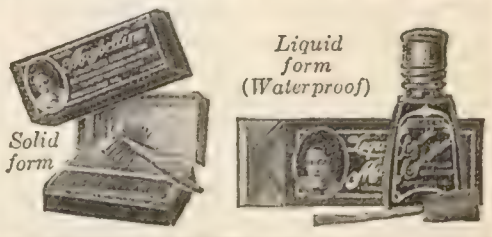
Maybelline

The added expressiveness which Maybelline gives, by shading the eyes neath dark luxuriant-appearing lashes, makes a tremendous difference in one's attractiveness.

Apply a touch of Solid Maybelline or the new, harmless, waterproof Liquid form. Then, say it—with your eyes!

Solid or liquid, black or brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

Maybelline Co., 4750-10 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

of the man in the pajamas as fishy.

But his mother and Judy couldn't think that, or wouldn't be likely to, because they thought they knew who the thief was. Otherwise they wouldn't have opposed calling in the police.

That letter Judy had got last evening on the veranda probably had contained a full confession of what she'd suspected. She'd had to hide it before she had time to read it because she'd seen Bruce coming out of the drawing-room, and he might have asked her about it. Why she hadn't hidden it in her dress as she'd started to do, he couldn't make out. Probably for the minute she'd just lost her head. But having shoved it down into that Chinese vase, she'd have some trouble getting it out again, and she'd have to be by herself in order to do it. And of course she had to get it back unless she wanted to run the risk that someone else would find it.

This did pretty well, although it wasn't a wholly satisfactory explanation. It didn't cover all the ground. It didn't explain why Judy hadn't climbed back into her window again within ten minutes after the time she'd climbed out of it.

He was under an almost overmastering impulse to go into her room now, and, if she was there, tell her about the recovery of the necklace before he told even his mother. He decided he mustn't do it. Suppose she weren't there? Then he'd have to tell his mother that she was gone. He'd be asked whether he knew anything about her flight and he couldn't be sure that loyalty to Judy would permit him to tell what he knew.

HE'D better go to his mother first. Then perhaps he wouldn't be asked any questions about his sister. After all, it was good news he was bringing. The necklace had been restored, and it wouldn't be necessary to tell anybody, beyond those who already knew, that it had ever disappeared.

He knocked on his mother's door, and she told him, rather quickly, to come in. She was sitting up in bed, her breakfast tray on her lap, the morning mail beside her.

"You oughtn't to be wandering all over the house at this time of day in your pajamas," she told him, good-naturedly enough, though. "Why don't you go up and get dressed?"

"I've been having quite a night of it," he said. "But it's all right now. Mother, the necklace is back!"

Then he stood staring at her, speechless, utterly appalled, for her face, lips and all, had turned gray.

"Back!" she said. "What do you mean?" And then, like the crack of a whip, "Where is it? Who's got it?"

"D-Digs," he managed to say. "It's—it's in grandmother's room. In the box where she kept it. On her table."

"Digs found it, did she?" Victoria asked.

"Yes," Punch said, "she found it, but—but I told her that was where it would be."

"Oh, God!" Victoria cried out.

SHE sprang out of bed and pulled her dressing-gown around her, and without waiting for slippers darted toward the door. Then she came back, and, rummaging furiously among her letters in the morning's mail, found one which she took with her.

She went straight across the hall with it to Judy's room, and Punch followed right at her heels. He was afraid she'd send him back, but she didn't seem to know he was there.

Judy was in her room in bed, lying back comfortably in the pillows, her hands clasped behind her head, and Punch noted that before she had time to read her mother's face she was looking a little excited, perhaps, but happy. Of course her look changed to astonishment when she saw her mother and Punch, and she cried out sharply, "Mother, what's the matter?"

"The necklace has been brought back. Miss Digby found it. Punch, here, was in on it somehow. And, Judy, *he's* coming to the wedding. I knew she'd ask him. He's coming this morning. I got the letter in the early mail. Look!"

Judy took the letter and glanced through it rather indifferently. She made a rueful face, but she said, "Oh, well, I don't believe it matters so awfully much anyway."

"That's all you know!" Victoria declared furiously. "It will ruin everything. Unless I can think of some way——"

She broke off and went to the window, where she stood with her back to them.

"How did the necklace come back, Punch? Do you know?" Judy asked.

Half-heartedly, hardly believing it himself now, he told his story of the man in pajamas whom he'd seen going up the stairs, of Miss Digby's telling him she'd heard a door shut, and how he himself had figured the thing out.

It was then that Victoria turned upon him. He didn't tell me what she said, but Judy did later.

"Punch, you little fiend!" Victoria cried. "If you took it, why couldn't you keep it?"

Judy cried out at that in horrified protest, "Punch didn't take the necklace—unless he took it in his sleep. You know that, mother."

"Yes," she said, "of course I do. I'm sorry."

Then she said to Judy, "There is a way, just one way, and I'm going to take it."

With that she went back to her own room, and left the two children staring at each other.

"Deep water, Punch," Judy said. "But don't you care. It's all going to come out in the wash before tomorrow afternoon."

II

IT was from Victoria that I learned of the return of the necklace. She telephoned me about 9 o'clock Friday morning, and I was disposed at first to be rather touched by her consideration for my own anxiety on the subject. She cut short my congratulations, though, as soon as she decently could, and made it plain that she had no time just then to satisfy my thirst for details. She spoke suavely enough, but even over the telephone I could guess that her troubles weren't over yet.

"I wonder if you'll do something for me?" she asked. "You've a spare room down there at the cottage, haven't you?"

"Yes," I said. "Surely. Whom do you want me to put up?"

I was rather hoping she'd say Punch, but she didn't.

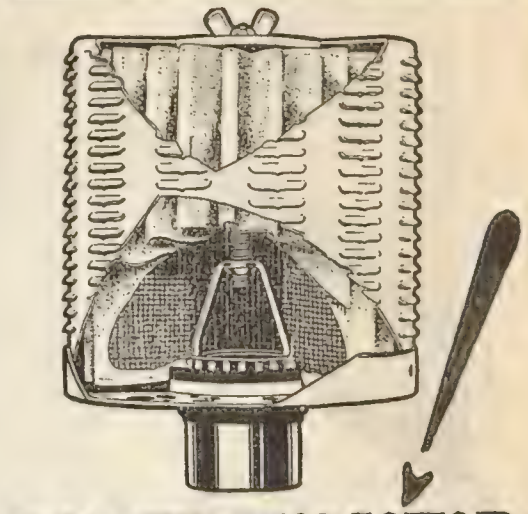
"You've heard of old Mr. Ethelbert Smith, haven't you? I don't believe you've met him, because he's lived in Paris for years and years and years. He's an old friend of Mrs. Corbin's. I think he's older than she is. She invited him especially to come down for the wedding, and he writes this morning to say he'll come. I can make room for him, but I thought, with all the crowd and confusion here, he'd perhaps be more comfortable with you."

"I'LL be delighted," I assured her. "When's he coming?"

"I'm afraid it's awfully short notice," she said. "He's coming down today on the morning train. I'll meet him myself and bring him around to you about eleven o'clock. Of course I want both of you to come over for dinner tonight—if you'll keep him for me until then?"

"I'll see that he gets over safely for dinner," I told her. "I don't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



PROTECTOMOTOR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Perfect Positive Protection
World's Greatest Motor Necessity

actually *filters* all dust, sand, grit and other abrasives out of the air before it passes through the intake of the carburetor so only

FILTERED AIR

gets into the motor. The only way dust, dirt and other abrasives can get into the oil and form a grinding compound is through the carburetor air intake, so filtered air means

CLEAN OIL

Better to keep dirt out of the oil than try to filter it out after it gets in. Clean oil means a quieter and smoother running motor. Oil kept clean by filtering the air means

LESS WEAR

on all moving parts so you can run your car on filtered air three to five times as long before having valves ground or motor overhauled. Filtered air also means

LESS CARBON

because carbon is largely made up of the dust, dirt, etc., that Protectomotor filters out of the air. Filtered air reduces carbon deposits and carbon troubles 60% to 75%.

99 9/10% Efficient

There is as much difference between Protectomotor and all ordinary air cleaners as between a vacuum cleaner and a broom. Insist upon having your car equipped with a Protectomotor. If your dealer can't supply it, order direct.

Write today for complete information

STAYNEW FILTER CORPORATION
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

New! YES ~
and made
as a garter
should be made

1 Notice the Pad—no metal hooks or eyes on the face of it to pull the pad out of shape. So it lies flat, smooth, without wrinkles and comfortable against the leg—as a pad should.

2 Notice the Button—all rubber, no metal to cut threads. Oblong, to hold more perfectly—as a good button should.

3 Notice the Web—the new AGRIPPA, exclusive with Boston. An open mesh, ventilated web with non-skid back which prevents it from slipping down even when worn very loose. Light, cool, soft, comfortable, non-curling—as it should be.

Three easily remembered superiorities which spell comfort and garter satisfaction

HOW DID YOUR GARTERS LOOK THIS MORNING?

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, *Makers*, BOSTON

Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-five]

think I can come myself. A leg in a cast is a pretty awkward thing to dispose of under a dining-table."

"Well," she said, "I'll argue that out with you later. It's awfully nice of you to take him off my hands. He seemed just a little more than I could manage today."

Glad as I was to be serviceable, I wasn't very much thrilled by the particular job Victoria had wished on me. She made it so plain that she regarded him as an encumbrance—she'd as good as said I wasn't to permit him to escape to The Oaks until dinner-time that night—that I didn't look forward much to six or eight hours of the ancient man's undiluted society.

I passed a restless, unpleasant sort of morning, and by eleven o'clock I was feeling sorry for myself. Punch hadn't turned up for his morning call. I was mindful, too, of Judy's promise to come and give me a look at Bruce Applebury. Unless they came early, before old Mr. Ethelbert Smith arrived, I shouldn't have much chance for a real visit with them.

They hadn't come, though, nor had I received word of any sort from The Oaks, when, at a little after eleven, Victoria delivered her guest at my door. On hearing the car drive up I'd sent out Donovan, my nurse, to help fetch the old gentleman inside, and I'm afraid I betrayed my surprise with an unmannerly stare when there came in at Victoria's heels a very tall old man, slender and straight as a lance as he stood erect after the rather ceremonious bow he had made in my doorway.

ANYTHING less like the image of senile decay that she had prepared me for, it would be hard to imagine. He was old, to be sure, very old, perhaps, for his lean, clean-shaven face was deeply lined, and his short white hair was, no doubt, thinner than it once had been. He looked a little like the pictures of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Not Mr. Justice Holmes

—his father. His dark eyes had a twinkle of ironic amusement in them, which may have been due merely to the astonishment I had momentarily exhibited at the sight of him, or may have been due to something else.

Victoria introduced us rather breathlessly, and then, cutting across our politely reciprocal mur-

murs, said, "I really can't stop a minute. If you knew what things were like at the house! You'll both excuse me, won't you? And we'll all see you at dinner; it's at eight, you know."

THEY both started galvanically at my voice. Then the man scowled in my direction.

With that she was gone, so hastily that she almost collided in the entry with the chauffeur who was bringing in Mr. Smith's bags.

"There's a certain economy about Victoria's methods," Mr. Smith remarked, in dry amusement. He added instantly, with the friendliest concern, "Oh, don't let me keep you on your crutches." He waved me back to my couch, and, to make it easier for me to obey the gracious gesture, he promptly seated himself in a near-by chair.

"I'm afraid she's rather foisted me upon you," he went on, "under the pretext that she can't make me comfortable in the other house. I don't know what she thinks I want. I'm an old campaigner, and not an exigent person at all, so you're not to allow me to weigh upon your conscience or your spirits. Presently your man shall show me where my room is, and then you're to trust me to make myself comfortable."

He left me with something to think about after these suggestions had been carried out. Whatever reason Victoria might have had for not wanting Mr. Ethelbert Smith at The Oaks, it was not the reason she had given me. The man would have been a social asset at any house party. I felt sure that he would have enjoyed the jolly confusion generated by a crowd of high-spirited young people as well as anybody. And I believed Victoria knew it perfectly well. They seemed, at least, to be pretty well acquainted. His characterization of her high-handed ways as "economy of method" showed that.

HE'D seemed a little surprised at my asking him if he'd just returned from Paris.

"Oh, no," he said. "I retired from business several years ago, and when I did that, I came home. I do a little work now and then—for Lloyd's, mostly—just to keep from getting rusty, and by way of having leisure to enjoy. A man

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Give Your Stomach a Vacation, Too

Heavy foods in hot weather steal your pep New food-drink supplies needed nourishment

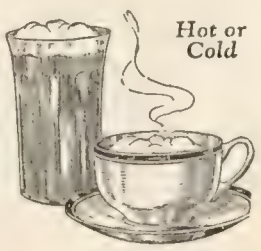
WHEN you eat heavy foods in hot weather, do you feel uncomfortable, drowsy, no ambition for work or play? Take Nature's hint. Give your stomach a rest.

TODDY, a remarkable food-drink, makes this possible. No waiting for heavy foods to digest. Takes but a minute to make and drink. Digests almost instantly—so that you can go right out and play golf, tennis, baseball, with renewed vigor and vim—and with no distressing effects.

Most people regard milk as nature's most perfect food; the most nourishing; the most digestible. A comparison of TODDY with milk discloses startling facts. Not only is TODDY easier to digest than milk, but it provides practically twice as much nourishment.

One glass of TODDY has three times as many carbohydrates as a glass of milk. It contains 60% more protein (tissue-builder), 70% more calories, 65% more mineral matter (needed for nerve, bone, and blood), and is richer in vitamines—those mysterious elements so essential to good health.

A glass of TODDY has more food value in calories than big 8-ounce servings of oatmeal and cream, or beef stew.



Hot or Cold

Induces Refreshing Sleep

TODDY quickly nourishes tired nerves. That's why a cup of hot TODDY before retiring brings restful sleep. While you sleep, TODDY continues its restorative work. You awaken refreshed; eager to tackle your daily duties.

Doctors recognize Barley Malt Extract, the base of TODDY, as one of the best body-building foods. It is *very rapidly* absorbed, feeding nerves and muscles *quickly*. TODDY brings it to you in a delicious drink—equally good hot or cold. Thousands prefer it to tea or coffee, not only because the latter have no food value and contain an alkaloid that affects the nerves, but because *they like TODDY better.*

Not only are my children enthused with TODDY as their regular morning and evening drink, but I have found a vast difference in their increase in weight.
H. A. Bell
1649 Cumberland Rd.
Cleveland Heights, O.

Physicians Recommend TODDY

TODDY is not a medicine but a delicious and healthful food-drink for everybody every day. Hospitals and sanitariums serve it. TODDY is especially beneficial for nursing mothers, anemic children, convalescents, the aged, and for all run-down, tired, and nervous conditions.

Try TODDY Today

—and you'll feel like a new person in a few days. Mail the coupon for generous sample, *free.*

Grocers and Druggists sell TODDY

TODDY
"A Meal in a Glass"

Maltop, Inc., 1207 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me generous sample of TODDY free:
Name.....
Street .....
Town ..... State .....

The Shave Luxurious

A quick application, with the fingers, of cool, fragrant MOLLÉ over the dampened beard—a rapid "once over" with the favorite razor—the touch of a dry towel and the shave is finished.

A clean, smooth, refreshing shave that leaves such a delightful after feel of face comfort that lotions, balms or talcums are never needed.

What More Can be Desired?

You men with tender skins—you men with wiry beards—you men who appreciate ease, speed and the comfort of shaving each day (twice a day if need be) without the slightest irritation or soreness of the face

MOLLÉ is for You

Begin to-day. Your only regret will be that you did not discover, years ago, this cleaner, quicker, better way to shave.

MOLLÉ *is for Sale at all Good Drug Stores*
Extra Large Tubes 50 cents

PRYDE-WYNN CO., NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

P. S:—A six shave trial tube by mail for your name and address

Heat

Packed in Little Tin Pans to Fix Your Punctures Permanently

You take a punctured tube to the tire repairman because you know the heat-welded (VULCANIZED) repair he makes will last. Now you can do it yourself anywhere on the road, this quick, easy way.

Simply clamp one of the little tin pans, known as the Shaler Patch-&-Heat Unit, over the puncture. Light the fuel. In five minutes take off the pan and throw it away. That's all. The repair is part of the tube because it is heat welded (VULCANIZED).

Get this "HOLE OUTFIT" for only $1.50

wherever auto supplies are sold. Slightly higher in Canada and far West, Includes vulcanizer and 12 Patch-&-Heat Units.

C. A. SHALER CO., Waupun, Wis., U. S. A.

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

with no occupation, you know," he remarked, "has no leisure. He's kept busy all the time looking for something to do."

I laughed at that, tapped my stone leg, and told him I agreed with him heartily.

It may have been this expression of my own weariness of doing nothing that led him, when he came downstairs again a little later coolly clad in mohair, to make a suggestion which produced some unexpected results.

"I was thinking of going out for a stroll," he said; "but why don't you come with me? That wheel chair of yours looks seaworthy. I saw a pleasant little summerhouse up on the hill, beyond your ruins. Couldn't Donovan wheel you up there, with a little help perhaps from me? You'd enjoy a change and a new view, and, I should think, a certain amount of exercise."

It was a perfectly practicable idea, as well as an attractive one, so we carried it out at once. I wondered a little that I hadn't thought of it myself days ago. He carried my field glasses along to amuse himself with, and I was munitioned with a book, so that he might feel at liberty to stroll off and leave me if the humor took him. This, after a period of pleasant chat about nothing in particular, is what he did.

THE summerhouse is nothing much but a conical roof supported by rustic trellised poles, open at all sides to the breeze, and though more or less overgrown with vines, it still commands a pretty wide prospect all around the hill. I turned my back on the melancholy ruin of my house and faced down the path by which we had come, the cottage in the middle of my view, with the road to The Oaks winding down the valley.

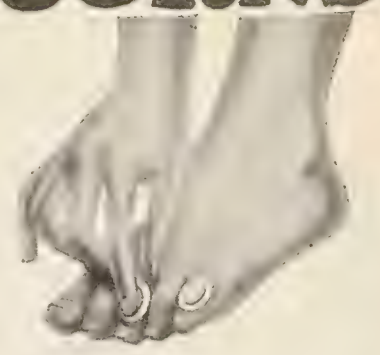
I sat there contentedly enough for quite a while, ruminating and hardly more than half awake. The mysteries connected with old Mrs. Corbin's necklace were still mysterious to me, to be sure, but since the thing had been returned, my interest in it was largely academic. I hadn't, you are to remember, seen Punch that morning.

I was mildly curious about my guest. I wondered what the business had been that had kept him living in Paris so many years. He hadn't volunteered to tell me, and of course I hadn't asked. And what was the sort of work that he did occasionally for Lloyd's? Since they write every conceivable kind of insurance, the name didn't tell me much.

I was aroused suddenly, becoming aware that I was going to have visitors. I can't say how, because I can't remember having

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Safe!
Sure quick relief
CORNS



One minute—and the pain of that corn ends! Relief this way is *permanent,* because Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads *remove the cause*—pressing or rubbing of shoes. Once the corn is gone, it can't come back, because Zino-pads stop it before it has time to start.

Does away with risk of infection. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's. *Mail coupon below for free sample.*

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail free sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, and Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's Book, "The Feet and Their Care," to

Name.....
Address.....
City..... *State*..... LB76

SW

Military BINOCULAR ACTION Brought to Your Feet!

Free Trial

CONQUER Distance! Follow flight of fowl high in sky! Observe movements of deer, bear, birds, ships, people off in the distance. Autos roaring 'round the track! Horses tearing down the turf. Make your eyes 8 times stronger! Bring objects *right to your feet!* Keep a pair in your car! Motoring will become a joy! New Worlds will open for YOU! When off for a hike sling a pair over your shoulder (*they add that smart military air*) and enjoy glorious vistas as never before. These Binoculars will prove a never-ending lifetime joy! *Indispensable for camping, hunting, hiking, yachting, races, motoring, shut-ins, observation, bird and nature studies, etc.*

Hundreds Supplied to Army and Navy Officers

These are the GENUINE French and German Army Officers' 8-POWER Prism Binoculars; famous PREMIERE QUALITE; brand new, *perfect.* Brilliant illumination, exquisite definition; remarkable light-gathering power. Wide field of vision—many times area of field glasses. Central focusing with individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Superbly constructed, handsomely finished rich grain leather. Heat and moisture proof. Complete with leather case, neck and shoulder straps. Usually sell for $40 to $50. Advantageous Foreign Exchange rates make possible our Bargain Price $23.50

Our Plan is Different! *Send NO Money now! Pay NOTHING on delivery. See, Try, Test, ENJOY Binoculars for 10 Days' Trial Absolutely FREE!*

If pleased, you may pay on Budget Plan:
$5.00 MONTHLY

or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $1.75 and send Check or Money Order for $21.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return them. Order NOW! Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery. $21.75

"2 Generations of Honorable Dealings"
SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.
Importers, Exporters, National Mail-Order House
365 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Largest Distributors of Binoculars in America
Tear out and mail this Adv. NOW! Please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information.
THANK YOU! Lib. 7-3-26

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

heard their footsteps or their voices. My back was to the entrance, so I wheeled my chair around to see who it was.

Judy and her young man! She'd remembered her promise after all. They were almost upon me. She was holding out her hand to lead him inside.

"Here we are," she said to him.

One sees so quickly and so much, and it takes so long to tell! I had time to take him in from head to foot and to reflect that I liked him better, judging merely from his looks, than Punch or Alec Corbin, or even Judy herself had led me to believe I should. I had time to observe a deep sober preoccupation in both their faces; to see that he drew breath to speak, and to guess that he was going to say nothing but just her name.

And then suddenly I cried out, heartily and rather loudly, "Hello!" for I had also had time to realize that I must make my presence known at once.

They hadn't come to see me. They couldn't have expected to find me here unless they'd been to the cottage first, and if they'd done that they'd have been fairly in my field of vision all the way up.

They both started galvanically at my voice. Then the man scowled in my direction. No kindlier word will do for it; it was a black scowl and nothing else. I think Judy said something admonitory to him under her breath.

I REALIZED, somehow, even in that moment of profound misunderstanding, that what I saw wasn't the mere vexation of a pair of lovers who had found the retreat they'd intended for their love-making already appropriated.

Judy came in at once, a curiously complicated look in her face—affection for me was a part of it—and gave me a brief kiss, expressive more than anything else of apology for their bad manners the moment before. She walked without a trace of a limp. Evidently she'd allowed her ankle to get well.

"It's perfectly great up here, isn't it?" she said.

"It's great now that you've come and brought Bruce Applebury to make that call you promised," I said, and held out a welcoming hand to him on the words.

He didn't come forward to take it, but remained as if rooted in the entrance to the summerhouse. If ever I saw consternation written plain upon an open countenance, I saw it then.

Judy patted my shoulder encouragingly, as one might pat a horse that was going to shy.

"All wrong!" she said. "All wrong! We didn't come up here to see you. We came because we had something to talk about and I said I knew a good, safely deserted place where we could do it. And this isn't Bruce, you know. Bruce has gone to town on an errand. This is his cousin, Bill Grant."

SHE must have felt me give the start she'd been expecting. "Shake hands, you two," she commanded curtly.

I felt she meant it, somehow, as a guarantee, and held out my hand again, and this time he came forward and took it, but still without a word. Then he sat down heavily on the circular seat that ran around the place. His face was shining with sweat, and he got out his handkerchief and mopped it.

"You're out of condition, Bill," Judy remarked. "This life of crime is too much for you."

She sat down herself in a big hickory chair, straightened out her legs in front of her, and looked thoughtfully at her feet. I take no blame for the ensuing silence. I can't think yet of anything I could have said.

Judy finally broke it. "After all," she said, looking up at Bill, "I don't know why not. Since he's here, maybe it's providential."

She turned to me. "You like to hear long stories, don't you? Stories of people's lives, their terrible pasts, and all that? Do you want me to tell you one?"

She had startled her companion, I could see, but it wasn't, I thought, as if he meant to try to dissuade her.

"Go ahead and tell it," I said.

But before she had time to say another word, there were some more footsteps; jaunty footsteps, if that's a fair way to describe them. Judy's eyes widened as she listened. Bill Grant had sprung erect.

"It's Mr. Ethelbert Smith," I said swiftly. "He's staying with me, you know."

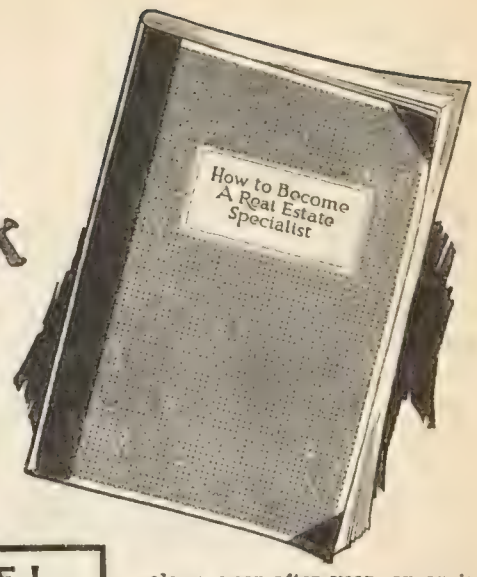
"Oh, damn!" whispered Judy. Then with a swoop she flew to meet him.

"Why, Judy!" I heard him cry. "This is delightful!"

"Isn't it?" she agreed. "But," she went on, reaching around for Bill Grant and hauling him out to be introduced, "this is not the blushing bridegroom; he's the next best man. Mr. Smith, Mr. Grant. Bruce's cousin, you know.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FREE
This New Book



Tells how, with $5 to start, I made more than $100,000 as a Real Estate Specialist. Tells how I help other ambitious men and women make big money my way. Tells how you, yourself, can learn the secrets of my success—use my money-making system—build up a big-profit business of your own—right at home—in your spare time. Send at once for this intensely interesting book of fascinating facts and positive proof of amazing success.

WHEN I say that this new book tells you about a way to make *big* money—that's just what I mean—BIG—MONEY! D. H. Garrett made $630 his first week. F. W. Hovey made $1,500 in one deal. H. G. Stewart made $14,400 in less than a year. L. C. Clarke cleaned up $4,500 in one transaction. And other wide-awake men and women are making more money in the Real Estate business than they ever dreamed possible.

But don't take my word for it—don't take *anybody's word*. Get the free book of *facts* and *proof*. It doesn't cost a penny. Yet it can be worth more to you than any other book you ever possessed.

You will find this book one of the most amazing books of business opportunity you ever read. It tells just how you can get into Real Estate—the business of a million opportunities — where trained men often make as much in *one deal* as the average man makes in *a whole year of hard work*.

Why be satisfied with small pay? Why be content with $20, $30, $40 a week? Why struggle along, year after year, on an income too small to meet your needs? Why keep plodding along in a business that is limited in its opportunities—a business that offers you no attractive future—no chance to make really big.

PROOF!

"It may astound some to know that I have made between $8,000 and $10,000 over a three month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York

"I have been helped a great deal by your system. I have now a new car, two new typewriters, a stenographer and a dandy office, and money in the bank, all through my own efforts and without any capital to start with."—Alice Moore, Conn.

"I was a Ford salesman earning $300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your System is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made $900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.

"Without your Real Estate System I would still be making $35 a week instead of around $200 as a starter."—E. K. McLendon, Ore.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond the $300,000 mark. Owe all my Success to your comprehensive system."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There is no room on this page to tell you of the many money-making opportunities that Real Estate holds for you. So, get my free book—*and get it now*. It contains facts you can't afford to miss—positive proof of what I have done—what others are doing—and what you, yourself, can do.

Write you name and address on the coupon at the foot of this page. Tear it out and mail it. Then you will receive—without charge—your copy of this book of business opportunity, which points a straight, sure path to a better business life and a bigger bank account.

Don't wait. Don't delay. Don't cheat yourself our of this big chance to make big money. Get the facts—the brass-tack facts—before it is too late. American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 66-G1, 18 East 18 Street, New York.

FREE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

Real estate corporations, sub-division operators, auctioneers, realty bond houses, building and loan associations, insurance companies and others requiring trained representatives (men or women) should register at once for our free employment service. Address—Business Development, Dept. 66-G1, 18 East 18 St., New York.

THE FREE BOOK SHOWS HOW

American Business Builders, Inc.
(Authorized Capital $500.000)
Dept. 66-G1, 18 East 18 St., New York

Send me your free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist," containing facts and proof of how I can make big money in Real Estate.

Name.....

Address.....

CHEX

The Wonder Soap of the Age!

CHEX Nourishes Your Skin Like a Cream
CHEX Banishes Body Odors For 36 Hours
CHEX Completely Eliminates Dandruff

SEND now for a large Trial Cake of CHEX. We want you to experience its delightful wonders. To learn how it does ***MORE*** than soap!

The lather of CHEX is as mild as a cream. It quickly removes every trace of soil. Even that soil at the base of the pores—preventing blackheads and any tendency towards oiliness.

A special ingredient in CHEX nourishes your skin. All over the surface—down into the pores—it softens, whitens and smoothes. With one week's use of CHEX you can note a difference in your complexion. You can see a new and natural beauty that you did not have before.

CHEX brings you still another gift! Used in the bath, it banishes body odors for ***36 hours or more!*** Perspiration odors, under-arm odors, all skin odors are removed and prevented. And CHEX leaves no odor of its own. It acts ***INSTANTLY!*** — and lasts longer than most other deodorants. It dissolves and washes away the waste matter that causes odors.

And leaves your body clean, sweet and pure.

SEND THE COUPON FOR A LARGE TRIAL CAKE—or you can get CHEX at your drug or department store. 25c a cake.

Pioneer Products Co., Dept. B-7, Dayton, Ohio
I enclose——Send postpaid, size of Chex marked
50c box Chex ☐ 25c bar of Chex ☐
10c Large Trial Size ☐

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

D&C LAKE LINES

Lake cruise between CHICAGO and DETROIT

Round Trip in either direction including berth and meals $62.00

Largest Fleet of Liners on the Great Lakes

A 4-day round trip cruise on the luxurious steamers *Eastern States* and *Western States*, the fastest ships out of Chicago. Music, deck games, dancing, with hostess in attendance. Equipped with wireless. Autos carried. Unlimited stop-over privileges at Mackinac Island and either Detroit or Chicago. Service three times weekly from Detroit, June 24th to September 4th; from Chicago, June 26th to September 6th. Tickets limited to sleeping accommodations.

[*Illustrated Booklet of D&C TOURS mailed upon receipt of 2 cent stamp. Address Dept. LB.*]

Overnight Service to

Mackinac Island

"The Summer Wonderland"

from Chicago or Detroit

Three times weekly June 24th to September 6th. Week-end trips. Round trip including berth and meals $31

Grand Cruise between

Buffalo and Chicago

Special round trip rate including berth and meals on all steamers in effect every Monday, June 24th to Sept. 6th. Eight-day limit. Stop-overs at Niagara Falls, Detroit, Mackinac Island, or Chicago. $80

Overnight Service between

Detroit and Cleveland

daily to Dec. 1st. Fare $3.60 one way; $6.50 round trip. Also daylight trips during July and August. Autos carried. Wireless aboard.

Between Detroit and Buffalo and Niagara Falls

new $7,000,000 "GREATER DETROIT" and "GREATER BUFFALO"

The *Greater Detroit*, "The Leviathan of the Great Lakes," and *Greater Buffalo*, "The Majestic of the Great Lakes," provide overnight service daily to November 1st, between Detroit and Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Fare $6.00 one way; $11.50 round trip.

FOR RESERVATIONS or further information address E. H. McCracken, Acting General Passenger Agent at Detroit, Mich.

—the largest steamers of their type in the world —550 feet long—with 650 first class staterooms and crew of 300 men.

A. A. Schantz *President*

J. T. McMillan *Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.*

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

Bruce had to go to town on an errand, so we're"—she waved a hand toward the grassy slope—"making hay."

"I can't blame either of you," he said gallantly, with a look of frank admiration from one to the other. "A much more respectable occupation than mine has been. I've been up there in the woods," he patted my field glasses, "spying upon the innocent domesticities of little birds."

THERE were no more silences after that. We all talked volubly and nobody really said anything. There wasn't a word about the necklace.

I wondered uneasily whether old Mr. Smith wasn't noticing something unnaturally vacuous about our talk. Certainly for an old family friend he was showing very little curiosity. He wasn't asking a question. Had he seen anything queer through those damned field glasses of mine?

I kicked that question out of my mind with the contempt it deserved. Judy wasn't like that, anyhow. The great wonder, what the story was which she'd seemed to be on the point of telling me, I simply didn't dare let my mind dwell upon. That would have to wait.

It was mainly a relief, though my feelings were somewhat mixed, when Judy said, with a queer flicker of a smile at me, "Well, we must be going along. This is going to be a busy day," and took her "next best man" away with her.

They went, not down the path toward my cottage, but back by the way they had come.

I was afraid, after they'd gone, that old Mr. Smith would begin asking embarrassing questions, but his curiosity, if he had any, was under perfect control.

He launched as a topic of conversation the modern young person, and at just that moment I was grateful to him, although it is a subject that, as far as I am concerned, has been thoroughly talked out. Ordinarily I find myself desperately bored with the solemn and terrified generalities one hears. I like the young people of today, but as for the modern young person considered as something essentially new, a product of post-war conditions or a judgment upon our sins, I simply don't believe the little monster exists.

I didn't, however, express myself in this destructive manner to Mr. Smith. I coddled the topic along. Anything was welcome that would keep us away from the tangled skein of fact that Judy seemed involved in.

"Manners change, I admit," I said, "but manners are by definition conventional conduct, conduct that has no significance one way or the other. Think of this wedding. Judy's going to be married in the garden, and her bridesmaids, from what I hear of the costumes, are going to look more or less like a chorus in a light opera. It will be an amazingly pretty picture, no doubt. But Victoria in her day would as soon have thought of being married in a bathing-suit. Victoria would have been horrified at the idea of sleeping the night before her wedding under the same roof with the man she was going to marry. Victoria was supposed to be shy, so she acted as if she were. But that doesn't mean that she was any finer or cleaner-minded than Judy is. No, the younger generation——"

My argument was interrupted. "Here comes a sample of the younger generation now," said Mr. Smith, who was gazing down the path. "Heavens, that's not Punch, is it?"

It was, though, and he was a good sight—hatless as always, and clad in khaki shirt and trousers that went well with his brown skin. He was carrying his little target rifle.

THERE was no doubt that he was coming to make me a visit, for he waved gayly toward the summerhouse as he came along. He and I both got a surprise, though, out of his meeting with Mr. Smith: Punch because he hadn't had the least idea he'd find him with me, and I over the discovery that they were old friends. They greeted each other with enthusiasm.

"I hadn't realized you were so well acquainted," said I.

"Oh, yes," Punch told me; "we're very old friends. Mr. Smith was the nicest man in Paris that winter we lived there. He used to take me around and show me things.

"My, but I'm glad you're here," he went on, turning back to the old gentleman. "It comes out just right. But why aren't you over at our house?"

"Your mother asked me to take him in," I explained. "She thought you'd be too wild for him over there; too much row, late hours, and so on."

"Ho!" said Punch derisively to his very old friend. "There couldn't be too much row for you, could there?"

I THOUGHT I saw a troubled look coming into the boy's eyes, so I changed the subject.

"You out shooting rabbits?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I haven't shot anything yet."

"After bigger game perhaps?" Mr. Smith suggested. "Lions or hippopotamuses?"

"No," said Punch; "I'm not hunting anything, really."

"You aren't being hunted, are you?" Mr. Smith wanted to know.

I thought the boy flushed a little.

"No, I guess not," he said.

"I suppose," the old man suggested, "if they're keeping such late hours over at The Oaks, the mornings must be pretty slow."

"Yes," Punch admitted, "they are, rather. Oh, everybody's up, but nobody's doing anything. Nobody but Bruce Applebury. He went off to town on the morning train with Judy."

I don't know what happened to my face at that, but I can answer for Mr. Smith's. There wasn't a flicker of an eyelid to betray anything.

Punch was looking at him just as I was, and he went on: "Bruce is the man who's going to marry Judy, you know. He was afraid he wouldn't get the sort of wedding ring she liked, so he took her in today to pick it out."

"How's your grandmother?" Mr. Smith asked.

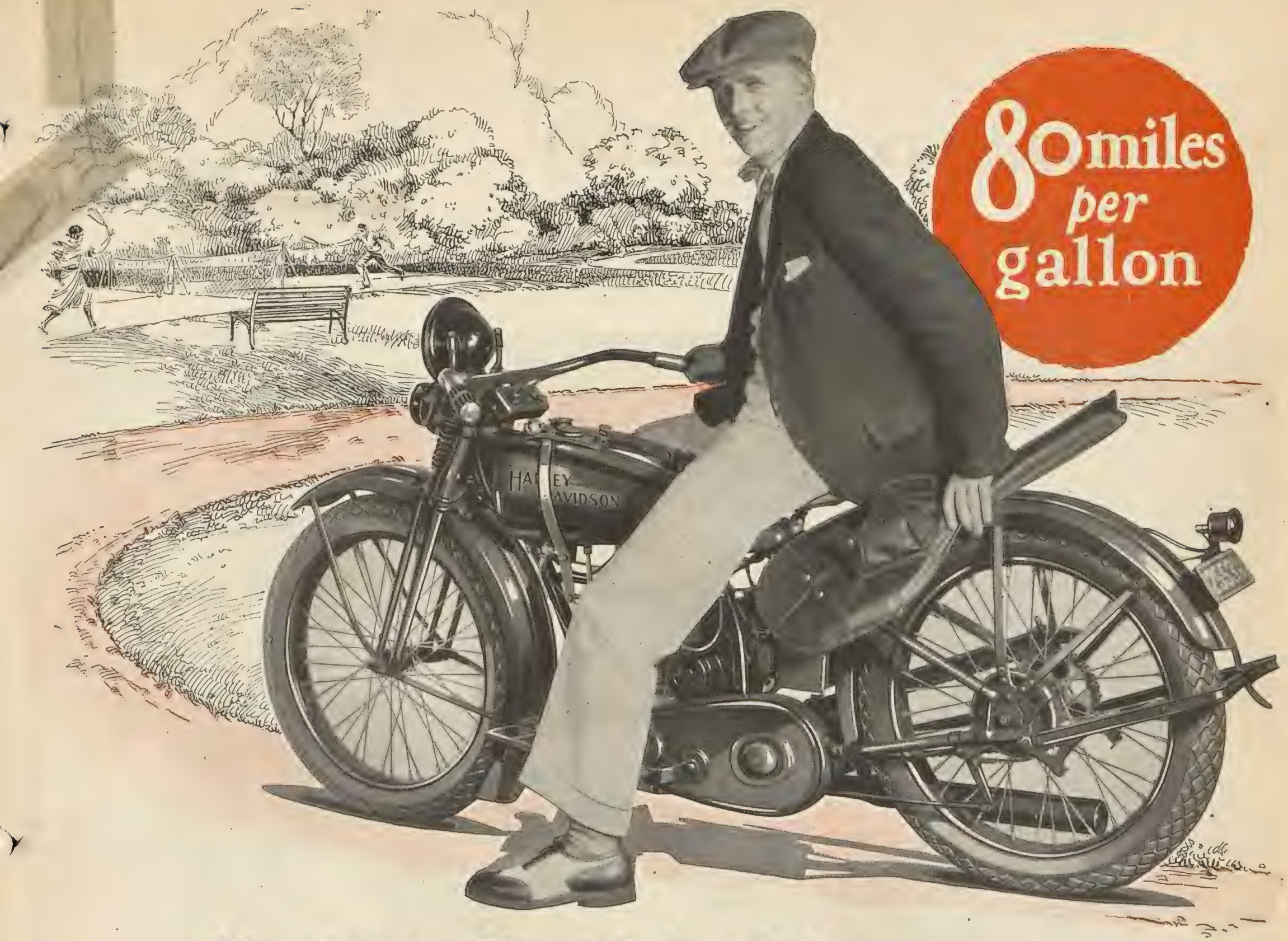
"Oh, she's better this morning, now that she knows the necklace has come back. Of course, it was a shock to her last night when she found it had been stolen."

I'd been holding my breath, waiting for this to happen, from the moment I had seen how friendly was the relation between the old gentleman and the boy.

"I didn't know the necklace had been stolen," said Mr. Smith. "Tell me about it."

"There's Donovan," I pointed out. "He's coming up to tell us lunch is ready, I expect. You'll stay, won't you, Punch? And then you can tell Mr. Smith the whole story of how the necklace was stolen."

Punch is so earnest, so eager in his detective work that it would seem almost like disloyalty not to see him through next week's installment! In it he plays with something more dangerous than fire.



Nothing Else Like It!

WHOLLY a new type of personal transportation — the Harley-Davidson Single.

Easier to ride and control than a bicycle — safe. More dependable than a low-priced car, and far less in upkeep. Cheaper than carfare, or busfare, and ever-ready to carry you quickly and comfortably to your pastimes or business.

Ends parking trouble and garage problems—any 2x8 ft. space will do. Simple to control — you'll learn to ride it in the length of a city block. Ample power for all traffic and road conditions—sturdy 4-cycle motor and 3-speed transmission.

Easy to buy, too. Your Dealer offers a convenient Pay-As-You-Ride Plan, and the price of the Single, complete, with built-in electric equipment, f. o. b. Milwaukee, is $235

Comfortable

Safe

See your dealer—and mail us the Coupon.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
DEPARTMENT L.M. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The HARLEY-DAVIDSON [New-Type Motorcycle] Single

Mail the Coupon

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. L. M., Milwaukee

☐ Interested in your Single; send catalog and my Dealer's name.

☐ Interested in your Dealer proposition. Is my territory open?

Name _____

Address _____

Coronatype the story of your vacation . . .

Develop your talent for writing by taking this personal writing machine with you wherever you go.

It's the world's pioneer portable, with standard keyboard and more big-machine features than any other make.

Look for the "Corona" store in your phone book; ask for an inspection of Corona.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

Established 1903

704 E. Washington Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Sales offices in principal cities of the world

Also manufacturers of the L C Smith Typewriter, the ball-bearing office machine

CORONA

THE PERSONAL WRITING MACHINE

Without Surrender

A Tale of a Man's Man and a Girl Who Played with Fire

By Sax Rohmer

Pictures by Rico Tomaso *and* Armstrong Speery

There was a pleasant snapping sound, and da Cunha went down like a pole-axed steer.

AT eighteen Nanette fell in love. Not with Jack Kelton, who adored her in the abject and miserable fashion of one who alternately hopes and despairs. Nor with Gabriel da Cunha, who pursued Nanette assiduously in the Latin manner.

Ensleigh and I, who were spectators of Nanette's first serious adventure, had reason to suspect that her youthful fancy was engaged by the mysterious personality of Major Edmond O'Shea.

Nanette, her mother and father, Kelton, Ensleigh, and I were spending a holiday on the island of Madeira. But there was an enigma in the presence of O'Shea, and also in that of da Cunha. They arrived on a steamer, neither of them purely with the intention to disembark.

There could be no doubt that da Cunha had had his baggage sent ashore so that he could improve his acquaintance with Nanette, who had flirted with him in a mischievous manner. But O'Shea's decision to join our little company could not be accounted for on such a ground—for, ever since his suave but inscrutable manner had challenged Nanette's impulse of conquest, he had avoided all the little strategies Nanette employed to make him aware of her.

For some reason that he had neglected to explain, da Cunha maintained a bungalow on the island—high up in the hills that overshadowed the harbor. There he operated a powerful radio receiving set, and it had been his effort, for several evenings past, to take a party—which would, of course, include Nanette—to the bungalow, to dance to the music of the Savoy band. Nanette's mother had vetoed the invitation.

O'Shea had told me that he intended to remain in Madeira until he secured possession of a certain dispatch-box.

Part Two

"THE dispatch-box contains," O'Shea went on, "some unfortunate correspondence compromising a royal personage; and if it ever reaches the Communist base in London, I hesitate to imagine the consequences."

"Good heavens!" said I, and formed my lips to convey an unspoken name.

"Exactly," he replied. "That was what took me to the Argentine; but the Reds' man—a dangerous and a clever agent—doubled on me in Buenos Aires, and so you met me on my way back to Europe."

"Then you have it!" I cried.

"No, damn it, I haven't!" said he; "or would I be sitting on this stool? It's getting desperate, Decies! There's a British destroyer standing off the harbor waiting my radio that I'm coming on board!"

I said nothing for a few minutes. Then I thanked him for his confidence.

"I confide in you with a definite purpose," he replied. "I claim to be a judge of men, and I judge you to be one who would stand by in a rough-house. I may need help, after

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Double Keenness!

Double Life!

How Are Your Blades Running?

ALL that science knows of blade-making is concentrated in the Gem Double Life Blade. It is ground from double-heavy steel, double-reinforced. It gives double the shaves of ordinary blades.

You can experience double-perfect shaves. Gem Double Life Blades run 100% perfect to the package.

Experience this double-joy tomorrow — your money back if you aren't doubly satisfied.

Gem Double Life Blades come double-protected and double-sealed. Sold everywhere.

GEM *Double Life* **Blades**

P. S. — Your money does double duty when it buys the Gem de Luxe Razor

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Look for the name

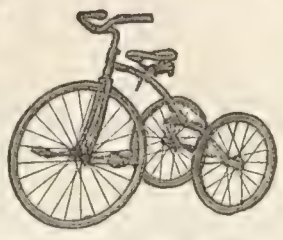
IVER JOHNSON

BICYCLES

Standard of quality for 40 years. Without equal for easy-pedaling, comfort, strength, lasting-quality and good looks. Models for men and women, boys and girls. Write for color Catalog "B."

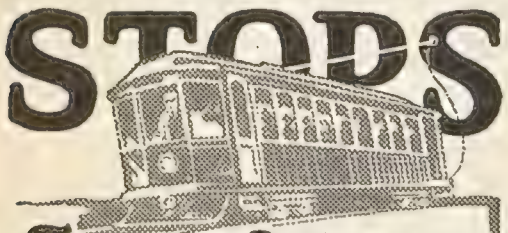
VELOCIPEDES

Same materials, same workmanship, same ruggedness, comfort, and good looks as the Iver Johnson Bicycle. Made in three sizes for little boys and girls. Write for handsomely colored Catalog "B."



IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
2 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.; New York, 151 Chambers St.;
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street; San Francisco, 717 Market St.

STOPS



TROLLEY SICKNESS

—faintness, stomach disturbances and dizziness caused by Sea, Train, Auto, Air or Car Travel. Mothersill's will promptly end all forms of Travel Sickness. 35

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

DISPEL THAT RASH

Why suffer when skin troubles yield so easily to the healing touch of

Resinol

Students

earn money during your vacation.

We have an opportunity for you to earn from Five to Ten Dollars per day all through your vacation. The work is pleasing, requires no past experience. You have nothing to sell, no money to collect, and you get your remittance weekly.

BERTHA STUDIOS
Box 113, Dept. V. Springfield, Mass.

"DON'T SHOUT

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."

THE MORLEY PHONE for the DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it.

Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 752, 10 S. 18th St., Phila.

[WITHOUT SURRENDER
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

all. If I do, the facts being as we know them, may I call on you?"

Nanette came racing in. She was flushed with excitement, and wearing a new frock. Her blue eyes shone like stars when she saw O'Shea. Her happiness was that of the girl who knows herself to be perfectly gowned. It was completed, now that Fate had ordained O'Shea to be the first man to see her so.

Jumping on a tall stool: "Do you like me?" she demanded naively.

"YOU look as if you had come straight from fairyland," I said. "Let me order you something to prove you are mortal."

"Oh, no, please!" cried Nanette. "Mumsy would play Hamlet if she caught me drinking cocktails! Give me just a sip of yours!"

She drank from my glass, watching me with roguish eyes; then, turning to O'Shea:

"Am I smart enough to be honored with a dance this evening, Major?" she asked—but the note of raillery faded as she met his glance, and she dropped her bobbed head, looking down at tiny blue-and-silver shoes.

"The honor would be mine, Nanette," he said, in the gentle way he had of addressing all women.

Nanette bit her lip and jumped to the floor as her mother came to look for her.

"Good gracious, Nanette!" she exclaimed. "In the *bar!*" And your frock, dear! I see now why you would not have me with you to try on!"

"Please *don't*, Mumsy!" cried Nanette. "Will you *never* allow me to grow up?"

The blue-and-silver frock was certainly daring for a debutante. It was pure Paris. But Nanette's sweet shoulders were worth displaying.

"You are altogether too naked, dear!" her mother declared.

"I wear less when I'm swimming!" argued the reasonable Nanette.

"Never mind. Please wear your wrap, dear, or a scarf—at least during dinner."

And so the famous evening began.

Da Cunha had managed to get himself invited to the dinner party that included Nanette, and Jack sat facing him. Ensleigh, O'Shea, and I shared a bachelor table.

When the dancing began, I missed O'Shea. Nanette danced with me, but very abstractedly, alternately watching the door and the open French windows. There are few things more provoking than to dance with a girl who wants to dance with someone else.

Da Cunha claimed her often, and she suffered his public love-making in a way that nearly led to an outburst from Jack. The storm broke when O'Shea appeared. Nanette had begun dancing with Jack, but she did not finish. She dragged him across the floor to O'Shea, and:

"Please say you will dance,"

Da Cunha had managed

she pleaded. She turned to her flushed partner. "Then we will finish our fox-trot, Jack."

"I hate to refuse," O'Shea replied, and his voice was very gentle; "but I came down to beg you to excuse me. I find that I must go out—on most urgent business. Don't be angry. It is something I cannot avoid. I mean it, Nanette."

Nanette was not angry—but she was deeply humiliated. Every woman in the room had marked her descent upon the aloof O'Shea, confident in her radiant beauty.

"I don't want to dance any more," she said petulantly, when the Major had gone; "at least, not to this silly band."

"It's an excellent band, dear," her mother replied, watching Nanette with a sudden, maternal anxiety.

"They play such old stuff," Nanette declared. "Brown Eyes, Why Are You Blue, is wildly out of date. They are likely to break into Rock of Ages almost any minute!"

"Then what do you want to do instead?"

"Then I'm going to bed," Nanette announced. "I have a headache."

She turned and walked from the ballroom. Da Cunha detained her in the doorway, but only for a moment. Then he crossed the floor and went out on the terrace. A few minutes later I strolled up to my room to get a pipe. The window was open, and I lingered in the dark for a moment, held by the moon-magic of the night. As I stood there I heard a soft call:

"Nanette!"

Nanette's room was below and to the left of mine. I could see a slender, silvery figure leaning over the balcony.

"Is that you, Gabriel?"

"Yes, dear."

"In five minutes!"

PERSONALITY is a queer thing. Nobody has quite defined it yet. In my wild quest of a plan to save Nanette from herself, I came straight to what looked to me like an inevitable decision—O'Shea. What I thought he could

to get himself invited to the dinner party that included Nanette, and Jack sat facing him.

"I want to drive up to Gabriel's and dance to the Savoy band."

"Nanette!"—her mother spoke sharply—"I have already told you that I absolutely refuse."

do that I couldn't do alone, God knows; but the Guards used to feel like that about him.

One fear I had: that he had started out on whatever mysterious business called him. I raced across to his room. It was in darkness. I went down to the lounge; no sign of O'Shea. I grabbed the hall porter.

"Has Major O'Shea gone out?"

"No, sir. Not this way."

I turned, hope reborn—and there stood O'Shea, reading a note that a chambermaid had just handed to him.

"O'Shea!" I cried.

He glanced up. His face was very stern.

"Go and get Kelton," he said. "Bring him here—alone."

"But Nanette——"

"I know all about Nanette. Bring Kelton to me."

I ran. I was under orders. Jack was in the bar—quite alone.

"Nanette's in danger," I said briefly. He jumped up. "Come quickly."

When we got to the hall porter's sanctum, and he saw who was waiting, he pulled up with a jerk.

"What the hell has *he* got to do with it?" he demanded.

"Mr. Kelton!"

O'Shea was watching him.

"Well—what is it?"

"This!" O'Shea handed him the note. "You read it too, Decies."

Jack and I read, together:

> Have gone to Gabriel's bungalow to dance. If you get this in time, will you join us?
>
> NANETTE.

Jack crushed the paper into a ball.

"My God! The little fool!" he said. "Why did she send this to you?"

O'Shea stared the angry lover down, then:

"Because she is very young," he answered, without one note of anger. "Don't blame her, Kelton—and don't blame me. Blame the customs of today. Leave me out. *You* are going to save her from da Cunha."

"Has she started?"

"I fear so."

"Then where's the chance? That swine has a racer!"

"True; but he can't race at night on those roads. It will take him half an hour. I happen to know a route—a mere goat track—by which we can climb to the bungalow almost as quickly as he can drive there. As it happens, I was about to take a stroll in that direction when this note reached me."

"Come on!" said Jack.

I have the haziest recollections of that appalling climb. O'Shea knew the way like the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Make Your Skin *Ivory-white*

in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age . . . a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW . . . *a New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener*

NOW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for . . . the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauties. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It smooths the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness, and redness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle . . . Low Price . . . Guaranteed!

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. L-7, 25 W. Illinois Street, Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM *Lotion* FACE BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. L-7, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

[WITHOUT SURRENDER
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

palm of his hand. Under a sickle moon that looked so near in its white purity one almost felt one could reach up and grasp it, we climbed, panting and sweating. From the gardens of the valley we broke up through banana plantations where the great, bursting pods banged our heads as we stooped to follow that tireless guide. We scaled a sheer hillside steep as a roof. We crawled along a path less than a yard wide, with a gorge yawning hundreds of feet below in which the vineyards shrank to a close green carpet.

We came to the red earth of the uplands. Our feet sank in it as in moss. Pines barred our way, rank on rank.

"Ssh! quiet!" O'Shea ordered.

We pulled up. I looked at Jack. His collar was a mere farce, a loop of exhausted linen. I believe I was no more spruce. I looked at O'Shea. That remarkable man appeared to be as well dressed as usual.

"Single file," he commanded. "Not a sound."

We crept on, breathing heavily, and presently, through those sentinel pines on the crest, it reached us—the music of the Savoy orchestra playing in a distant Strand!

"Thank God, we are in time!" said O'Shea.

We sighted da Cunha's bungalow through the thinning trees. The windows were open, and O'Shea made his dispositions.

"Kelton," he directed, "take the window on your right front. Keep out of sight. Wait your moment. Time it. We shall not interfere." He held out his hand. "This is your chance. Make the most of it."

Jack grasped the extended hand and:

"Thank you, sir!" he said.

He went off through the pines, stooping warily.

We gave him time to reach his post; then O'Shea and I made a detour and crept up on the veranda, so that we looked into da Cunha's bungalow from a window opposite to that which concealed Jack.

"DO you mean," she said, and her voice was strangely changed, "that Major O'Shea—has gone?"

The room was sparsely furnished. It had a polished floor from which the few rugs had been removed. There was champagne in an ice-bucket on a buffet. There was the most elaborate and costly wireless set I had ever beheld. A Moorish lamp hanging from the beamed ceiling gave light. I could see two good pictures, both nudes—and a long, deep-cushioned divan. At the Savoy they were playing "Who," and Nanette and da Cunha were dancing to it.

I have said that the man danced perfectly. His dancing on this night was inspired—inspired by passion. He did not merely hold Nanette, he enveloped her — with his arms, with his ardent, lascivious eyes. She swam into view and out of view like a dream-nymph hpynotized by a satyr. Her expression was indefinable as I saw it. A sort of exaltation was there, born of adventure and sensuous music. I could not know whether she had tasted the wine, but there was a dawning doubt, too, a doubt of herself that was not yet fear. Then the music ceased, and we heard remote applause.

DA CUNHA disconnected the set and led Nanette to the divan. He seated himself beside her, smiled, and put his arm around her bare shoulders. She made a little whimsical grimace, but did not protest. Then she glanced at him quickly—and he stooped and kissed her. It was a lingering kiss, which she ended by pushing him away.

Their conversation reached us as a mere murmur; but Nanette imperatively negatived further advances and pointed in the direction of the buffet. Da Cunha shrugged, smiled, and crossed to the ice-bucket.

I had both fists so tightly clenched that they hurt; but O'Shea's hand held my wrist like a living manacle. Kelton's inaction astounded me. Nanette had suffered da Cunha's kiss. Jack was still waiting for his cue.

It came shortly after da Cunha

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Pleasure to Carry—
DAISY DE LUXE
The All-'Round Bag!

SMART, light, capacious and convenient, the DAISY De LUXE BAG is making travel a pleasure for women everywhere.

Whether on a vacation, week-end trip or long journey, the DAISY will easily carry hats, frocks and underthings. It has an inner shirred pocket for toilet articles.

Made of durable Fabrikoid, in various leather grains, in the new shades of red, blue, tan, grey and green, as well as black patent leather finish fabric, the DAISY De LUXE is lined with tastefully colored chintz. It opens and closes in a jiffy with the patented Hookless Fastener.

Popularly priced, at leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops.

Our interesting booklet "For Any Trip" sent on request.

THE DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
320 Fifth Avenue, New York

$16.50 EXPRESS PREPAID
*West of the Mississippi $1.00 more

BRAND NEW GUARANTEED

Think of it—an absolutely new typewriter, backed by the manufacturer's guarantee at the ridiculously low price of $16.50.* That's the BING PORTABLE made especially for students, salesmen, writers and home use. (Not intended for office service.)

The BING PORTABLE TYPEWRITER is a well built, practical machine, equipped with standard keyboard, accommodating paper sizes up to 6 in. in width. Furnished complete with metal carrying case. Net weight 8 lbs. Shipped promptly on receipt of your check or money order.

M. A. KERNER
29 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose my [check / money order] for $16.50* to cover cost of one BING PORTABLE TYPEWRITER to be sent express prepaid.

Name.....

Address.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

returned with two beaded glasses. I had watched Nanette while the man poured out the wine; and I knew that, at last, pique, rebellion, having died their natural deaths, she realized her position.

He set the glasses on a little coffee-table and drew it beside the divan.

Nanette asked him to connect up with the Savoy again. He shook his head and smilingly handed her one of the glasses.

She put it down untouched. Da Cunha drained the other, replaced it on the table, and, suddenly throwing himself on his knees, burst into a torrent of passionate speech.

Nanette shrank back on the divan. Da Cunha followed her. He kissed her hands, her arms, her shoulders.

She writhed in his clasp, uttered a half-stifled cry, and, wrenching one arm free, tried to thrust him away.

Then Jack came in.

He covered the course in four running strides, stooped, seized da Cunha around the neck, and jerked him to his feet. Whereon followed—catastrophe.

Jack slipped on the polished floor, stumbled, tried to recover—and fell.

Da Cunha twisted around and kicked him above the left temple.

The boy lay prone.

O'Shea's grip on my wrist was like a vise.

"Wait," he said. "The boy's down but he's not out!"

O'Shea was right. Da Cunha wore light dancing shoes. Jack rolled over, avoided a second swinging kick, and came to his feet, shaking his tawny head like a terrier with a flea in his ear.

"Jack!" cried Nanette.

She crouched on the divan, wide-eyed. Her shoulder strap had slipped; even as I saw, she readjusted it—and the fight started.

Blood was trickling into Jack's eyes. He kept dodging and trying to clear his sight. It upset his judgment, beyond a doubt; added to which, his skull must have been humming like a beehive.

TO my intense annoyance, da Cunha proved to be able to box as well as he danced and kicked. He took all a trained fighter's advantage of Jack's double handicap.

Some punishment came his way, but it was not heavy, and he kept registering killing body blows on his opponent.

Jack might have planted a lucky one before it was too late; but Nanette defeated him.

"Jack!" she cried—a sob in her voice—"don't let him *beat* you!"

Half dazed, the boy paused, dropped his hands—and da Cunha recorded a tremendous right, well below the belt. Jack went down—to stay.

O'Shea slipped a revolver into my hand.

"I don't think there are any servants about," he said, "but see that I'm not interrupted."

He stepped in through the open window, twirling his monocle on its black ribbon. It was not pose; it was nerves. The man was human. He was fighting for composure.

Da Cunha faced him, and:

"*You!*" came as a sort of rapturous sigh from the divan.

The two men confronted each other for an electric moment; then:

"You are a very dirty fighter, da Cunha," said O'Shea smoothly. "But, as you are probably tired, I suggest that you give me the black dispatch-box which you have locked in your bedroom—and we will say no more."

My own brain was revolving like a merry-go-round. This sudden revelation was too much for me—that da Cunha was a Red agent!

"Go to hell!" was the reply. "Who are you?"

"You are very forgetful," said O'Shea.

AS he spoke he reached out a long, lazy left. It looked effortless; but it was perfectly timed, perfectly measured. It started in the ball of his suddenly rigid right foot and from there carried every ampere of energy in his body to the point of da Cunha's jaw.

There was a pleasant snapping sound. Da Cunha went down like a pole-axed steer.

Nanette sat silent—a second Niobe.

"Decies!" cried O'Shea. "The revolver! We have no time to waste!"

I ran in, passing the weapon to him.

"Attend to Kelton," he directed. "We must get him away."

He crossed to a door at the right of the divan and went into a room beyond—which was dimly lighted.

"Mr. Decies—" Nanette began.

Came the sound of a pistol shot—a second! There followed a splintering crash. Nanette leaped to her feet, and turned—as

AND suddenly throwing himself on his knees, he burst into a torrent of passionate speech.

O'Shea came out again, carrying a small black dispatch-box.

"Good key for locked doors," he said, slipping the smoking revolver into his coat pocket.

Jack stirred and groaned. Nanette's gaze never left O'Shea. And now, timidly approaching him:

"I was mad," she whispered. "Oh, thank you!" She swayed and sank into his arms, her lips raised to his in offering. "Can you forgive me?"

He held her for a moment, very tenderly, looking into her eyes, then: "I have nothing to forgive, little girl," he said. "You have been foolish, but I don't think you will be so foolish again."

Gently he set her aside, and:

"Decies," said he, "lend a hand with Kelton. We will borrow da Cunha's racer."

We managed to keep secret the story of Nanette's indiscretion. And it was toward dusk of the following day that the tragi-comedy came to a close. Or is it closed?

Jack kept his room, for good and sufficient reasons, and O'Shea had gone into the town early and had not come back. Nanette remained invisible.

I was lounging on the terrace at about 6 o'clock, when O'Shea suddenly walked out to me.

"Hello!" I cried. "I thought you had gone for good!"

"No," he answered musingly—"not yet. But I've done my job. I suspect there are harder to come." He paused; then: "Have you seen—Nanette?"

"No," I stared at him. "O'Shea, tell me if you resent my frankness—but that girl's madly in love with you."

"I don't resent it, Decies," he answered. "I know she thinks she is. But Nanette is very young. There is something you don't know—that nobody else will ever know."

I LOOKED into the gray eyes. But they were not cold; they were on fire!

"O'Shea—" I began.

He gripped my hand hard.

"Yes!" he said simply—"from the first moment I saw her. I daren't trust myself to see her again. You understand? It's quite impossible. Thank God, she's young enough to forget."

He pointed across the bay.

Trailing a pennant of smoke in her wake, the greyhound shape of a destroyer raced for the harbor.

"I sail in an hour," he said. "I can take care of myself, Decies, but Nanette is of an age when a—silly attachment might spoil years of her life. So"—he took a letter from his pocket—"I have done a cruel thing. I have said what isn't true! God knows it isn't true! Her pride will do the rest. Will you give it to her—after I have gone?"

The promise was made. I thought of Nanette's fresh young loveliness—which this man, who wanted her madly, might have taken as an unconditional gift. I have known some good Irishmen, and some bad. But Edmond O'Shea would be a mighty fine advertisement for any race on earth.

Nanette came down to dinner, and I can never forget her expression when she saw O'Shea's deserted table.

I took her out on the terrace afterward. Away on the distant horizon I could trace a faint wisp of smoke.

"Do you mean," she said, and her voice had changed strangely, "that Major O'Shea—has gone?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"THE NIGHT DRIVER"

You can now drive at night in safety by simply installing a "Night Driver". The specially processed, double-strength, green-toned, smoke color glass is instantly adjustable to all conditions; effecting clear vision against bright lights and sun rays. Start driving in safety by ordering today.

Price $3

DELUXE EQUIPMENT INCORPORATED,
Sandusky, Ohio.
Please forward One (1) "Night Driver"
Post Paid to
(Print Name).....
(Address).....
(City).....
Check model desired. ( ) Open Car ( ) Closed Car. ( ) Check here if interested in Distributors Franchise.

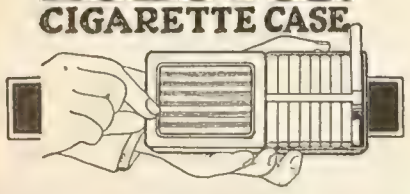
The Cigarette JUMPS TO MEET YOU!

Just press the button and out it pops—no trouble, no fumbling or shaking.

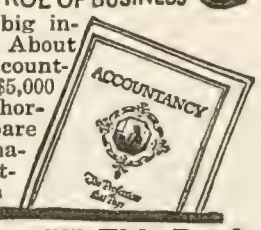
New designs, priced from $1.50 to $25. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price.

THE LYONS MFG. CO.,
New Haven, Conn.

EJECTOR CIGARETTE CASE



Accounting
THE CONTROL OF BUSINESS



Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 6,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many earn $5,000 to $20,000. We train you thoroly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is supervised by Wm. B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., assisted by staff of C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book—free.

This Book FREE!

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 731-H Chicago

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

$250.00 Monthly $500.00

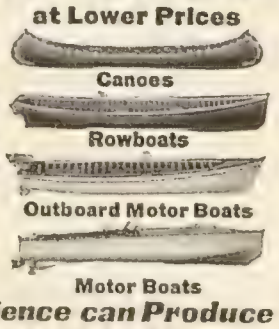
Johnson Earned $90 in a Day

Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Professional people. For full details and exclusive territory

ADDRESS DEPT. B
The Process Engraving Co., Inc.,
Troy at 21st. St., Chicago

BETTER BOATS at Lower Prices

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS



The BEST that Skill and Experience can Produce

TWO BIG FACTORIES

Our complete line of 22 models offers you a variety to choose from. Prompt shipment from factory to you.

Catalog Free—Save Money—Order by Mail

Please state kind of boat in which you are interested

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.
427 Ellis Ave. PESHTIGO, WIS. (Write to Either Place) 1227 Elm Street CORTLAND, N. Y.

Always Fresh and Flavory

At all Candy Stores and Counters
Superior Peanut Co., Cleveland, O.

[WITHOUT SURRENDER
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

She watched me with a woman's eyes.

I handed the note to her. She ran to the library window, tearing open the envelope as she went. I turned away and tried to trace the slender smoke trail fading—fading on a distant horizon.

A cry brought me sharply around.

Nanette stood before me, her eyes blazing.

"Do you know what is in this?" she demanded.

"I do not, Nanette."

A moment she stood so, glaring at me. Then frenziedly she began to tear the letter into tiny fragments, and:

"How dare he!" she cried. "Oh, God! How *dare* he!"

Whereupon she burst into such passionate sobs that it was agony to hear them. Dropping into a chair on the deserted terrace, she cried until my heart ached.

It was her first love, and a very big one. An O'Shea inspires nothing petty. But she had courage, and pride. She conquered her weakness, and stood up.

"You are very kind, Mr. Decies," she said. "I am sorry I made a fool of myself."

I spent a wretched evening, and when I retired to my room sleep simply would not come. I got up, with an idea of smoking a pipe; but first I crossed to the open window. On a moon-dappled path below I espied a moving figure.

Nanette was stealing among the flowers, collecting tiny fragments of the torn letter. It was a hurt, an affront; but it was the only thing of his she had.

This is not the last story about O'Shea. Watch for others by Sax Rohmer in LIBERTY.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Young Music Critic

A wonderful quartet was singing some old Southern songs over the radio. My little girl, Phyllis, after listening in silence for almost half an hour, jumped up and said: "Gee, if we couldn't keep all together at school when we were singing the teacher would make us sit down." L. GIRARD.

32 Cecile St., Riverside, Ontario, Canada.

* * *

Surfeited

Bobby was on his way to a party and stopped a moment to see his grandmother. "You will be a good boy, won't you?" she said. "Now, grandma," he replied, "I've heard that enough, and don't care for it any more."

ELIZABETH LINDGREN.

Claremont, Minn.

Preferred/

The MUSICONE above all other loudspeakers" production capacity taxed" replacing all types by the thousands"

$14.75

~yet less than $15.

CROSLEY MUSICONE

Write Dept. 76 for Booklet
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Dealers sell Crosley Radios from $9.75 to $75. and the Musicone Loudspeaker at $14.75

You learn quickly with a Conn

Exclusive features make the Conn saxophone easy to play, beautiful in tone, perfect in scale, reliable in action—choice of the world's greatest artists. Send now for details of *Free Trial Easy Payments* of any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. C. G. Conn, Ltd., 798 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

LAW Free Book

Write today for FREE 128-page book, "THE LAW TRAINED MAN," which shows how to learn law in spare time. Qualify for a high salaried executive position or prepare to enter the practice of law. Study at home the Blackstone Course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities including CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. Blackstone graduates practicing law everywhere. LL.B. degree conferred. Magnificent 25 volume law library furnished immediately upon enrollment. Moderate tuition fee. Easy terms. Money Back Guarantee.

Write for book today.
Blackstone Institute, Inc. 4753 Grand Blvd. Dept. 110-B Chicago
America's Foremost Non-Resident Law School

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. *Medicated Ear Drum*

Address, GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
250 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

"STAMMERING Its Cause and Cure"

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
10906 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Keep the Scalp Clean and Healthy Promote Hair Growth

The Quaint Uncertainties of Golf Championships

An Article by

O. B. Keeler

[This interesting article by Mr. Keeler explains why golf—particularly the championship variety—is a game of continual surprises. It was written before the British Amateur Championship matches were played, but the result of those matches is a striking proof of his point. Jess Sweetser won, though prophecies based on recent scores and records made him far from the favorite. Incidentally, he is the first American-born golfer to achieve this honor.]

P. & A. photos

At right: Miss Glenna Collett, considered by many America's foremost woman golfer. Below: Bobby Jones, one of America's most consistent winners.

HEADS that wear crowns are popularly supposed to rest uneasily. If you are, by any chance, speaking of golf monarchs, the inference is correct, as almost any championship series will show.

Golf is the most uncertain of competitive sports. And of later years it has become the most grimly contested.

If you are a shade better than your opponent in tennis, or in boxing, or in chess, or in virtually anything you please—if you have the edge—there is a way to keep him from doing his stuff.

The great chess master, Anderssen, in his famous match with Paul Morphy, met the suggestion of a friend that he, Anderssen, was not playing his usual game, with the sapient reply: "No—Morphy won't let me!"

In the game of tennis this factor is peculiarly present.

When your opponent has just a shade in pace, he usually is able to keep the ball where you simply cannot employ your own best strokes. You cannot play your game because he won't let you.

But golf is different. In medal competition, naturally, everybody is playing the course—every man is for himself, playing his own game. In match play you see the shots of your opponent, good or bad. It may be the good ones discourage you a trifle, and sometimes the bad ones encourage you too much. A definite influence is exerted in match play, besides the occasional stymie.

Even so, the real golf champion usually is able to shut out of his mind the extraneous influences in either match or medal play. Victory depends on his doing his own stuff.

Every year the outcome of the big tournaments in golf becomes more uncertain. We have four big ones in this country—the National Open Championship at the Scioto Country Club, Columbus, Ohio, July 8 to 10; the National Amateur Championship at Baltusrol, New Jersey, September 13 to 18; the Women's National Championship at the Merion Cricket Club—odd name for one of the finest golf courses in the world!—near Philadelphia; and the Professional Golfers' Association National Championship on the Salisbury links at Garden City, L. I., in September.

THE winners of these four great tournaments last season were Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., national amateur champion, winning for the second consecutive time, in the tournament at Oakmont; Willie Macfarlane, who won his first open championship at Worcester in the famous play-off with Bobby Jones; Miss Glenna Collett, who set a new American record for brilliant scoring in winning the women's title at St. Louis; and Walter Hagen, who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wide World photo

Willie Macfarlane, who won the Open in 1925.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

captured for the second successive year the P. G. A. championship, in a wonderful series of battles at Olympia Fields.

Aha, you suggest—so here are two of the four United States national champions who have repeated in the last two years, and you say the game is altogether uncertain!

Precisely. And I might go on to say that 1925 was another year, and so was 1924, and each supplied its startling upsets. For example, in 1924 at Merion, Jess Sweetser failed to qualify in the list of thirty-two; yet the year before he had finished as runner-up in a 38-hole match at Flossmoor, and the year before that he had fairly breezed through at Brookline for the championship.

AND who, knowing the game, would have dreamed Francis Ouimet, after finishing in a tie for the position just back of Jones and Macfarlane in the Open Championship, would fail to qualify at Oakmont for the amateur championship, even with the list restricted to sixteen?

One quaint difficulty in forecasting golf championships is that you can't even be sure your candidates will qualify, and it is a desperately embarrassing business to select a champion prematurely and then discover that he did not even get into the tournament.

However, the duplex performance of Jones and Hagen indicates some little certainty, even in golf.

Popular opinion holds that Jones is the greatest amateur player in America, and Hagen the greatest professional; and for once the critics are mostly in agreement.

Jones, then, will be the leading favorite at Baltusrol, confronting the Herculean feat of making it three in a row; and Hagen will be nearly as strong a choice in the P. G. A., and when the Open Championship comes along, both will be found among the six or eight short-odds competitors, unless something of an upsetting nature happens in the British competitions in which they will play in May and June.

The odds sometimes are rather ridiculous at the Open Championship. At Oakland Hills in 1924 the odds were as short as one to five on either Jones or Hagen against the field. No man in this era is good enough to warrant anything shorter than one to ten on him in the United States Open Championship.

Still, considering the Blue Ribbon event, we shall have Jim Barnes this year, the British champion of 1925, rated right along with Bobby and Sir Walter, and with him MacDonald Smith, runner-up and almost winner in the British Open, and the most consistent scoring machine playing golf in the world today.

It does seem that this quartet should produce a winner, granted that all of them get into the competition in reasonable shape, though here again Bobby is faced by a record unparalleled in the United States Open—he already has been either first or second four years in succession. It may be asking too much of the boy to add another year to the string against the increasing pressure of competition in the world's toughest sporting event.

And see whom we have omitted from the quartet—none other than Willie Macfarlane, the present crown wearer; and this may be doing a grave injustice to a very fine golfer, though a golfer whose physical limitations must be considered seriously. Macfarlane came through in grand style at Worcester, and he beat Bobby Jones in a play-off that went 36 holes. But he was peculiarly right for that tournament, and since then he has showed traces of too much golf and of a strain on his fine game and his comparatively frail physique.

Also not far outside the quartet we have Johnny Farrell and Tommy Armour, who have rather cleaned up in Florida lately; and if the big Englishman, Archie Compston, enters our competition he will have to be reckoned with most severely. There is Bill Mehlhorn, the combative Wild Bull of the Bunkers; and wee Bobby Cruickshank—it's a long worm that has no turning, and Bobby has had the longest string of tough luck any good golfer ever saw. And Harry Cooper of Dallas, a flashy youngster—there simply are too many to consider them in any detail.

But wait until the championship at Scioto; it's not a particularly long or tough course, you see, though an excellent one; and after we have solemnly selected Bobby Jones and Sir Walter and Jim Barnes and MacDonald Smith as our favorites, Gene Sarazen or maybe Leo Diegel or somebody will come along and knock off a 67 in the pinch. You see, little Gene is far from through, though he hasn't been playing so well this winter; and Leo—good old Leo—is likely to do anything from a 63 to an 85 at any time.

P. & A. photo

Jess Sweetser, who won the British Amateur.

We probably will have a new Open champion this year—not a difficult prediction to make, since we have had a new one every year since I can remember.

According to some of the best authorities, we are likely to have a new feminine champion, despite the conviction of a substantial coterie among the critics that Miss Collett is to be unbeatable for some years on this side of the pond. It did seem so at St. Louis, when she ended the championship in a blaze of glory, with a round of 75—the greatest scoring round ever shot by a woman on this continent—and averaged close to 77 for the entire tournament.

BUT at Pinehurst Miss Collett was defeated in the North and South Championship by Miss Louise Fordyce in a close match in which the champion was guilty of almost every kind of bad play, especially about the greens. During the winter she suffered four defeats, the last one by a highly capable golfer whose tournament temperament in the past has not been such as to deliver the full force of a very fine game. Miss Fordyce played a great match at St. Louis against Mrs. Fraser, and with this victory over Miss Collett at Pinehurst she is likely to offer a different texture of competition in future.

We are not at all counting Miss Collett out as yet, however. I should say she will be the leading favorite at Merion, with others very close. Miss Edith Cummings and Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser always are to be reckoned with. Mrs. Hurd, too—playing as good a game as she ever has played, I understand. And then we have Miss Klotz and Miss Van Wie, and perhaps Miss Ada Mackenzie of Canada.

Now we have nothing left to dispose of but the Amateur Championship and the P. G. A., and if it were not for the fact that both Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen had won these crowns respectively the last two years, I should unhesitatingly nominate them for 1926. But that old law of averages is a terrible thing when you're out to buck it. And making it three in a row is—well, it's quite a job.

I DO think Bobby Jones is unquestionably the class of the amateurs; that, all things being equal, he will win again at Baltusrol. But all things may not be equal. The great Bobby is human; he can play bad golf. He did play some of it in Florida this winter, and Hagen gave him a grand trimming.

George von Elm is, I think, next to Jones among the amateurs; Evans seems rather out of it lately, more's the pity. Ouimet has great golf left in him. Then we have two youngsters, Watts Gunn and Roland MacKenzie. Either of them could take Bobby Jones' measure at any given time—given, I mean, a bit of a lapse on Bobby's part and the kind of golf Gunn and MacKenzie are capable of shooting, and do shoot frequently. Bobby has the best chance in the Amateur. The question otherwise is, who will beat him?

Sir Walter occupies an isolated sort of position among the professionals. They all are after his scalp. But next time you see him you will note how closely attached he seems to be to that portion of his anatomy. Walter is the tough baby of golf in match play. As I recall it, he has lost four matches in the last five years. He is a striking exemplar of the Salvation Army motto that a man may be down but he's never out. Leo Diegel had Sir Walter 5 down in their match in the P. G. A. last year, but it was Leo who finally went out, on the fortieth green—the first time Walter ever was up, in that match.

They will be after Walter furiously again this year, and whoever beats him will beat a tough one. As in the case of Bobby Jones, Walter has plenty of rivals good enough to beat him a match, only they don't seem to do it. Tommy Armour, for psychological as well as golfing reasons, is as likely to be at Walter as anybody; and so is Gene Sarazen, if Gene can get on his game properly.

For that matter, young Harry Cooper might take it into his head to go crazy and beat Walter—Cooper does things like that, or nearly like that. I think I'll go to the P. G. A. I always did like that tournament. The pros surely go after one another in match play. They make the amateurs look a bit tender by contrast. And this is going to be a good one. I should say that the man who beats Hagen would win it.

P. & A. photo

Walter Hagen, most colorful of American pros.

THE END

An ice-cream *find*

Such delicious chocolate ice cream! So velvety smooth to the tongue, so free from gritty ice crystals, so rich and satisfying to the taste, so easy and economical to make—with Carnation Milk . . . Here is the recipe. A *find!*

Carnation is just pure, rich milk (unsweetened), made doubly rich by evaporating part of the natural water. *It is "homogenized" to give every drop an equal share of the double helping of cream.* That, according to domestic science experts, is why Carnation Milk makes finer ice cream and imparts to all foods a superior smoothness and texture, a more satisfying body, an added richness, a finer flavor—surpassing the results obtained with bottled milk.

You can use Carnation Milk in *all* your cooking. Delicious, nourishing, convenient, economical . . . A *find*, sure enough!

Carnation Chocolate Ice Cream

2 squares chocolate, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ½ tsp. cinnamon and 1 tsp. vanilla (or 1 tsp. nutmeg and ½ tsp. vanilla), ¼ tsp. salt, 4 cups Carnation Milk (scalded). Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sugar and salt, blend, then add Carnation Milk. Continue cooking until mass is smooth. Add well-beaten eggs and cook for two minutes, stirring to keep smooth. Add flavoring and chill to 40° F. Freeze in 1-to-5 salt-ice mixture.

"My Hundred Favorite Recipes"—write for this unusual little recipe book by Mrs. Mary Blake. It is free

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
738 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wis.
838 Stuart Building, Seattle, Wash. · New York · Aylmer, Ont.

© 1926, Carnation Milk Products Co.

You can dilute the double-rich contents of the tall can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

"From Contented Cows"

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

W. K. Kellogg

PEP

Takes *pep* to make your sax out-talk the banjo!

JOYOUS music! Lots of pep! Up and down the scale. Takes pep to be the life of all the party! Pep in tune and player!

PEP is the new peppy cereal. Full of vim and zest! Comes ready to eat. The flavor's simply great! Every taste makes you want more!

PEP brings glowing health. Keeps you fit. It's brimful of vital body-building elements. Puts the pep of health in everybody!

Kiddies love it—and PEP is wonderfully good for them. Makes them regular—healthy and hearty. Contains bran. Is mildly laxative. Helps keep off constipation.

PEP's a treat of health! Serve it every day. Your grocer has PEP! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek, Michigan.

the peppy bran food

Kellogg's PEP

Simple Ovens Insure Good Camp Meals

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE irresistible urge of the summer's out-of-doors calls many of us into the woods, for the time being, happily away from modern civilization. Having become dependent on efficient culinary tools at home, too few campers even begin to realize the possibilities of outdoor cookery. Too often does camp baking become a negligible factor. Yet how much health and delight it can add to the otherwise lopsided fried diet.

For modern camp baking devices, unless equipped with gasoline stoves, you must revert to the utensils of Colonial times with which our forefathers baked over the open hearth. The famous old Dutch oven or heavy, tightly covered iron kettle of numerous household uses, once thoroughly heated, is an excellent baking oven if properly buried in glowing embers.

The primitive reflector oven, used in front of a brightly burning hearth fire, in its modern version is a compact, light, and efficient baker, and one that is easily regulated and controlled by varying its distance from the steadily burning flames. Or two heavy, simple fry pans, arranged as a double-decked cooker by placing the larger one on top and protecting the lower one from direct exposure to the glowing heat with an asbestos mat, may be used to make the simplest of ovens. Any or all of these utensils will bake biscuits, hot breads, potatoes, squash, cakes, and even pies, and will provide a means of roasting meats, broiling fish, and warming foods.

Camp Baking in the Reflector Oven. The reflector oven is a collapsible oven of brightly polished, lightweight metal, the sloping reflecting surfaces of which *must* be kept polished and bright. No confined or stored heat is used in the baking, but when the oven is placed before a wide high flame that is burning brightly and steadily, the intense wall of fire throws out heat that is reflected from the sloping top and bottom to the inset baking-pan. The degree of reflected heat may be varied by moving the oven to and from the fire—from ten to twelve inches being the standard baking distance.

The success of baking in this oven depends largely on the camp fire used. Absolute oven baking is attained by having a *high, steady, bright flame.*

To avoid a towering flame as well as any damaging wind effects, build a V-shaped fireplace, for this confines the heat to the business of cooking. Prepare the fire by placing two green logs on the ground in a V-formation with the closed ends not quite touching and the spread ends open some twenty inches to the wind side, selecting, of course, a cleared spot with no inflammable grasses. The open windward end gives a proper draft, which may be further controlled by banking the logs with earth to seal off the undesirable drafts.

Pile the fine shavings, twigs, and what not loosely in tent fashion. Arrange a reserve pile of larger dried branches or split logs. Light the fire with matches and papers; and when the pyramid fire is burning briskly, pile on the reserve dry wood. When the fire is no longer straggly and the bright flames leap higher and wider than the open front of the oven, set the oven at the open V-end, ten or twelve inches away from the fire, moving the oven forward or backward as the progress of baking indicates.

Meats to be roasted in the reflector oven should be pan-seared before roasting and then covered in the roaster so that the upper reflecting surface may not become fat-spattered and dim. Vegetables and baking mixtures should be prepared as for ordinary baking.

Camp Baking in Dutch Oven. Some campers prefer Dutch-oven baking. For this method a broiling type of fire is built by arranging the logs in a hollow square about a pyramidal starter fire, and then piling more wood on crisscross over the hollow square. This makes a steady fire of even heat that burns down to long-lived embers.

The Dutch oven and cover are hung on a crane over the brightly burning fire. Then the oven is filled, while hot, with the product to be baked, whether this be seared meat or a baking mixture. Cover tightly, set on the glowing embers, and cover with more glowing embers, which must be heaped on anew as the coals die down. Only peeking will indicate the progress of the baking, which should take about as long as in the ordinary home oven.

Long-handled broilers and a reflector oven cook nutritious outdoor meals.

Prepared Baking Mixtures (to be taken to camp in boxes lined with waxed paper):

Prepared Biscuit Mixture

4 quarts of flour
10 2/3 tablespoons baking powder
4 teaspoons salt (if unsalted fat is used)
½ pound or one cup of lard, butter, or vegetable fat
2 cups powdered milk

Prepared Muffin Mixture

3 quarts flour
½ cup baking powder
1 tablespoon salt
¾ to 1½ cups sugar
¾ cup butter, lard, or other fat
1½ cups powdered milk

Prepared Plain-Cake Mixture

3 quarts flour
½ cup baking powder
2 teaspoons salt
1½ cups powdered milk
1½ quarts sugar
½ pound or one cup butter

MIX and sift the dry ingredients until thoroughly blended. Work in the butter or other fat by cutting it in with two knives, a fork, or a pastry-flaker. When the fat has been cut in as fine as cornmeal granules, pack the mixture in wax-paper-lined boxes, label, and take to camp. These recipes will make from six to eight family-sized servings, though the recipe may be made up in larger quantities if desired.

Biscuit. To make biscuit from the Prepared Mixture, measure out 2⅓ cups of the product after stirring. (This will make a dozen biscuits.) Lightly stir in from three-fourths to one cup of water and pat out to one-half-inch thickness or drop by spoonfuls on to a greased baking-pan or sheet. Bake in the reflector oven, the Dutch oven, or the fry pans.

Muffins. Measure out 2⅓ cups of the prepared Muffin Mixture. Beat one egg if desired and add it to seven-eighths cup of water. Lightly mix this liquid into the dry ingredients and bake in greased muffin rings or pans. Muffins are started in much the same temperature oven as biscuit and therefore they also may be baked approximately from ten to twelve inches from the blazing fire.

Plain Cake. Measure out 4¾ cups of the Prepared Cake Mixture. Add one beaten egg if desired to 1½ cups of water mixed with one teaspoon of vanilla or other flavoring. Mix lightly, adding the liquid to the dry ingredients. Bake in a greased pan, starting the cake to bake farther out than the muffins or biscuit, since a moderate oven is desired, and moving it up to brown at the end of the baking process.

Note: Powdered egg may be used in place of egg in the above recipes. Complete directions for the substitution will be found on the can.

A Menu Book *of* Hot-Weather Recipes 10c.

ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDES:
DON'T FEED THE CAT

Some young brides prudently keep a cat so they can dispose of their first attempts at cookery—

But it's more sensible to get a LIBERTY *Menu Book of Hot-Weather Recipes.* Then all your meals will be successful.

You ought to have a Standard LIBERTY Cook Book, too—*One Hundred Standard Recipes.* Only 10c each. Be sure to use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOK BOOK
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ A Menu Book of Hot-Weather Recipes—10c. ☐ One Hundred Standard Recipes—10c. (Check the one you want—check both if you want both.) I enclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

7-3-26

Your EYES Never Have a Vacation

Vacation-time brings needed rest and relaxation—except to your EYES. Not only does travel expose them to cinders, smoke and coal gas, but days spent in the open result in irritation by sun, wind and dust. Protect and rest your EYES this summer with *Murine.* It instantly soothes and refreshes irritated EYES—encourages a clear, bright, healthy condition. This time-tested lotion contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request

The Murine Company
Dept. 86, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Excess Fat Is Not Forgiven

Excess fat is today considered the one inexcusable ugliness. It is a blight to style and beauty, health and fitness. It adds many years to one's looks. And anyone can easily combat it.

The modern method is Marmola Prescription Tablets. They go directly to the cause of the trouble which usually lies in a gland.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Just take four tablets of Marmola daily until the weight becomes normal.

Marmola has been used for 18 years. Its results are seen in every circle, in slender figures which once were fat. In girlish looks. Excess fat is growing rare, for people are now taking 100,000 boxes of Marmola every month.

Investigate Marmola. Our books state every ingredient and tell how and why it acts. This coupon will bring them to you, also samples of Marmola and our guarantee. Clip coupon now.

Marmola is sold by all druggists at $1.00 per box, or mailed direct in plain wrappers by Marmola Co. Address in coupon.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
2-235 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

25c Sample Free
Mail Coupon
Send No Money

B19

Eileen Bourne's Question Box

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Perhaps your figure is too heavy or too thin. You may want to know how to get that enviable sheen on your hair; how to shampoo it properly; how to clear your complexion of blemishes; how to have lovely teeth, and beautiful but useful hands.

Miss Bourne will be glad to help you. Questions of general interest will be answered in LIBERTY at two-week intervals. Other questions will be answered by mail. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Dry Skin Needs Oil

My skin is extremely dry and when powder is used without a foundation cream my face peels. The effect is anything but pleasing. Have found that vanishing cream has a tendency to increase the dryness. I use it on my face every night, but more blackheads are gathering than were on nose and chin when I started. What can I do about it? MISS T. L., Ohio.

Vanishing and foundation creams are not what the extremely dry skin needs, since they are grease-free preparations as a general thing. For the skin with a normal amount of oil they make an excellent base for powder. The very oily skin does not need them at all. The dry skin should be oiled with one of the soft fats that liquefy at or near the body temperature. Olive oil and cold cream are the best.

For toilet use, cold cream justifies its popularity. However, no cold cream justifies the abandonment of the daily habit of cleansing the face with soap and warm water. A superfatted soap, one that leaves a deposit of grease, is recommended for the dry skin. Without this cleansing measure it is next to impossible to keep the pores from becoming clogged and the face ridden with blackheads.

Care of Oily Hair

I have dark, oily hair, bobbed, with occasionally a few strands of gray showing up. I am only seventeen, so my troubles are not due to age. Would you kindly tell me of a shampoo that will be beneficial and also make my hair dark and glossy?
E. D., New York.

Oily hair usually is found in conjunction with oily skin, due to an exaggerated secretion of fat by the sebaceous glands. An abnormal condition of the general system is reflected in each of these disturbances. Shampooing the hair frequently is the chief local aid. No harm is done by a weekly or even semiweekly shampoo if the hair is oily, providing hair and scalp are thoroughly dried.

Green soap—which, by the way, is not green but amber in color—makes an excellent shampoo for oily hair. It is an alkaline soft soap and cuts the grease. Alcohol is used in its preparation and it is a valuable ingredient in combatting oiliness of the scalp. The frequent application of alcohol alone is useful in the treatment of oily hair. Where there is a tendency to premature graying, the change may be retarded by keeping the scalp in a healthful condition.

Calories in Food

How many calories are there in the following things: a slice of chocolate cake, a doughnut, a cup of chocolate, a cup of cocoa, an average helping of ice cream, a piece of pie, and a pound of candy?
G. W., Connecticut.

In a slice of chocolate cake there are from 250 to 300 calories; a doughnut, 200; a cup of chocolate, about 250; cup of cocoa, about 250; ice cream, helping, 200 to 250; a piece of pie, from 300 to 350; a pound of candy, from 2,500 to 2,800, which exceeds by 500 the caloric needs of a sedentary worker for a whole day.

Reduce Weight Wisely

I am twenty-six, five feet four, and weigh thirty pounds too much. I want to get off this excess weight in two months for a reason of my own. Shall I have to go without food entirely to do it? It is vitally important to me to get my weight down quickly. Please advise how I can go about it in a healthy way. MRS. J. K., Maryland.

One of the grave mistakes common to overweight persons is to decide suddenly that their superfluous flesh must be removed quickly. Reduction in weight should proceed slowly. It is impossible to maintain health on a drastic reducing program. One cannot expect to take off in two months what it has taken years to put on, and survive the experience in perfect health. Nor does one have to starve to get the weight down.

One may dine and dine well if one will but dine wisely. Reduce in your diet the starches, sugars, and oils that make fat. Do not eliminate them entirely. Cut down on the food intake by one-half at each meal. Later you may reduce your regular food intake by two-thirds. The kind of food eaten has a good deal to do with weight-gaining, but another important influence is the quantity consumed as weighed against the amount of exercise on the daily program. The more exercise, the more food may be eaten. The more sedentary the life, the less food. But in every reducing program there should be included some daily exercise.

Eat and Grow Plump

How can I put on ten to fifteen pounds? I am so much under weight that people tease me about it and I am becoming sensitive about being called "Skinny" everywhere I go. My legs are awful, they're so thin, and my arms and face, too. Can you give me a sample day's menu of what I should eat? MISS N. T. B., New Jersey.

For breakfast: Orange juice; oatmeal with sugar and buried under rich cream; eggs soft boiled or poached; white bread toasted, with butter spread generously over it; coffee with cream, if you must have coffee for breakfast—otherwise a glass of milk.

For luncheon: A cream soup; butter-laden toast; a vegetable salad with mayonnaise dressing or a fruit salad with whipped-cream dressing; ice cream.

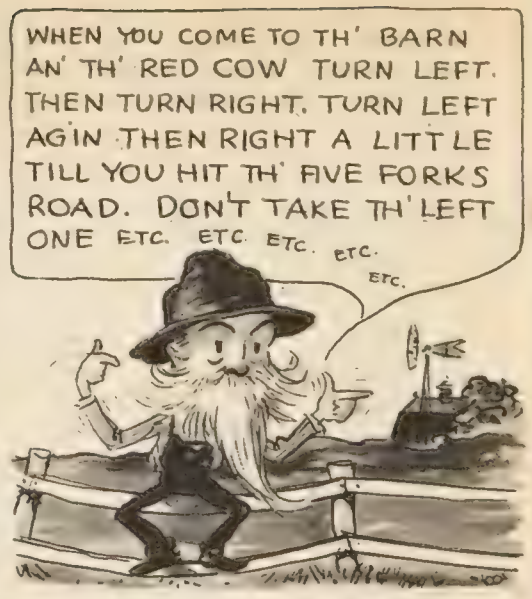
For dinner: Vegetable soup; juicy steak; spinach, potatoes, creamed or well buttered; white bread; salad; custard pudding and nuts.

In addition to selecting fattening foods, learn to relax, sleep longer hours, take life easier. Choose mild forms of play and exercise. Thus your legs, arms, and face should plump up and put you out of the skinny class.

Drying An Oily Face

My complexion is very oily. It does not seem to matter how much powder I use, my nose comes up just as shiny after a little while. In summer time it is most annoying. What do you recommend?
V. Y., Ohio.

Avoid cold-creaming the face as much as possible. Daub the following lotion frequently on the face and allow it to remain on the skin: boracic acid, one dram; distilled water, four ounces.



WORDS—words—words; and who knows which turn to take after you get to the cow and the red barn? Liberty Road Maps end road doubts and troubles. Printed in large quantities especially for Liberty readers by Rand-McNally and sold *at cost* they are big value at a small price. Get yours today. Use the coupon.

Liberty
A Weekly for the Whole Family

ROAD MAPS
10 cents

ORDER BY NUMBER

1. Alabama
2. Arizona & New Mexico
3. Arkansas
4. California & Nevada
5. Colorado
6. Florida
7. Georgia
8. Idaho
9. Illinois
10. Indiana
11. Iowa
12. Kansas
13. Kentucky & Tennessee
14. Louisiana
15. Maine
16. Maryland Delaware, Virginia & West Virginia
17. Massachusetts, Connecticut & Rhode Island
18. Michigan
19. Minnesota
20. Mississippi
21. Missouri
22. Montana
23. Nebraska
24. New Hampshire & Vermont
25. New Jersey
26. New York
27. North Carolina & South Carolina
28. North Dakota
29. Ohio
30. Oklahoma
31. Oregon
32. Pennsylvania
33. South Dakota
34. Texas
35. Utah
36. Washington
37. Wisconsin
38. Wyoming
39. United States
40. New York & Vicinity
41. Chicago & Vicinity
42. New England
43. Maritime Provinces
44. Ontario
45. Montreal & Vicinity
46. EASTERN ATLAS
47. WESTERN ATLAS

AUTO DEPT., LIBERTY,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find $.....
Please send me Maps Nos ....
..... @ 10c. ea.
Order Maps By Number
Also send.....copies of Atlas No. ....
@ 25c. each
(Inclose 5c Extra for Postage When Ordering Atlas)
Name .....
Address .....
7-3-26 .....

ARZEN FOR Hay Fever Relief

Arzen benefits for Hay Fever are twofold. First, there is immediate relief during the attack. Clears nasal passages at once. Soothing. Comfortable.

Secondly **Arzen** serves a still better purpose. The daily use of **Arzen** throughout the attack renders the nasal membrane highly resistive to pollen irritation. Sets up a freedom from discomfort.

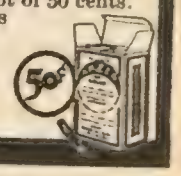
Arzen is not a hay fever cure. It provides, however, so great a measure of relief that it is regarded as a boon. If possible, use **ARZEN** daily before the anticipated attack. This preparatory use adds to the benefits.

Arzen is placed in the nostrils with a provided medicine dropper. Unexcelled also for insect bites, sunburn, summer colds.

If your druggists cannot supply you, a package will be mailed on receipt of 50 cents.

Please mention your dealer's name.

ARZEN LABORATORIES, Inc.
21 Arzen Building
Clinton, Iowa.

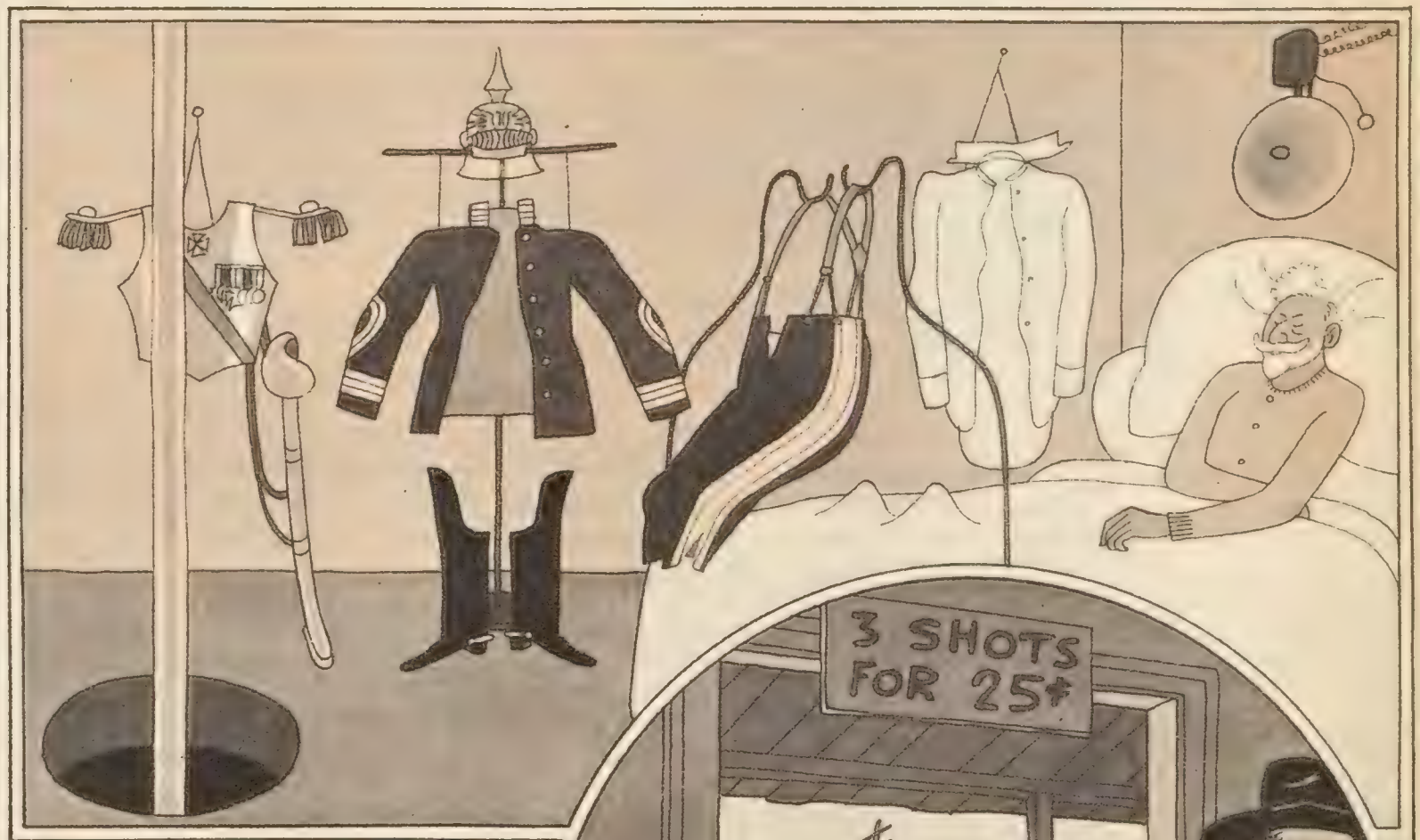


GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

SOVIET GOVERNMENT'S NEW ECONOMIC POLICY grants new concessions to Russian capitalists, and Moscow financiers take silk hats out of moth balls.



BEDCHAMBER OF THE EX-KAISER at Doorn, showing quick-get-away devices invented by Wilhelm for use in case of a monarchistic coup d'etat in Berlin.

LEADING MAIN STREET HOTEL in Herrin, Illinois, turns front window into shooting gallery to amuse guests over quiet Sundays.

DISGUISE EMPLOYED FOR STREET WEAR by Tom Mix, celebrated film star, who hates being recognized in private life.

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF DANIEL K. WALKENBOOZNER, world-famed explorer of the Congo jungle, who was lost for forty-eight hours in the rough on the Nakkawattammnummagee Golf Course near Westfield, New Jersey.

Three Good Plays *for the* Screen Fans

A Moving-Picture Review by ALVA TAYLOR

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Directed by Maurice Tourneur — A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Aloma.....*Gilda Gray*
Bob Holden.....*Percy Marmont*
Nuitane.....*Warner Baxter*
Van Templeton.....*William Powell*
Sylvia.....*Julanne Johnston*

NOW, now, boys, don't crowd! Remain calm, cool, and collected, and you'll get a chance to see the queen of the hula-hula dance make her movie debut in Aloma of the South Seas. If this picture ever gets to the South Seas, the native hip wigglers are going to give up in despair, for Gilda Gray, in brown paint, a string of beads, and a straw skirt, must put their feeble efforts to shame. At least, that is my opinion.

Gilda Gray

This first picture of the Broadway dancing star is a good start for a movie career. A South Sea picture was an obvious vehicle for Gilda. But doubtless she will branch out into other types after this, having discovered that she photographs remarkably well.

As a South Sea picture Aloma is an excellent representative. It has all the wreaths, sharks, brown-skinned natives, derelict white men, and the hero who falls in love with the native girl that all South Sea pictures are made of. You will find nothing missing and plenty of entertainment. Besides Gilda Gray, there's that excellent actor, William Powell, the beautiful Julanne Johnston, Percy Marmont as a hero, and Warner Baxter as another hero.

Well, it seems that there was an American, Bob Holden (Percy Marmont), who had come to the South Seas to forget that a girl had married his best friend while he was overseas. He didn't know that she thought he was dead, and had married Van Templeton (William Powell) because she thought Bob would have liked it.

And while Bob was on Paradise Island, drowning his sorrow, Aloma, pride of the island, fell in love with him, much to the chagrin of Nuitane (Warner Baxter), brown-skinned wooer of Aloma. Nuitane didn't approve of the bad influence the white men had upon the native girls, and so he had a coy little trick of taking one or two of them out for a ride in his canoe on the shark lagoon, and pulling a stopper out of the bottom of the boat, so that the sharks could have white meat, which he said they preferred to black.

Percy Marmont

This little habit of his made it possible in the end for Sylvia (Julanne Johnston) to get rid of an undesirable husband and marry the man she really loved. And Aloma, who was just about to marry Bob herself, gives him up, and decides that the dark-skinned lover will have to do.

It's not at all bad, this South Sea picture.

THE RAINMAKER

Directed by Clarence Badger — A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Bobby Robertson.....*William Collier, Jr.*
Nell Wendell.....*Georgia Hale*
Mike.....*Ernest Torrence*
Doyle.....*Brandon Hurst*
Father Murphy.....*Joseph Dowling*

YEP, that Rainmaker guy sure did hand them all the bunk at the race tracks. If someone had a horse that did his stuff better on a muddy track, they hired the Rainmaker to pray for rain, because it certainly did seem as though this young jockey had a tremendous drag with the celestial officials who supply the waterworks for the earth.

But it wasn't the especial friendship with the Almighty that made Bobby a Rainmaker. He was a good prophet of rain because his war arm always told him when rain was due. He managed to support himself and his colored

William Collier, Jr.

groom by means of selling prayers and, until our story opens, by jockeying.

Maybe you think that this is just a race-track picture, the grand climax a Kentucky Derby, with Southern colonels, villains trying to do wrong by the hero's horse, and all that. Well, you're all wet. This is no more nor less than a melodrama, with an ex-jockey as a hero, and an ex-dance-hall girl as a heroine, which ends up in a Western town where there is an epidemic, and only rain will save the day. Well, of course, there's the Rainmaker and he's cheated God all his life. But this time he needs the rain to save his girl's life. And this time he really prays, and along comes the rain, at the correct dramatic moment.

Bobby has to give up jockeying because he is thrown during a race, and can't ride any more. In the hospital he falls in love with his nurse, who has come from the dance halls to seek a respectable life. But she's fired from the hospital because she falls asleep sitting up by Bobby's bed, and is found there in the morning.

I enjoyed the picture. Don't stay away from it because you don't like race pictures. There's only half a race in it.

WET PAINT

Directed by Arthur Rosson — A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

He.....*Raymond Griffith*
She.....*Helen Costello*
Her Brother.....*Bryant Washburn*
A Beautiful Woman.....*Natalie Kingston*
A Husband.....*Henry Kolker*

GUESS again! Raymond Griffith does not play the part of a painter, and there's not a drop of wet paint in the picture, and that's why it's called Wet Paint—because it's a delightfully ridiculous piece of nonsense in which nothing matters and everything is silly.

At least I didn't notice any wet paint. There might have been some on the screen that I missed while I wiped the laughing tears out of my eyes. For, foolish as it was, I had a great old laugh out of this latest picture of the high-hat comedian, Raymond Griffith; and if you are an admirer of his (and how can anyone help it?) you're not going to miss it.

Helen Costello

Of course, it doesn't make sense. But why should it?

If a feller's got such a genius for making people howl with mirth simply by working his facial muscles and walking about in his own peculiar way, why should he worry about giving you anything of a story?

Isn't a good laugh worth much more than a good story as a tonic for our all-too-serious life?

Anyway, there are plenty of tried and trusty old gags that a comedian can't go wrong on, and there's a great deal of Raymond Griffith, and a beautiful girl, and clever direction, and so what more can a girl (or man, woman, or child) ask?

Let me see. There was He (Raymond Griffith), a clubman who loved She (Helen Costello), a beautiful girl a bit doubtful of the possibilities of his being a good husband, since he was the leading character in a number of breach-of-promise suits. But she provided a good old situation by agreeing to marry him if he left all women alone from then on.

Raymond Griffith

Well, of course, next in order is the other woman, who spoils everything by being seen with her arms around his neck. This was an accident, you know. But did the girl believe it? Not much!

Before things are patched up, there's all sorts of slapstick adventure, including Raymond Griffith's self-conducted tour in a fire truck, a scene in a Turkish bath, and an automobile wreck. One of the best scenes of all is Raymond Griffith explaining to the motorcycle cop how the accident happened.

If you're like me you won't miss a Raymond Griffith picture, no matter if it is Much Ado About Nothing, as the producers announced it.

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

Patterns *for* Smart *and* Youthful Lines

By PATRICIA

COLOR is an important feature of summer clothes. Azure blue, peony red, June rose, sunni, and violet shades are especially smart in the slender models sponsored by Paris for summer, indispensable for wear at the beach, the country, or roof gardens in town.

Choose model No. 2741 and look slim. The square neckline is particularly flattering. Inverted plaits at the sides allow freedom of movement. The dress is fashioned of georgette crepe in novelty pattern, with a new scarf tie of plain silk crepe. The pattern may be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material, with 1½ yards of 20-inch contrasting.

A youthful frock of bordered georgette crepe in peony red is expressed in design No. 2493, with the plaited jabot and collar of chiffon. It is very smart, too, made without the jabot, of green self-checked madras shirting, or Chinese damask in azure blue. The pattern is furnished in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 1½ yards of 54-inch bordered material, with ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting, is sufficient.

Smart women will appreciate the chic and distinction of the little cape frock, design No. 2743. It indorses a scalloped hemline and introduces a novel neckline. It is fashioned of biscuit-colored chiffon, with the tie and cape lining of printed chiffon. For town select navy blue taffeta, violet crepe de Chine, or gray-mauve flat crepe. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 5⅜ yards of 36-inch plain material, with 2 yards of 36-inch figured material.

For tennis or golf, a good-looking dress is fashioned of tub silk with horizontal wide stripes, the bodice following the lines of the figure—design No. 2708. The scarf collar slips through a slashed opening in front. The pattern is furnished in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2⅞ yards of 32-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

Smocks are taking the place of the kimono in camp life, for wear over the bathing suit or in the garden. Mother will welcome design No. 2745 because it will save the laundry bill. The pattern may be had in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting and 2¾ yards of binding.

Youngsters of 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years will be delighted with design No. 2744, made of washable silk broadcloth printed in a tiny rose pattern. The 8-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 32- or 36-inch material.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS

P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

PATTERN NO. SIZE PRICE

.....

.....

.....

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Paris Threatens *the* Two-Piece Sports Mode

By Mary Brush Williams

THE models from the Paris mid-season openings appear to contain a message. Look at these selections from them and decipher it for yourself. The decline of the two-piece dress!

To say what is coming in style rather than what is going out, these models denote the return of afternoon costumes. Of course, if we are going to draw our inspiration from these rather than from sports things, the jumper effect will have to go. At any rate, here are some of the new models in all of their fussiness: long-lined, befurbelowed—and one of them with a wide belt!

These four dresses all but dominated the recent showings, and they are all the kind most dear to the Frenchwoman's heart. They are the kind that Americans have never quite accepted, and the prevalence of which in Paris always made it so hard for us to buy a dress there.

We are still a long way from having things plastered over with trimmings, as we used to do. A little tier of ruffles, as on the second costume by Doeuillet, a jabot lined with white. Trimmings of the material of the frock itself are fashionable.

To quote from a letter just received from Paris:

"Frequently shoes and purses match in material, the smartest being a combination of lizard and plain kid — both combined in the shoe and again in the bag, and usually in gray, beige, or brown.

"Often kasha is combined with jersey, but as the weather grows warmer, crepes will undoubtedly replace the kasha.

"Many flowers are worn on tailored lapels, but always they are living flowers, and usually carnations or camellias. In the evening there are real flowers again, and then camellias or orchids.

"The evening corsage bouquet is no longer perched on the shoulder, but is long and falls from the left shoulder some eight inches down the decolletage.

"Still much white and pale pink are shown for evening, and a good deal of pale green, too; and many beaded and sequin affairs. Chanel has a very smart fringed gown; in fact, she shows many fringed models."

Sad as it may be for us who fell so very hard for the two-piece idea to have to sacrifice it, the makers of fashions are at least giving us charming details to select from and lovely long lines that give distinction to any figure.

And of course jumper frocks are still in style for the summer and sports and country, and for as long a time as our present supply of them lasts. Of course, if we decline to give them up, they will continue to be fashionable, no matter what the style-makers may say. That has happened more than once before now—we have kept a style when designers have tried to throw it out.

A strong hint of the far future is that velvet will be with us, possibly dominating all other materials, in the fall. The first of these models from the spring collections (and with a long, hard summer before it) is made of velvet. What is softer and more becoming in all the range of materials? Nothing else so erases the lines from our faces and "sweetens," as the French would say, the hard aspect that grind and anxiety and fast living bring into our looks prematurely.

In this model the little vestee of bois de rose even supplements the graciousness of the velvet. Notice that this dress is along absolutely straight lines with the fullness set in.

A YOUTHFUL model in black velvet, with a deep yoke, front and back. The cuffs and vestee are of bois de rose crepe. The skirt is slit on each side and bound with black satin. Lelong.

GOWN of pale green crepe trimmed in perpendicular rows of tucks which burst into fan plaits and have a dark green border. There are two girdles across the front. Doeuillet.

AN afternoon dress of black shantung, with a rather wide belt sewed on. The skirt carries three tiers of ruffles of the material, and a strip of the same hangs from one shoulder. Doeuillet.

THIS dressy afternoon costume is made of black and white crepe. The dress is of white crepe, with embroidered silk medallions and two tiers of fringe. The coat is of black satin bordered with white fox. Molyneux.

The model by Molyneux shows a very unusual cut indeed, with the drop shoulders and the side seems from the under arms to the top point of the medallions—which are very popular as a trimming. Drop shoulders, as a new style, are also making good.

From Paris has come the insistent report for a long time of the growing popularity of dogs, and now with this style of costuming you might call them more than pets or fads. You might call them a garnishment, so appropriate are they to the get-up as a whole. A law has been passed that they must not be dyed. Those with long hair are still the most popular. In proportion as Madame's hair shortens her dog's seems to grow longer.

And speaking of hair, while Monsieur Antoine and others are insisting on a chignon, Madame keeps wearing her locks short. But if she is going to "fall for" these dresses we are showing today and others of like character, she will almost have to give up her boyish bob, I should think.

For the Love o'Lil

Liberty's Great Cover Serial

$1000.00 a Week for a Title

SOME LIBERTY reader is going to get $1,000 in cash for giving a title to the picture on the front cover of this issue. Maybe that $1,000 is destined for you! It is easy to find out. The picture is a part of LIBERTY'S great cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling each week a new incident in the life of an American family. This week's cover shows Lil's father firing an old pistol. Study that picture and read the story about it on this page. Then glance over the rules of the contest and think of a title. No technical ability is required. The title you choose is just as likely to win the thousand as anybody's. After you have sent in your entry, look over the little picture below showing next week's cover and get ready for a shot at the next thousand-dollar prize.

Pursued by Gunmen!

(The Story of This Week's Cover Picture)

By LESLIE P. THRASHER

CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THE SERIAL

LILY MORSE.....*A real blonde of 18*
SANDFORD P. JENKINS.....*In love with Lil*
ROBERT E. LEE MORSE.....*Lil's father*
IDA PULVER MORSE.....*Lil's mother*
DWIGHT MORSE.....*Lil's older brother*
JUNIOR MORSE.....*Lil's younger brother*

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Sandy Jenkins, twenty-one years old and earning $21.50 a week as a salesman for a truck company, finds that life's greatest problem is to keep track of Lil Morse and her moods. For instance, just last week he stubbed both feet hard. First, he forgot to give Lil a birthday present, and, second, he was caught in a net of circumstantial evidence which made it appear that he was carrying flowers to another girl's house. Lil called him over and gave him the air, refusing to listen to any alibis. (*Now go on with the story.*)

CHAPTER THREE

SO Lil Morse's affair with Sandy Jenkins went on the rocks one hot Saturday afternoon. When Lil told him she was through, Sandy made straight towards the river, hoping she was looking. But he happened to pass Jones' Drugstore. So he stepped in, spent 55 cents on two sodas and a banana split, and then, with that what's-the-use-anyway feeling, bought two dollars worth of cigarettes and cigars.

Sandy had just tossed over his two bucks, when he noticed a youngish man at his elbow. This young gentleman wore the swellest clothes Sandy had ever seen, a red and green striped silk shirt, a purple tie, a stick pin which was a gold lion's head with a ruby in its mouth. His shiny black hair extended down his cheeks in what Lil Morse called admiringly "louse-ladders." Also he wore long, slim patent-leather shoes and gray "dog-blankets"—Lil's name for spats.

"Listen, Sport," said this dressy young fellow to Sandy, "I like the way you spend your money. Come on outside with me, Sport. I want to ast you somepun."

Sandy followed him out to the sidewalk.

"Listen Kid," said the dressy young fellow, "What do you say to making a lot of jack running liquor down from Canada? Four hundred dollars a month, a car and expenses for yourself and a woman. What do you say?"

Sandy was afraid; he turned pale.

"Bootlegging?" he said.

"Sure. Why not?" said the young fellow, and spit in the gutter. A mental picture of Lil's cold, indifferent face crossed Sandy's mind. So Sandy spit in the gutter too, pushed his hat to one side, and answered the young bootlegger in kind; that is to say, in a harsh voice coming from the left teeth.

"Sure," said Sandy. "That listens good to me. But I gotta wait till after the Fourth because I got a big part in the Parade."

"All right, Brother," said the bootlegger. "Meet me in this here drug store at midnight on the Fourth, see. Have you got a gat?"

"Sure I got a gat," said Sandy. "Whenever I go places, I always pack a cannon."

"Well bring it," said the dressy guy. "And listen!" he added with a snarl, curling his upper lip back from a lot of gold teeth. "Don't squeal. See? Or we'll croak you. See? We'll kill you as easy as we'd kill a bug. See? . . . So long." The young bootlegger started to walk off, with his dangerous looking walk. But before he had gone very far he remembered to have Sandy lend him $10 so he could make a deposit on the big speedster the gang was going to buy for Sandy.

Sandy ran home and wrote:

DEAR LIL. I have tried to make you love me but alas to no avail and I feel that absolutely nothing in the world is worth while to make life worth living. Well Lil, I just met a fellow who asked me to be a bootlegger and go up to Canada and run liquor. It is a dangerous life Lil and full of hazard and you are liable to get killed by the police and the hi-jackers and the bootleggers themselves are a rough lot, Lil. Also there is big money in it, $400 a month and a car and expenses for myself and some woman, although Heaven only knows how long I'll live to enjoy the fine pay. I have tried to make you care, Lil, but to no avail. So I don't care what becomes of me. Yours truly, SANDY.

This letter had a wonderful effect. Lil telephoned at once.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THIS is NEXT WEEK'S Cover Picture. The scene has shifted to a circus tent. But surely that can't be the respectable Mr. R. E. Morse peeking around the canvas partition! Where is Mrs. Morse? Leslie Thrasher is going to solve this mystery in next week's LIBERTY.

RULES

There are no complicated rules and regulations. Just a few simple points.

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY'S new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 LIBERTY will pay one prize of $1,000 in cash for the best answer submitted.

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, July 10, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 3

My title for the LIBERTY cover of July 3 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words, telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Boys get your Sporting Equipment FREE!

This bright looking chap is Euwell Roberts of Louisiana who is one of the boys earning money every week and winning many prizes.

Don't delay! Send the coupon below at once and let us show you how you can get all of your baseball equipment, tennis articles, golf and fishing supplies, free! We will also show you how you can earn money every week, in spare time, selling Liberty Magazines right in your own neighborhood. No experience, no money needed. We supply everything. Thousands of boys just like yourself have joined the great Liberty Boy organization and are earning money and winning prizes free! Send the coupon below and we will send you our booklet, "Liberty Boy Salesman," and our Big Catalog of Free Prizes, showing sporting goods, radios, bicycles, musical instruments and other things you can get free. Fill in coupon and mail it now.

----------MAIL TODAY----------

Liberty Magazine,
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[FOR THE LOVE O' LIL
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

"Sandy," she said, her voice full of emotion, "I hope you will forgive me. Because I realize now that I have behaved in every way towards you like a big slob. Come on over."

But unfortunately for Sandy, Lil's mother got hold of Sandy's letter. Now Mrs. R. E. Morse was a woman of action, a club woman and very public spirited. Urged by the other members of the Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Morse wrote a letter to the newspapers as follows:

TO THE EDITOR: Last Saturday afternoon one of our finest, most law-abiding boys, Sandford P. Jenkins of 2134 Hinckley Avenue, was approached by a gangster who tried to lure him with the promises of hundreds of dollars and a high power car and expenses for himself and a "woman" into running liquor across the Canadian border. I wonder, do the Mothers of America know of the evil forces that are lying in wait for our Young People? If we mothers had our way we would have President Coolidge mobilize the United States Army to curb this menace that is poisoning the very roots of our civilization, and we mothers should, in my opinion, cooperate to stamp out an evil that lies coiled ready to leap at the throat of the Youth of our Nation. The very least we can do, it seems to me, is to have Mayor Hicks appoint a committee.

Very sincerely yours,
IDA PULVER MORSE.

Now if it hadn't been for this letter Sandy would have been happy. But as the Fourth approached, he grew uneasy.

"Lil," he said the evening of the third as they sat in the Morse's living room, "you may be holding hands with a dead man! *Also, I think I'm being followed!*"

"*No!*"

"Yes! When I'm walking along the street I just *know* someone is behind me and when I turn around *quick*, he drops out of sight into a doorway or something!"

"Crikes!" said Lil. "How awful! You mustn't march in the Parade!" and Sandy was just saying, in a hushed, awful voice, "Of course, they may get me even before the Parade," when—POW! There was an explosion that was terrific enough to shell-shock a hundred veterans. Sandy dropped on his face, Lil screamed. And then—

"Robert Morse," they heard Mrs. R. E. Morse call out in an indignant voice, "I think you might leave cannon crackers for others to shoot, when all the neighbors know I'm on the Safe and Sane Committee."

"It ain't a cannon cracker, Mama," Mr. Morse answered. "I was just showing Junior grandpa's old horse pistol."

"Horse pistol!" exclaimed Mrs. Morse. "I'm just as opposed to pistols for killing horses as to pistols for killing human beings! Everyone in town knows my stand on disarmament and the World Court. And I don't like it!"

"Well," said Sandy with quiet stoicism when he found he was still living, "they didn't get me that time. I spose they'll snipe me from the office buildings on Main Street, while I'm in the Parade."

"Oh, for the Gosh Sakes, Sandy!" Lil exclaimed, in horror. "It gives me the Chinese Blues to hear you talk that way! I simply won't let you march in that old fool Parade."

But Sandy would only say quietly: "No Lil. I got to do it. Why, Honey, how would it look if a Jenkins let gunmen, or wild horses even, keep him out of a Parade? It would look mighty queer."

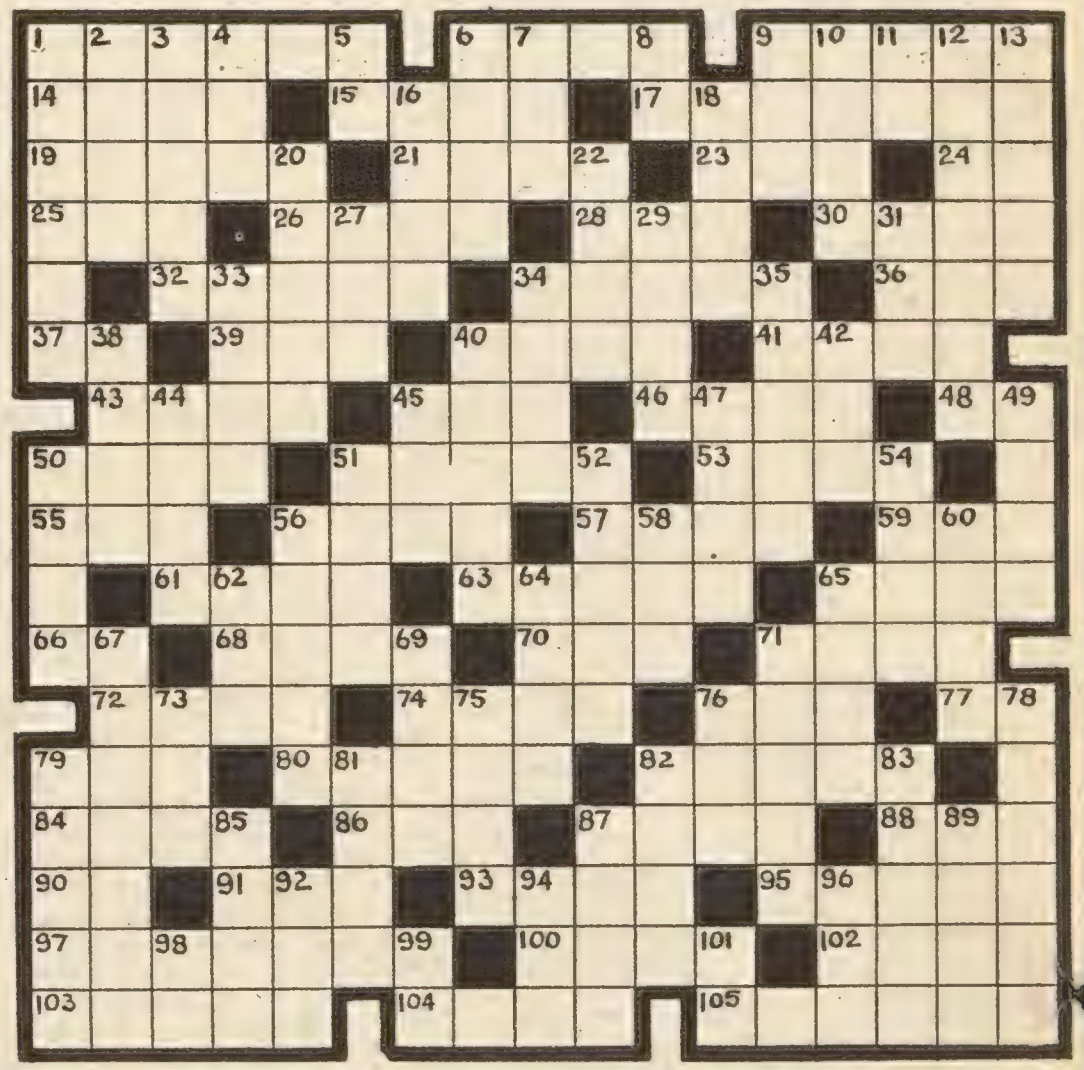
And even then, he didn't know the long, anxious day that was ahead of him!

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 74

By JAMES W. WHITE

A GENTLEMAN writing from the beach at Atlantic City is somewhat emphatic in his complaint that our puzzles have become increasingly difficult of late. His chief objection seems to be that he cannot work them without a dictionary. But it is in consultation with a dictionary or with a person of greater knowledge in regard to unusual words that the highest benefits come from the puzzles. A puzzle that can be easily solved is little of a mental exercise.

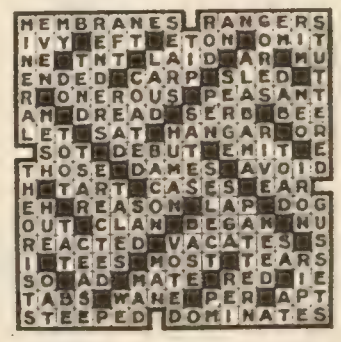


HORIZONTAL

1 Erring
6 Uttered
9 Members of a race to which the Bedouins belong
14 An equine quadruped
15 Free from inequality or irregularity
17 A polygon of eight angles
19 Ejects
21 An exclamation expressive of sorrow
23 A fowl
24 Abbreviation of the Creole State
25 A measure of yarn
26 Pernicious
28 An ancient English money of account
30 Gained possession of
32 An ancient language
34 Surf ducks
36 Duration of existence
37 A sloth
39 Part of a shoe
40 A baseball team
41 To merit
43 A raccoon
45 No
46 Granular substance resulting from the disintegration of rock
48 Exist
50 Fertile soil
51 Matches
53 Anything greatly loved
55 Emmet
56 Any tube that produces musical sounds
57 A pronoun
59 Devour
61 A transfer of ownership
63 A widow's dower
65 Exposed
66 In the direction of
68 Poverty
70 Mortals
71 To walk in a substance yielding to the feet
72 Offensive to the sight
74 Copied after
76 Owns
77 The place where a thing is
79 A letter of the Greek alphabet
80 An Athenian sage and lawgiver
82 Nettle rash
84 Serpents
86 Allow
87 To classify
88 A cardinal number
90 A Japanese measure of length
91 Israelite priest who trained Samuel
93 An Egyptian seaport
95 Darlings
97 The whole number of copies of a printed work
100 A Chinese coin
102 Increase in price
103 Compact
104 Under an obligation
105 Rendered clear for ingress or egress

VERTICAL

1 A feminine proper name
2 Indistinguishably like
3 A test
4 To steep
5 A pronoun
6 Vend
7 A collection of pieces of information
8 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
9 A foul, misshapen hag in Spenser's Faerie Queene
10 To indulge in noisy, boisterous language
11 The chemical abbreviation of silver
12 A city in Italy
13 A reptile
16 Having a high opinion of oneself
18 Light conversation
20 A surgical device for forming a discharge
22 Early
27 Contest
29 Females of the reed deer
31 To row
33 Anything extremely small
34 Quote
35 Transmits
38 An image
40 Remarked
42 Commotion
44 Cereal grain
45 The pile of a fabric
47 Breezy
49 A speck
50 Endure
51 Manner
52 Seeded
54 A metal
56 Theatrical performances
58 A jar
60 Superficial contents of a figure
62 Instrument for piercing small holes
64 Portentous sign
65 A runner's station in the game of baseball
67 Outer
69 Story
71 Brandished
73 An opening made by parting
75 Vessels
76 Strike
78 Made taut
79 Provided with earlike appendages
81 A medley
82 Mist
83 A discoloration
85 Collections of articles naturally belonging together
87 To utter aloud what is written
89 Gaelic
92 The lay, as of land
94 An American Indian
96 Rather than
98 Into
99 Not
101 Behold!



Answer to Puzzle No. 73

OWN YOUR HOME
A Series that Tells
HOW, WHEN, and WHY

Mrs. Johanna Visk celebrates her birthday by watching workmen begin the foundation of her new home.

SAVING *for a* Home *While* PLANNING It

Spokane House

(First Report)

By

Charles G. Fraser

THIS, the fourth of LIBERTY'S object lessons in home ownership, is the story of a woman's dream of a home come true. It is the tale of twelve years of dreaming, planning, saving, and studying in order that there might be a real, modern home for her and her family.

It is the story of the house which Mr. and Mrs. George Visk are building on Overbluff Road, in Spokane, Washington. They are building a house much better and much cheaper than inexperienced persons could do it, because, by delaying and watching opportunities, they learned what to do and what not to do.

Read the story of their home, which starts in this issue; and follow step by step, as the house is erected.

JOHANNA VISK is a young American matron who believes that satisfying one's ambitions in life is a matter of determination. Having achieved a husband, George, and a George, Jr., ten in August, she wanted a home; not just a house to live in, but a home with a capital H.

Mrs. Visk wanted a place not too pretentious, in a quiet street, a dignified entrance, an atmosphere of well-being and comfort, and, if possible, an upstairs living-room with a fireplace.

This summer she is cashing in on what determination can do, eight years after she and George made a down payment on the site.

Out West, when people find something that attracts, they tell their friends about it and the news spreads. George and Johanna, enamored of the view from a street called Overbluff Road, dinged its praises in the ears of Dr. and Mrs. Phelan, warm friends. The Phelans lived in an apartment house, from which the Visks were barred because of their baby. So enthusiastic were they that the good doctor declared himself "sold" on the location and forthwith purchased a lot and erected a home.

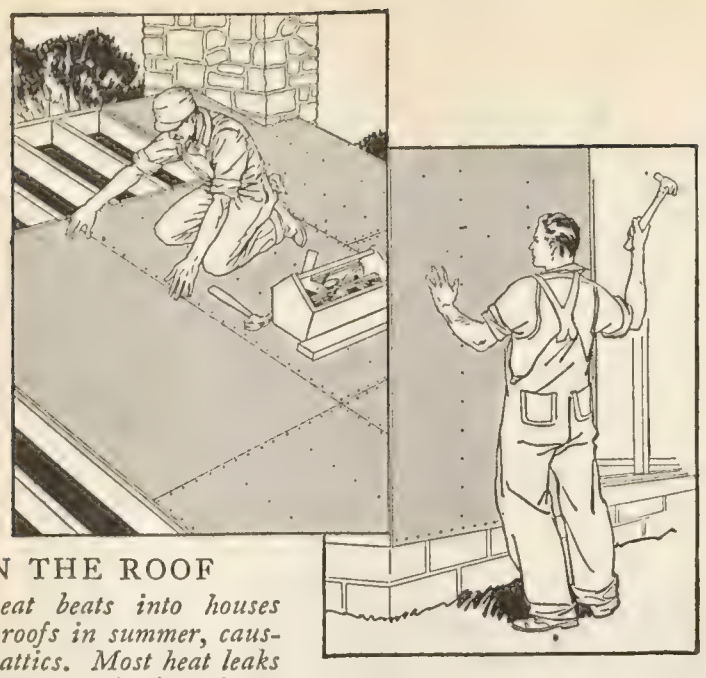
The Visks, encouraged by this evidence of good judgment sustained, shadowed the street in search of a site within their means. A year went by. One day a man called. He owned three lots on Overbluff and had been told the Visks liked the street. He had purchased with intention to build; but the war, the death of his wife, and business requirements had altered his entire outlook. He desired to sell without delay.

The negotiations ended when George paid down $150 on a purchase price of $1,500 for a lot that cost the owner $2,850.

They were occupying a rented house. A month before the lease expired the landlord notified George the house had been sold and they must vacate. A house was not to be had. The breadwinner of the Visk household, like many another in fateful 1919, faced a stubborn situation.

It was finally solved when he bought a house two doors from the one in which they lived, paying down what he could and as-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]



IN THE ROOF

Most heat beats into houses through roofs in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through roofs in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. Both uses are recommended.

AS SHEATHING

Celotex supplies the insulation needed, back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

UNDER PLASTER

On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath-marks.

FOR OLD HOUSES

In homes already built, a bi measure of Celotex comfort an economy may be secured by lin ing attics and basements with i In the attic an extra finishe room can be made by nailin Celotex to the roof rafters. I the basement line the ceiling wit Celotex.

An Amazing Lumber

not cut from trees

Sets new standards of home comfort and economy

IT stops heat and cold three times as effectively as wood. It is stronger in walls, costs no more to use and year after year will save about one-third your fuel bill. For EVERY *home, new or old.*

No one can afford to build or buy a home today without full knowledge of this amazing heat-stopping lumber—Celotex.

It does what none of the ordinary building materials, alone, can do . . . keeps sun heat from beating *in* and furnace heat from leaking *out*.

Results: A comfortable, even, healthful temperature throughout every room in scorching summer or bitter winter.

Leading architects and other building authorities consider it as one of the most important contributions ever made to American home building practice.

In five years more than 80,000 families have built with Celotex and are enjoying a wholly new degree of home comfort and economy.

It is available for *every* home, new or old, *right now!*

This amazing lumber, Celotex, was produced to meet the great need for a building material that would resist the passage of heat and cold better than wood lumber, masonry and other wall and roof materials.

Celotex Insulating Lumber is not cut from trees. It is manufactured from the long, tough fibres of cane. Celotex is stronger in walls than wood lumber and many times better as insulation. Wind and moisture can not penetrate it. It quiets sound.

ACTUALLY SAVES MONEY. Another reason for the tremendous success of Celotex is the economy it brings. Unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in building.

It replaces wood lumber as sheathing (see the illustrations), eliminates building paper, gives greater wall strength and adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick or stucco exteriors *at no extra cost.*

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, bu is a great economy. It means les upkeep expense because of n lath-marks . . . fewer cracks. Wit the walls and roof of your hous covered with Celotex a smaller less expensive heating plant wi keep you comfortable. And yea after year, Celotex will *save fro 25% to 35% of your fuel bill!*

NEW COMFORT *for old houses* In houses already built, a bi measure of this comfort and economy is be ing secured by lining attics and basement with Celotex. That helps a lot and cost but little.

There are also dozens of other places wher Celotex is the ideal material for remodeling.

LOOK AHEAD! Now that Celotex has mad insulation practical, heat-leaking house are a poor investment. Authorities say suc houses are becoming obsolete: harder to sel rent or borrow money on.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumbe dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leade in these lines advise its use. All lumber deale can supply it.

Meanwhile, send for the free Celotex Build ing Book. It explains fully this great improve ment in building. Just mail the coupon below

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOI

Mills: New Orleans, La.

Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone books for addresses)

Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Limited Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

FREE BUILDING BOOK

The Celotex Company, Dept. M-127
645 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the Celotex Building Book.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Liberty, July 3

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

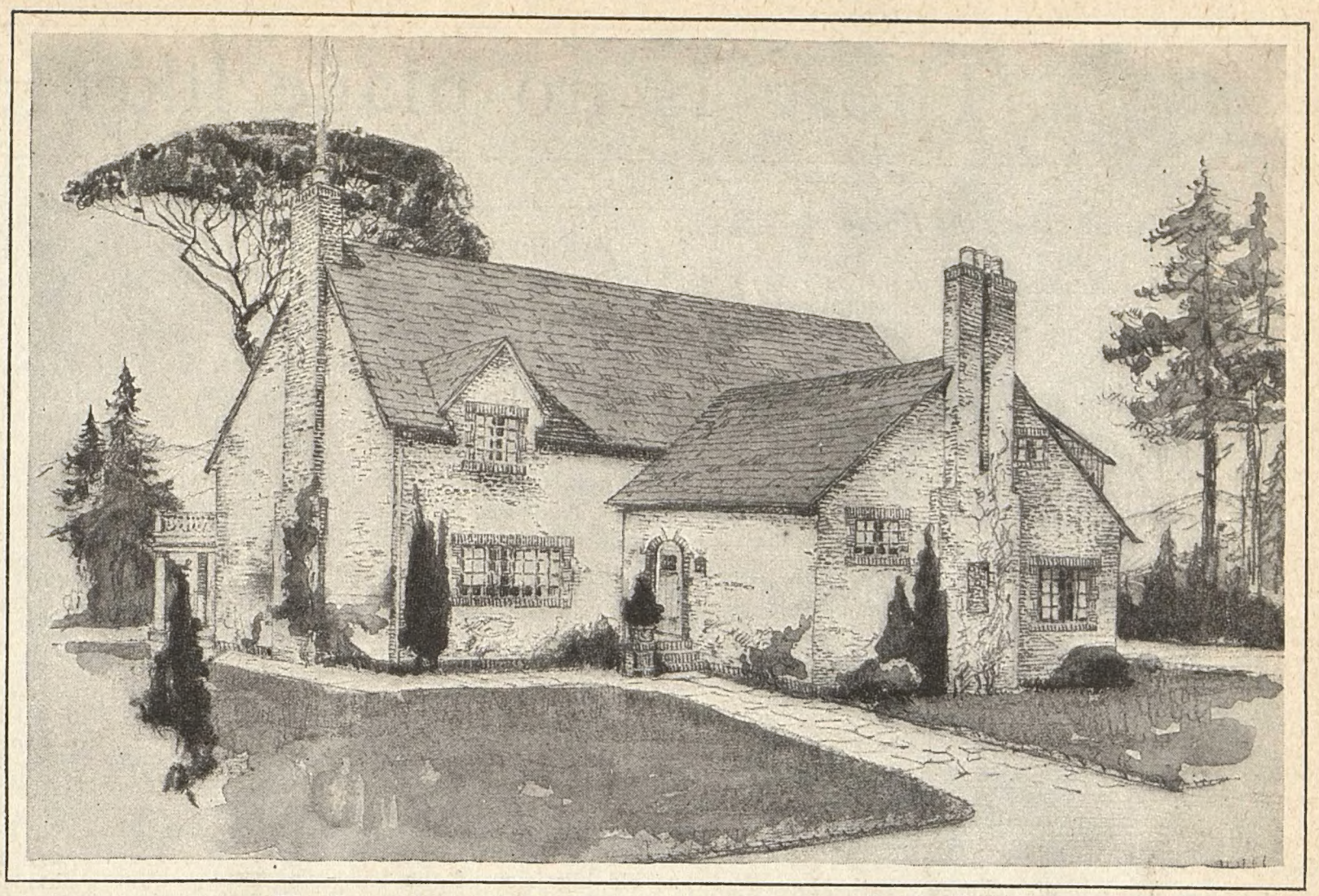
suming the balance. Price was $2,800.

George and Johanna found work ahead. They removed old partitions and rearranged the floor space, they painted woodwork, improved floors, braced the basement walls, enlarged a porch, planted shrubs, and reclaimed the lawn. In 1921, when prices hit the peak, they sold the house for $4,250 cash. With this sum they cleared up the assumed indebtedness and the balance, $2,600, became the foundation of their home fund.

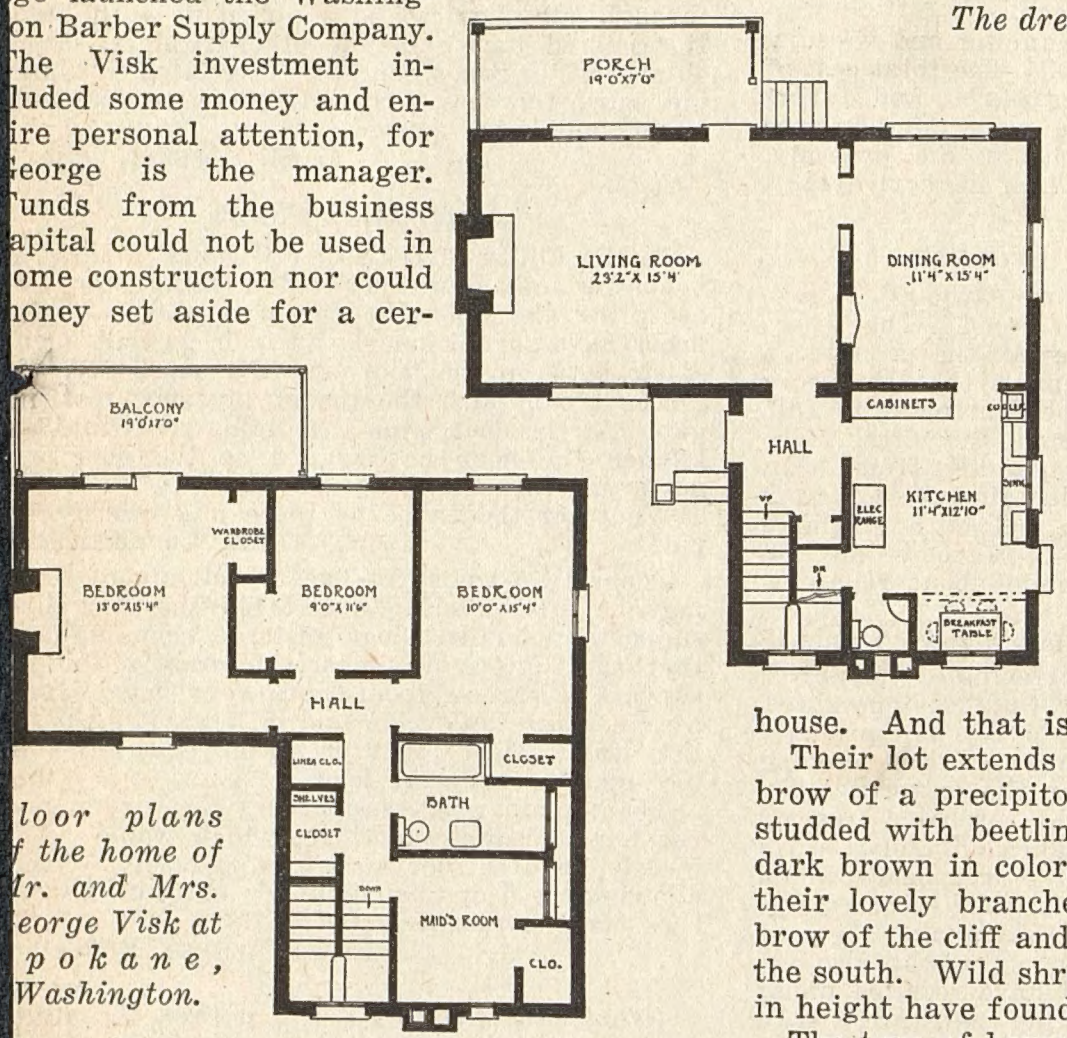
In the bank, with what they have been able to save, it now is $6,000. They have arranged a loan of $2,500, a total of $8,500 to be expended on their residence. This, with the site, brings the total investment to $10,000.

SIX years ago Johanna discovered the money difference between a summer vacation at the seashore and at a near-by lake to be $200. The Visks have the thousand dollars representing five years of inland outings. That was a major concession in a program of strict but not stringent economy.

George, with a partner, nine years ago launched the Washington Barber Supply Company. The Visk investment included some money and entire personal attention, for George is the manager. Funds from the business capital could not be used in home construction nor could money set aside for a cer-



The dream home of the Visks as it will look when completed.



loor plans f the home of Mr. and Mrs. eorge Visk at pokane, Washington.

tain purpose be dipped into for the business. Mr. Visk wisely moved his home account to another bank than the one caring for his business needs. If a hundred dollars was necessary to care for outgoing checks, he borrowed rather than touch the home fund.

When years of perseverance result in accumulation of sufficient funds for a home, the habit of close investigation becomes part of one's thoughts. As some money was to be borrowed, George made a study of the situation. Consideration convinced him that he was carrying all the insurance he could afford. "Besides," he says, "while a helpful policy would cost me but 6 per cent on a contract for ten years, I must pay for three years of protection, no matter if I should be able to pay it long before the close of that period. I find that by paying 7 per cent for a loan I can get ample funds on an agreement to pay $10 a month on each thousand borrowed, plus interest pro-rated, and I will be released whenever I can raise the dust."

Johanna scarcely has missed an issue of any periodical devoted to the home in the last four years. She has become a walking encyclopedia on home architecture. She convinced George that his idea of a one-story, flat-roofed bungalow had deficiencies to be corrected only by adoption of her plan for a two-story English type of house. And that is what they are building.

Their lot extends from the curb across the brow of a precipitous bluff. The terrain is studded with beetling knobs of volcanic rock, dark brown in color. Towering pines spread their lovely branches heavenward along the brow of the cliff and along the sloping land to the south. Wild shrubs from two to four feet in height have found foothold in the thin soil.

The type of house most desirable was suggested by the natural formation. Yet there exists a wide variance between a suggestion of what should be done and actual working out of detail.

THE Visks called into conference M. Randolph Smith, an architect and builder whose adroitness in the erection of snappy but dignified dwellings of the better class is well known in Spokane. He solved many of the problems in his first drawing, and the general scheme of the house has developed slowly but perfectly under his guidance.

Because of the sweeping panorama to the north it was considered imperative for each room to contain windows permitting a northern view. Reference to the drawings shows how this has been accomplished in all rooms save one.

When Mr. Smith began to figure the cost of the forty arched windows Johanna had wanted, the outcome was appalling. She took the arch from most of them and finally four were sacrificed on the altar of Mammon at one full swoop. While the pretty curves disappeared the appropriation now provides for steel frames, a coveted feature of the newer homes.

AS to exterior, the surroundings provide small choice. The material suggested is brick of a color in keeping with the dense, brown stone. Selection of brick veneer swung on the cost of electric outlets. In solid brick the wall must be cut to permit entrance of a pipe carrying the wires. The expense per outlet is five dollars higher than when dealing with wood. Another $100 thus was gained for use elsewhere.

The brick plant at Clayton, twenty miles from Spokane, had on hand 18,000 brick left over from a special order and was not unwilling to dispose of them at a close figure. The one to be used has a face of three colors, a red line along the upper edge, the center shaded from lavender to purple, and a brown shadow at the bottom. It is called the Clayton flashed dark mission brick.

Mr. Visk is building the foundation of his home by day labor. The remainder of the construction is to be contracted in divisions. Mr. Smith will supervise throughout. He is to judge if materials are as specified and to keep the flow of carpenters, electricians, plumbers, and plasterers to schedule. George believes nothing could be more distressing than to arrive for inspection of his home and find about the place one group of workmen waiting for another group to complete their labors and move off. The Visks call for three bids on each classification and the lowest reasonable figure is being accepted.

With the foundation in, the Visks are called on for final decision as to floor plan. Johanna is convinced the entrance hall should be a bit larger. Mr. Smith is at it again with ruler and pencil and it is likely the kitchen arrrangement may undergo some slight alteration. We shall see next month.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

'There is no place like Home'

Old Barn Now a Fine Home

To the Editor of the Home Owners' Page—My husband and I were determined to own a home. Our earnings were small, but we were young and had started saving the week after we were married. We occupied a small apartment in Chicago. Our friends were rather shocked because we paid $28 a month for four rooms over a grocery on the West Side. The people were respectable and neighborly. We found stove heat comfortable. We made a lark of living that way, and our "swell" friends were surprised when they found us cozy and happy.

We saved for two years, planning a house. We sent for government publications and studied home building. Then we picked up a bargain lot in a beautiful suburb that had been inhabited by families who liked country life. My husband said the section was sure to boom and that the big places must be cut up into smaller ones. We bought a little slice off one of the old estates—in front of the old barn.

"I've got my eye on that barn," I told my husband. "If they subdivide it must come down, and if the family continues to live in the mansion they will want it replaced by a garage."

It was a fine barn, the lower part brick, the upper clapboards.

There had once been a house on the lot we bought. It had burned, and the foundation and excavation were overgrown. The summer we bought the lot we spent many days cleaning out the excavation. The upper part of the stone work could be straightened and a concrete coating would make the basement dry. We found a drain already built and opened it up to let the water flow to the sewer in the street.

The next spring my husband went to the owner of the big house and offered to remove the old barn. He finally paid $250 for the material and found we had plenty of shaped stone that had been used in the foundation of the barn. We found that, by turning the barn around, it would fit our ready-made foundation—except in one place where we had to extend the excavation.

We hired a local mover, who shifted the barn in two days and placed it upon our foundations. We moved in without waiting for any conveniences. We still had three months' lease on our apartment, but most of the time we spent camping in the upper floor of the old barn. We built our kitchen first, with the help of one carpenter, and got all the plumbing done, paying as we went. Meantime we were dividing the upstairs and planning. We found it necessary to raise the roof 2½ feet. My husband then back plastered all the upper story and we hired an expert to stucco the outside—and give it a half timber effect.

The old window where the hay had been put into the barn gave it an effect that was a surprise. We worked out the chinney with local brick masons and had a fireplace in the living-room and another where our sun porch was placed later. A patent board was used to ceil the rooms.

We went through the first winter with an oil stove and the fireplace and managed to escape without sickness. It was pioneering, but we had lots of fun and saved money. We waited for a slack spring period and, by letting the plumbing and heating man work when his men weren't busy on other jobs, got a cheap contract for the hot-water heating. We bought the best we could, counting it economy.

In the fall we had finished the living-room, two bedrooms, the bath, and kitchen. My husband meantime had built (using the dressed stone from the stable foundation) the lower part of our sun porch. A carpenter finished the porch. The old big door of the barn was used as the entrance to our built-in garage.

We put in two years of planning and working before the house was finished. The total cost of lot and house was just under $4,200, and during the wartime price boom we were offered more than three times that much for the property.

Mrs. Lorie S. Williams, Pennsylvania.

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid each other in Home Building. The story of your experiences—triumphs, mistakes, or savings—may help others who want to own homes. To encourage this LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed we will pay $25. Address all queries to Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York.

When Stucco Cracks

To the Editor of the Home Owners' Page—Our house is of stucco over wood. The stucco job was excellent and passed the architect's examination. On his statement that the work was satisfactory we paid the contractor in full. Winter came and we started the fires. The stucco on the chimneys expanded from heat, water worked its way under the stucco, froze and thawed until the stucco scabbed off, ruining the appearance of the house. Have we any recourse and what are we to do about repairing the damage?

J. L. Dryden, Pennsylvania.

Trouble with the stucco surfacing of your brick chimney may be due to several underlying causes. If the chimney cap at the top was not properly fixed so as to prevent moisture from seeping down beneath the stucco coat, the occurrence you describe might result. The probable remedy would be to have the cap taken off and reset in place, then the surfacing of stucco below would have to be repaired as much as may be necessary.

Settling of chimney and shrinkage of wood framing of roof about chimney might also account for it. Cracks would have resulted under these circumstances, admitting moisture. If a piece of metal lath was affixed entirely around the chimney brickwork at the point where the roof lines met, with the stucco applied thereto and on the brickwork without metal lath covering above, it would have been a preventive aid.

Home Owners' Bureau.

Outside of Water Zone

To the Editor of the Home Owners' Page—When we moved into the country from Toledo, Ohio, we missed our running water. We moved far out, bought a dozen acres at farmland prices, having decided to get outside the subdivision district and wait for the suburbs to build out to us. We had a four-room cottage on the land. We painted, decorated, and remodeled it a little and decided to make it do until we could sell off part of our land at suburban prices.

But we missed running water. We had a fine driven well and talked of a windmill and a big tank. One day an idea came to me. I had heard of septic tanks for sewage, and investigated and found they were easy to build. I built mine in a series of three tanks of concrete, and ran the outlet into the field far below the house. In town one day I picked up, for a dollar, a discarded hundred-gallon tank which had been a heater. I got this to the roof of our rear porch and connected pipes down from it to the sink the lavatory, and the bath. Then I connected it with the well and installed a hand force pump.

It required more than 300 strokes of the pump's piston to fill the tank night and morning and I got plenty of exercise. We pumped by hand for a year, then I bought a little electric pump as soon as the lighting company extended through our district and supplied us with light. It occurred to me maybe other readers, living outside water zones, might be interested in knowing how, for less than $100, we secured our water and sewer system.

L. M. Hogsett, Ohio.

Shrinking Floors

To the Editor of the Home Owners' Page—My home has just been completed; a satisfactory job excepting the floors of the first story. These floors have shrunk nearly an inch, so that a gap exists between the floor and the baseboard. In places I can push the toe of my shoe into the gap. At the door from the dining-room into the kitchen the floor has sagged so the door will not swing into the dining-room.

Whatever the cause, is there any remedy for me? L. S. Minor, Connecticut.

Generally such shrinkage or settling of floors may be attributed to defects in the structural supports under first-floor joists. It seems unlikely that the laying of timbers differently for the support of various room floors would have caused a weak place to develop under the dividing partition wall. Floor joists or girder were probably too light to carry the load.

Then again posts supporting the girder may not have adequate footings, which would result in settling of girder and sagging of joists, thus allowing the floor to shrink. Moisture in the timbers may have contributed.

Home Owners' Bureau.

(Next week LIBERTY will publish the second story of the home building adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Jefferson, at Bronxville, N. Y. Their house is already inclosed. Problems are working out, and they are showing other home builders how to save money and get the best results.)

The beautiful city of Spokane, Washington, set in its frame of mountains.

SPARTON RADIO

"The pathfinder of the air"

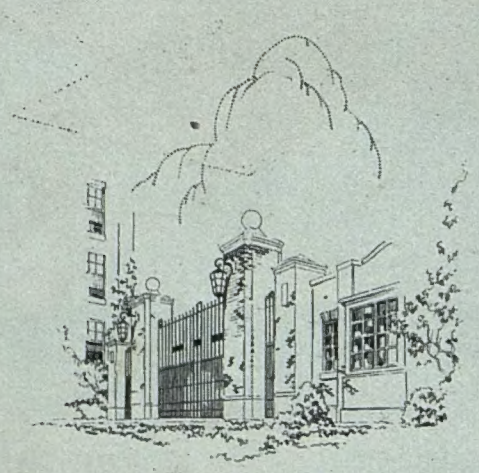
Sparton Radio is built by the manufacturers of the world-famous Sparton horns for motor cars. Its production is a logical development of the Company's quarter-century of precision manufacture of electrical equipment.

The remarkable success of Sparton Radio is the natural reward of skill and expertness acquired after years of concentration upon precision electrical equipment.

The Sparton is a perfectly balanced five-tube tuned Radio Frequency circuit, producing clear, powerful volume with a positive realization of that rare and much sought combination—Selectivity with long range. Cabinets are in rich two-toned walnut, at prices of $63.00 and upward.

Western and Canadian prices slightly more. Receiver shown above is Model 5-26 listing at $83.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY *(Established 1900)* JACKSON, MICHIGAN



Factory Gates, Kohler

The Kohler factory attains unique quality in Kohler plumbing fixtures and private electric plants because Kohler Village, with its beautiful homes and gardens, inspires unique quality

THERE comes, in the course of domestic events, a time for every family to declare its independence of the tyranny of *not enough bathrooms*. . . . Strike boldly—victory must follow! Let your plumber find the little space needed for a perfect modern bathroom. Make a small investment—trifling compared with the comfort you will win. And remember that with Kohler Plumbing Fixtures—with the name "Kohler" fused in their immaculately white enamel—you will have the best, *at no higher cost*. Write for Booklet E.

KOHLER CO., *Founded* 1873, KOHLER, WIS.
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures